

Henry Meafield

THE 1482aaa5
Second Volume

OF
LETTERS

Writ by a

Turkish Spy,

Who lived Five and Forty Years,
Undiscover'd, at

PARIS:

Giving an Impartial Account to the *Divan* at
Constantinople, of the most Remarkable Trans-
actions of Europe; And discovering several
Intrigues and *Secrets* of the *Christian Courts*
(especially of that of *France*) continued from
the Year 1642, to the Year 1682.

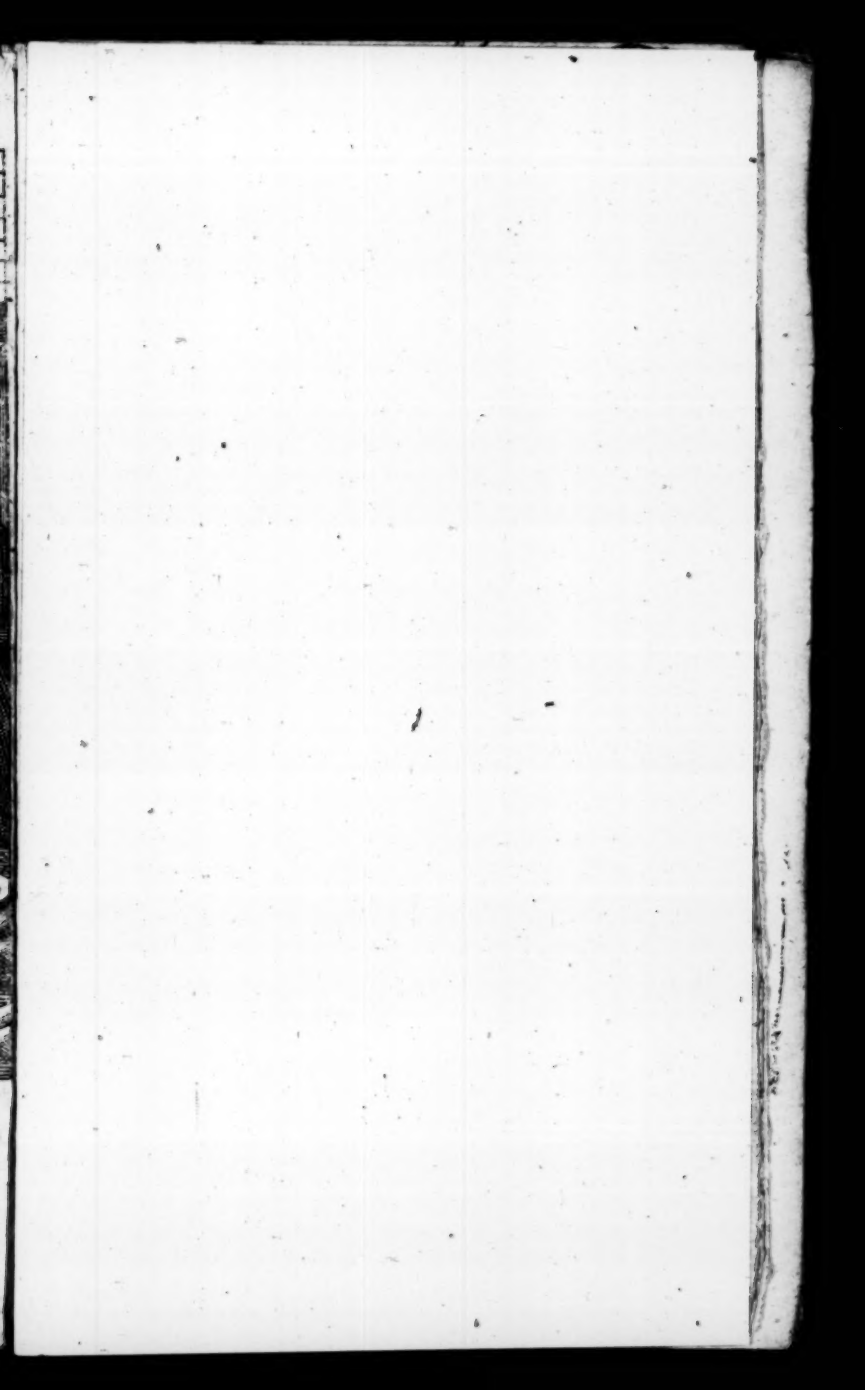
The Fourth Edition.

*Written Originally in Arabick, Translated into
Italian; and from thence into English, by the
Translator of the First Volume.*

L O N D O N, Printed by E. Holt, for Joseph
Windmarsh at the Sign of the Golden Ball in
Cornhill, over against the Royal Exchange,
and Richard Sare at Gray-Inn-Gate
in Holbourn, 1694



Mahmut the Turkish Spy
Etatis sue 72.



Second Volume

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TO the READER.

THree Tears are now elaps'd,
since the First Volume of Letters,
written by a Spy at Paris, was
publish'd in English. And, it was
expected, that a Second should have
come out long before this. The fa-
vourable Reception which that found
amongst all Sorts of Readers, would
have encouraged a speedy Translation
of the Rest, had there been extant any
French Edition, of more than the
First Part. But, after the strictest
Enquiry, none could be heard of: And,
as for the Italian, our Booksellers
have not that Correspondence in those
Parts, as they have in the more Neigh-
bouring Countries, of France and
Holland. So, that it was a Work
despaired of, to recover any more of
this Arabian's Memoirs. We little
dreamt, that the Florentines had been
so busie in Printing, and so successful
in Selling the continued Translation of
these Arabian Epistles; till it was the
Fortune of an English Gentleman to
A 3 travel

To the Reader.

travel in those Parts last Summer, and discover the happy News. I will not forestal his Letter, which is annexed to this Preface, for the Satisfaction of the World: but only acquaint you, that upon the Receipt of it, the Person to whom it was directed, was so well pleased with the Proposal, That he made it his immediate Business, to find out the English Translator of the First Volume, as judging him to be the fittest Person; which being done, he immediately gave an Account of his Proceedings to Mr. Saltmarsh at Amsterdam, who sent him over Two Tomes of the Turkish Spy in Italian, with promise of the Rest when these were made English.

One of these I here present you with, and the Other will ere long be ready for the Press.

I need not say any Thing of the Original Arabic, or of the Author, the Place of his Abode, and how his Writings came to Light. Sufficient has been spoken on that Subject, in the Preface to the First Part. I shall only add,

To the Reader.

add, That if his Style may seem in this Part, to vary sometimes from the First Volume, it must be attributed to the Difference of the Languages from whence they are Translated; it being impossible to observe an equal Idiom, in following Two such different Languages, as French and Italian: The One dancing in soft Measures, delicate Cadencies and smooth Periods; the Other, advancing in lofty Strains, keeping a Roman Pace, full of Masculine and Sententious Gravity.

Neither can the Arabian himself, be supposed always in the same Temper; or, that his Style should be all of a Piece. In some Places, where he treats of Sieges and Battels, he seems to foot the Pyrrick Measures in Prose; there breathes a certain Martial Ardor in his Words. In other Places, on the same Subject, he goes on like an Impartial Historian, barely relating Matter of Fact, without any Flowers or Glosses. He seems not to trifle with Philosophy, or Religion; but, handles the One in the peculiar

To the Reader

Dialect of the East, and treats of the Other, in the castigate Language of the Western Schools, to shew, he had been conversant in the Academies; as he himself professes, Letter XX. Book I. Vol. I. In a Word, throughout all his Letters, there is a Queintness of Expression, peculiar to the Arabians: And, however he may vary in his Style, yet his Sence retains the same Edge; he is lively to the very last. Nay, as far as I can perceive, both his Language, Sence, and Judgment grow more correct, as he advances in Tears. And, you'll find some Difference between his Letters of 1637. and 1660.

Expect the whole Series of them, as fast as they can conveniently be published, the Third Volume being almost ready for the Press: In which, the Reader will find the strangest Revolutions and most amazing Accident, that ever happ'ned in the World since the Creation; with many French Intrigues and Court-Policies, which would never have come to Light, had it not been for this subtle Arabian.
Farewel. A

A

LETTER

From Mr. *Daniel Saltmarsh*, to his
Friend in *London*, concerning the
Italian Copy of the Turkish Spy.

S I R,

TRavelling through *Italy* this Summer,
and coming to *Ferrara* about the
Middle of *June*, I made some stay in that
City, in Compliance with the Importu-
nity of my Sister, the Wife of *Signior*
Nicolas Valentini, formerly Merchant in
London. During my Abode at her House,
I was brought acquainted with that Emi-
nent and Learned Physician, *Julio de Me-*
dicis, of the *House of Florence*, and late
Student at *Padua*. This accomplish'd
Person, receiv'd me with singular Huma-
nity and Friendship: In all his Depart-
ment, giving Proofs of a Disposition wor-
thy of his Character, and the Blood
which runs in his Veins. He is univer-
sally Learned; and, by his prodigious
Reading, (which cannot be hid from
those who converse with him,) he seem'd
to me a *Walking Library*. You cannot
name an *Author* of Note, with whom he
is not acquainted; being a careful Col-

Mr. Saltmarsh's Letter, &c.

lector, or rather an Engrosser of all remarkable Books. He gave me familiar Access to his *Library*, which, according to the best Computation I could make, consisted of no less than Six Thousand choice *Treatises*. You know my Inclination, and will easily believe, that I took no small Delight, in the Liberty I had not only to survey, but also to make use of this Treasure, so long as I stay'd in *Ferrara*. I was there daily, and thought that Time mispent, which my other Obligations took from my Study. Among other Books, I chanc'd to open the *Italian Translation of the Turkish Spy*, which was so celebrated all over *Europe*, and which I had read both in *French* and *English*. I had the Curiosity to peruse it over, and found it exactly to agree with those *Translations* I had seen: which made me ask this *Gentleman*, Whether there were no more *Volumes* of it printed? He presently shewed me *Six* more, and told me, the *Eighth* was in the Press. Over-joy'd at this News, I asked him, Where I might furnish my self with those *Seven Volumes* already Printed? He assured me, the First Impressions were all Sold off, but that they would be reprinted again. I expressed some Sorrow and Concern, that I could
not

Mr. Saltmarsh's Letter, &c.

not procure those Books; when, with an unparallel'd Generosity, he frankly bestowed those *Seven Volumes* upon me. 'Tis true, at our first Acquaintance, I had obliged him with a *Present*, on which, I believe, he set a greater Price, than on these Books; it being a *Watch* of most curious Workmanship, made by One of the greatest Artists in *Italy*. However, I fancy'd my Gift returned Seven-fold in these Books. I brought them along with me through *Germany* into *Holland*, where I keep them as a Secret Treasure; being desirous, if possible, that the *Six Volumes* which are not yet *Translated* out of *Italian*, might first speak my Native Tongue, that so we may not always be obliged to the *French*, for the most acceptable Products of the Press. Knowing therefore, the singular Delight you take in Enterprizes of this Nature, and how much it may lie in your Way to procure a *Translation* of these *Volumes*, by reason of your great Acquaintance with Learned and Ingenious Men, I offer you the Refusal of this Undertaking; both for the Friendship that is between us, and because I know none so fit to manage this Design, as your self. I will willingly venture a Share in the Cost, but I would have no more than a Third Person.

Mr. Saltmarsh's Letter, &c.

Person concern'd in it. If you accept of this Proposal, I will fend you the *Italian Volumes*, and leave the Success to your Conduct. I can assure you, that none but the *First Part* is as yet translated into *French*, or any other Language except the *Italian*; and, the following *Tomes*, are not to be had for Money. Therefore, we have a fair Opportunity of obliging the Nation, with a Work so long expected, and so much desired by all that have seen the *First Volume*. My Occasions require me, to spend this *Winter* at *Amsterdam*; but, I hope in the *Spring*, to see you at *London*. In the Interim am,

S I R,

Amsterdam Sept. 9.

1690.

Your, &c.

Daniel Saltmarsh.

A

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LETTERS

(1)

LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY at PARIS.

VOL. II.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut *the Arabian, faithful Slave
of Sultan Ibrahim, to Bechir Bassa,
His Highnesses Chief Treasurer
at Constantinople.*

I Know not whether it be a Vice or a
Vertue, to be fearful in my Circum-
stances. I am no *Stoick*, nor can I pre-
tend an Exemption from the Common
Passions of Men. However, 'tis not for my
self I am solicitous, but I consult the Good
of my *Commission*. There is is Difference
between Caution and Fear ; and, Appre-
hension

B

hension of Danger, is not to be termed Pusillanimity.

I have written Six Letters to *Carcoa* at *Vien-na*, but have received no Answer these Four Months. This Neglect puts me upon Thinking; and I am puzzled to find out an Excuse for him. I would fain continue my good Opinion of his Honesty, without forfeiting my Sense. For, although I am not naturally suspicious, yet Experience has taught me, to number *Jealousie* among the *Cardinal* Virtues.

Not to amuse thee, I am afraid of Treachery. *Carcoa* knows the Secret of my *Commissiſſion*, and it lies in his Power to do much Mischief. Yet I may wrong the Man; perhaps he is dead: And there are no *Posts* that bring News from the *Grave*. If he be in the Region of Silence, and expired in his Integrity, the *Two Black Angels* shall have no Power to hurt him. But, I wonder I should have no Intelligence of his Death, neither from the *Ministers* of the *Port*, nor from *Eliachim* the *Jew*. I tell thee, I am uneasy till I know the Truth.

When I sit in my Chamber, and hear any discoursing in the House, I imagine 'tis about me; when I go along the Streets, if any Man fastens his Eyes on me, he arrests me with Fear and Apprehension. 'Tis true, I am willing to undergo the worst they can inflict; but, it would extremely enhaunce the Sorrows of Death, to see the *Secrets* of the *Sublime Port*, become the Scorn and Derision of *Infidels*.

For these Reasons, I have removed my self about a League from *Paris*, pretending

it is for my Health, trusting the Conveyance of my Letters, and other Business to *Eliachim*, who for ought I know, may prove a *Reed of Egypt*.

I desire thee, nay I conjure thee, to send a speedy Supply of Money, without which 'tis impossible for poor *Mahmut*, the vilest Slave of the Great and Invincible *Ibrahim*, to perform what is expected of him.

The Great God, reward thy Fidelity with unfading Treasures.

Paris, 10th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year, 1645.
according to the Christian Style.

LETTER II.

To the Aga of the Janizaries.

THE God of War seems to espouse the Quarrel of the *Suedes*; and all the Planets contribute to their Prosperity; Even *Venus* her self, has for a while laid aside her usual Softness, appearing now in the Field arm'd *Cap-a-pe*, with a Train of *Suedish Amazons* at her Heels.

Thou wilt think I Romance in telling thee this, and only temporize with thy *Genius*, having often heard thee passionately admire the valiant Acts of *Semiramis* and other *Ea-*

stern Vrago's ; but, assure thy self, that the *Suedes* after some late Battels, when they went to bury their Dead, stripping them of their Cloaths, found several of the *Fair Sex* under the Disguise of *Men*, among which there were some of *Quality*.

It is said, that one of these, was seen to engage Duke *Albert* himself, with a matchless Bravery and Courage ; the *Duke* being Twice unhorsed by her, and as often remounted by his vigilant *Squires*.

Those that pretend to know more than the Common Sort, say, that Revenge was the Motive which brought this *Lady* into the Field, having received a gross Affront from Duke *Albert* in the *German Court*. However, the *Duke* died of the Wounds he received of this *Bellona*, and she survived not to triumph over her dead Enemy.

After this, the *Suedes*, under the Command of General *Torstenfon*, marched into *Silesia* ; took *Glogow* by Storm the 12th. of the 5th. Moon ; and *Sucunex*, the 7th. of the 6th. Moon.

And, as if nothing were able to discourage or baffle the Indefatigable Mind of this Great General, he invested the strong Town of *Olmütz* in *Moravia*, and took it after Fourteen Days Siege. The *Posts* are arrived this Morning with this News.

Be strong and of good Courage, and God shall give thee Victory in Battel, when thou fightest against the *Infidels*. Abstain from Wine, and from Oppression. And receive this Advice,

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Advice, as a Testimony of my Esteem and Friendship.

Paris, 20th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER III.

To Ibrahim Chanregil, Chief Bo-
stangi, or Gardiner to the Sultan.

THOU that art daily conversant with the
Eldest Products of the Earth, and canst
call the whole *Vegetable* Family by their *Pro-*
per Names, tell me whether there be such a
Plant, as by its baneful Influence blasts all
that grows within Ten Cubits of its Root. I
would not put such a Question to thee, had I
not lately seen something in the Garden of a
certain *Nobleman* near *Paris*, which makes me
think 'tis true. They call it here [*the ill Neigh-*
bour] because it preys (they say) on all the
Herbage that is near it, rising and flourishing
by their Fall. Indeed, at that time I saw it,
there was a wither'd Circle round it; whilst
this devouring Sprout look'd gay and full, aug-
mented by the Spoils of Neighbouring Grass.
A proper *Emblem* of Oppression; I wish 'twere
growing in the Gardens of all *Cruel Tyrants*,
that in this Natural Glass they might behold
their Voracious Spirits.

I will not thus call in Question thy Know-
ledge

ledge of an Herb, which shuns all Humane Touch. Here is one in the same Garden, which the *Nobleman* boasts was by thy Hands cropt from the *Sultan's* Garden, and being set in a Pot of Earth presented to him. Thou didst not well consult thy Safety, in such a grand Presumption, nor yet the Honour of thy *Sovereign Master*, who (should it ever reach his Ears) would soon transplant thee from the Garden of the *Seraglio*, to the *Elysian* Fields.

Thou oughtest to receive this Reprimand with highest Gratitude, since it will not shut thee out of those pleasant Walks and Groves within the *Hig Imperial Walls*. Use more Prudence another time; and scorn such easie Condescensions to *Infidels*. Say, that I am thy Friend in this Advice; and, in Recompence, I only desire this good Office of thee, To watch the Motions of my Enemies. There are no less than Three Great Officers of the *Seraglio*, hammering out my Ruine. Thou knowest who I mean. Keep thy Integrity. The sly insinuating Words of *Shaskim Issham*, the *Black Eunuch*, spoken not long ago in my Disgrace to the *Principal Secretary of State*, quickly echoed to my Chamber in *Paris*. Be Silent and Wise.

Paris, 20th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To Muzlu Reis Effendi, Principal
Secretary of State at Constanti-
nople.

IF it were lawful for me to take the Oath of
our *Holy Prophet*; I would swear *by the Hour*
of the Evening, that thy News is welcome.

I had scarce finish'd our appointed Devotions
after Sun-set, when the *Post* brought me thy
Dispatch, which informs me, that *Carcoa* at
Vienna is dead.

I rejoice not in the Death of an honest Slave
to *Ibrahim*; let Flowers spring from the Dust
of his Grave. Neither can I mourn for a Man,
that may be gone to *New* and Richer Posses-
sions; Yet I am pleas'd, that he quitted the
Old fairly, and has left behind him an Odour
of Vertue. A Man in his *Post*, is attack'd
with strong Temptations, and he that resists to
the End, merits a Wreath gathered from the
Tree of Life.

Thou mayest think, 'tis with more ease I re-
ceive the News of *Carcoa's* Death than of his In-
fidelity; nor, that I value the Rack or any other
Tortures, with which the Policy of State uses
to draw Confessions of Capital Crimes. But,
I would not have the Grand Affairs of the *Ot-
toman Port*, come within the Verge of a Scrutiny.

This News is the best Cure for the Illness I pretended, when I exchang'd *Paris* for the Country Air, Ten Days ago; whereof *Bechir Bassa* has received an Account.

I am now returned to my old Lodging, and am congratulated for my speedy Recovery, by them that knew not my true Distemper.

Thou informest me, that by the Order of the *Divan*, one *Nathan Ben Saddi*, a Jew, is appointed Successour of *Carcua*. I wish he may acquit himself as well.

The Five Hundred *Zechins* thou hast ordered me by him, will be very welcome to a Man who has been forced to retrench many Charges, hat he might the better serve the *Grand Signior*.

The King of *Spain* may wish, that he could conclude a Peace on as easie Terms with the *French King*, as the *Sophy of Persia* has with *Sultan Ibrabim*.

None but *God* and his *Prophet* know the Zeal with which I serve the *Sublime Port*.

Paris, 20th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To the Kaimacham.

I Shall now acquaint thee with the Death of the *Queen-Mother* and *Dowager of France*, who fell a Sacrifice to the Ambition of the *Cardinal of Richlieu*, as those of her Party do commonly suggest. For, being highly disgusted at his Counsels, and Intrigues, especially his playing the Incendiary, and inflaming those of the *Blood-Royal* one against another, she departed from *France*, and by a kind of Voluntary Banishment, exposed her self to so many Inconveniences, Hardships, and Rigors of Fortune, as seemed to hasten her End; Her Great Spirit chusing rather to break, than bow to the turbulent *Cardinal*.

She Sojourned in *Flanders*, *Holland*, *England* and the *Empire*. Her Travels being checquer'd all along with a Mixture of Good and Evil. Here meeting with Respect, there with Indifference and Coldness, if not Contempt. In some Places, her Misfortunes were pitied; and the *Cardinal* blamed for Persecuting so Great and Good a *Queen*: In others, the *Cardinal* was Justified, and her Conduct censured and condemn'd. And she accused her self, for raising him to the Power of doing her these Injuries. At length, tired out with the Fatigues of *State*, and grown sick of the World, she betook her self to a *Monastery* in

Cologne, where, after she had spent some time in Religious Preparations for another World, she expired the 3d. of this Instant *Moon*.

It was placed among the Remarkables by some, that the same Day She died, the *Cardinal* of *Richlieu* fell sick; which Sickness yet continues upon him. But, whether to appease the *Ghost* of his deceased Mistress, whom he had so unjustly persecuted; or, to mollifie the Resentments of the People, is uncertain: Yet, notwithstanding his dangerous Illness, he every Day ventures to the *Temple*, and performs the *Mysteries* of their *Law* for her Soul. The whole *Court* and *City*, is in Mourning for this Great Queen; and general Murmurs and Complaints, are raised against the *Cardinal* on this Occasion; especially among the Common People, who are so far from entertaining a better Opinion of him, for his daily Appearance at the Altar on Behalf of the *Queen's* Soul, that they esteem it but an Officious Hypocrisie, a Medly of Priest-Craft and State-Artifice.

Here is a Report about the *City*, that the *Queen's Ghost* appear'd to the *Cardinal*, as soon as she was dead, severely reproaching him with his Ambition and Ingratitude, and telling him, That tho he was laying the Foundation of an Immortal Project, yet he should never live to see it thrive; but warned him to prepare for *Judgment*, for that he should not see another Year in Mortal State; upon which, they say, he immediately sickned. And here are Prophecies privately scattered about, fore-
telling

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telling his Death in a short time. This is certain, he labours under an unaccountable Distemper, his Body strangely wasting, as if it would evaporate it self into Air; for, he seems to be in a manner dried up.

My Duty and Devoir to thee, Sage Minister, would not let me be at Rest till I had prevented the *Posts*, by giving thee a more timely Account of these Occurrences, by a Merchant for whom his Vessel waits at *Marseilles*. To-morrow he takes his Leave of *Paris*, and once aboard he makes directly for *Constantinople*, whither he will bring the first News, of the Death of one of the Greatest *Queens* upon Earth; in whose *Royal Veins* ran the Blood of the *Emperours*, *Ferdinand* and *Charles V.* She was married to *Henry the Great*; and, besides her Son now Reigning in *France*, she matched her Daughters to the Two Potent Monarchs of *England* and *Spain*.

The most High and Omnipotent, sole Monarch of Heaven and Earth, reward thy Services and Fidelity to our *Invincible Sultan*, with the Supreme Joys of Paradise.

Paris, 20th of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

*To the Venerable Musti, Sovereign
of the True and Undeiled Faith.*

Permit me to enter into thy Prefence, and withdraw thy Ravish'd Eyes a while from the Contemplation of Sublimest Objects, to cast them on a Spectacle of Mortality. It is the Great and Renowned *Mary de Medicis, Queen-Mother of France*, who lies now dead at *Cologne*.

I will not trouble thee with Impertinencies; but, because I know that various Reports will reach thy Ears concerning the *Cardinal of Richlieu* his being Instrumental to her Death, by driving her to such a height of Indignation, as was the Cause of her Voluntary Exile and wandring from *France*, and from one Country to another; I will here insert a Letter from the said *Cardinal* to her *Majesty*, wherein he vindicates himself, and discovers (if not his Integrity, yet) the best Counterfeit of that Vertue, that I have seen any where penn'd. It was written to her when she was in *Holland*, and runs thus,

M A D A M,

I Cannot but esteem it the greatest Infelicity that ever befall me, that my Enemies have Prevailed so far, as to draw upon me your Majesty's

Majesty's Displeasure. That they have by all the Arts of Malice, fastned the Publick Odium on me, is a great Unhappiness; but, this is the Master-piece of their Enmity, to render me suspected by you. I could pardon their frequent Attempts upon my Life, by private Conspiracies and Assassinations, tho' Humane Nature recoils at those who are our Murderers: But, to deprive me of that, without which Life it self is a Burden to me, I mean, your Royal Favour, transports me beyond my self; And, I beg, that it may pass for an Excuse of this Presumption. I could easily have passed over in Silence all their barbarous Plots against me! I could easily have parted with my Life, and all those Honours and Dignities with which it has been bless'd. But, to rob me of your Esteem, which first rais'd me to this Envied Greatness, and which I value more than all the Grandeurs of the Earth, breaks the Bars which aw'd my Tongue and Pen, and makes me bold to throw my self at your Royal Feet; with All that I have; for, I received all from your Princely Hands. Deal as you please, Madam, with your own Creature; I cannot murmur at your Proceedings. But, Madam, let your Native Piety prompt you to favour the Purple of the Church, with which your Bounty has Invested me. Let it not lose its proper Lustre and Esteem, because the Enemies of the Church and State, have cast such Dirt upon it. Is it possible, that a Man the most obliged of all his Race, should become the only Pattern of the basest Ingratitude? Besides the Ties of Conscience,

Conscience, and the Natural Force of Inclination, my Interest chains me to your Service; How can I then withdraw my self from it, and not proclaim my self at once a Traytor to the best of Queens, and the most unaccountable of Fools to my self?

This Consideration, Madam, being well weigh'd, is enough to acquit me of all Guiltiness before your Majesty.

But if it be my Desires to be condemned unheard, I shall not appeal from your Royal Sentence, since I owe a perfect Resignation to your Will. I may complain to Heaven of my Misfortune, but I will not expostulate with my Sovereign Patroness, nor make the least Opposition against the Course of your Anger, not even by carrying my Fortune to Rome. For, wheresoever I go, all my study shall be to recover your Majesty's Favour, if it be not a Crime. And if ever I obtain that Happiness, I shall not care whither I go, tho' it be out of the World it self; because I die hourly, while your Majesty suspects that I am not what I ever was, and still continue to be,

M A D A M,

Your Majesty's

Most Humble,

Most Faithful,

And most Obedient Servant,

Armand, Card. of Rich.

I send

I send thee this Transcript of the *Cardinal's* Apology, that thou comparing it with what befel afterwards, may'st give a Judgment, whether this great Minister deserv'd the Censures that were pass'd upon him. For, he falling sick the same Day the *Queen-Mother* died, People said it was a Judgment on him, and that her *Ghost* appeared to him, as thou wilt more at large inform thy self by the Letters I sent to the *Raimacham*. But, others are of Opinion, that his present Illness proceeds from Grief of Mind for the *Queen's* Death, especially in that she died before he was reconciled to her *Majesty*. And they plead in Defence of his Innocence, his daily Zeal in saying *Mass* for her departed Soul, and that at a time when he had more need to keep his Bed, than go to Church. This I have heard discoursed, even by some who bore no good Will to the *Cardinal*, yet now begin to relent towards him, seeing the very Lineaments of Sorrow in his drooping Looks, and tracing the Footsteps of a profound Grief in his macerated Body. Hence they take Measures of his real Innocence and Fidelity toward that Great *Queen*. I will not interpose my particular Opinion on either side, but stand Neuter among these contesting *Infidels*, tho' my Inclination and Regard would rather sway me to the *Cardinal's* side. But, I leave the Determination of this Matter to thee, who art the Oracle of *Wisdom*, from whose Sentence there can be no Appeal.

In the mean while, the Body of the deceased *Queen*, lies, as I have said, at *Cologne*, where she spent her last Days in a *Religious Convent*; a Practice not so common now adays, as it has been formerly among *Crowned Heads*. And those who thus descended voluntarily, from the Height of Humane Glory, to the Austerities of a Devout Life, have commonly been Canonized for *Saints*. Nor do the Creatures of this *Queen* spare to whisper about, that such an Honour were but a condign Reward to her Extraordinary Merits, being already canonized in the Esteem of the Bigotted Vulgar, while her Body is yet above Ground.

The *Royal Carkase* will be brought and interred in the Temple of *St. Denys*, about Three Leagues from this City. This is esteemed the Richest *Church* in *France*, being a Repository of Inestimable Jewels, Gold and Silver, belonging to the Relicks of their *Saints*. Here also generally is lodged, the Dust of all the *Royal Blood* of *France*. The *Saint* to whom this *Church* is dedicated, is esteemed the *Patron* of this Kingdom; for, according to their Doctrine, the *Saints* have the Patronage of certain Kingdoms, Provinces and Cities committed to them by *God*, and therefore they address themselves to them, and to the *Guardian Angels* both in Publick and Private. Every one also, has his peculiar *Patron-Saint* and *Guardian-Angel* assigned him at his own Choice.

But, if these *Christian Saints*, are set over such Places and People as they favour'd particularly

cularly in their Life-time, then one would think, when this Great *Queen* is Canonized and Instated in her *Saintly* Government, the *Hugonots* here may claim her *Patronage*, in that she shew'd much Kindness and Friendship to them while she was alive.

Pardon, *Great Oracle of Truth*, the Length of this Epistle; and excuse my Presumption, in descanting on Matters of Religion, which belong to thee to determine. I kiss the Hem of thy Sacred Vest, in profound Humility. Vouchsafe to pray for thy Faithful Slave *Mahmut*.

Paris, 20th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1641.

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

IT is now past Midnight, and being call'd out of my Bed by the People of the House where I lodge, I knew not how to bestow my Time better, than in giving thee an Account of this Occurrence.

Here is now so violent a Tempest of Thunder, Lightning and Rain, that the whole Hemisphere seems to be on Fire; and the Superstitious are overwhelmed with *Panick* Fears, concluding this Storm will usher in the Day
of

of Judgment. It has continued these Two Hours; and, they tell me, that no less than Twenty Houses are burnt to Ashes already. I had scarce taken my Pen from the last Word, when a flash of Lightning dyed all the Papers and Books, on the Table whereon I now write, as black as Soot; whereof this scorch'd Paper may be a Testimonial, which I send enclosed. Observe but the Colour and Smell, and thou wilt say, 'Tis stamp'd with the Mark of the Thunderer. 'Tis that whereon I had begun to write to thee; but, this thirsty Fire, at a Moment, lick'd up all the Ink, so that the Impression is wholly effac'd.

The Reason of their calling me out of my Bed was, to go to Prayers with them, according to the Custom of these *Infidels*, who in Time of Thunder, light certain *Consecrated* Candles, and fall on their Knees round about them, imagining, that whilst they are within the Room where these Candles are, the Thunder cannot hurt them. I excused myself from keeping them Company, by telling them, I had a *Hallowed* Candle in my Chamber, which I would light and say my Prayers there. They were satisfied with this Answer, and sprinkling me with *Holy Water*, to bless me from the Danger Impending, I retired.

There is a private Stair-Case in my Chamber, which leads to a Terrass on the top of the House. My Curiosity carried me thither, where methought I beheld *Nature* in her Frolicks and Rants. The greatest part of the Sky was clear and serene, and innumerable
Stars

Stars appear'd; but, round the Brims of the *Horizon*, a growing Bulk of Clouds encompass'd the Earth, spouting forth Cataracts of Fire from opposite Parts. One would have thought, they were impregnated with Bombs and Carcasses, and that some Armies were imbatell'd in the Air.

After this, as if these had been the Heralds of the last and fiercest Combat, the Clouds drew up into a Point, and mingling with each other, shot forth such Showers of Fire, as made the World look like a Furnace. For my Part, I had not Courage enough to stand longer in the open Air, but came down to my Chamber, and falling prostrate on the Ground, recommended my self to the *Great Creator of all Things, Lord of Nature, and Sovereign Disposer of the Lives of Men.*

Neither do I think my self Superstitious in this, any more than I should be, in humbling my self in the Dust, before the *Terrible Ibrahim* when he is out of Temper.

Methinks, *Nature* seems to be in a Chole-
rick Fit, when it Thunders; and, 'tis neither good Manners nor Policy, to draw her Fury on our Heads by daring Carriage.

Our *Holy Law*, which prescribes *Prayer* to us at the first Appearance of the Sun and Moon, seems to intimate, that on any Emergency which gives us a peculiar Occasion to contemplate an *Omnipotent Power*, we ought to fall down and adore the *High and Eternal One.*

I am

I am almost deaf with the Bells, which are rung in every *Church* of this City on this Account. It being the Opinion of the *Nazarenes*, that this Noise will chase away the Tempest, with all Evil Spirits that infest the Air. And this Opinion is grounded, on the *Ceremonies* which are used at the *Consecration* of their Bells. For, the *Bishop*, or, in his Absence, the *Priest*, hallows them with a kind of Baptism, and a Form of Prayer; wherein, among other Petitions, they desire of God, To endue them with a Virtue to resist the *Devils*.

I am no Friend to *Superstition*, neither do I give much Credit to *Charms*; yet I cannot deny, but the ringing such a vast Number of Bells, must needs cause a violent Concussion of the Air, even to the dispersing of the Clouds, and producing a Calm. And Experience assures us, that this is the common Effect of a *Battel*, which if it happen in Tempestuous Weather, yet the Discharge of many Thousand Great and Small Shot, has quieted the Storm, and hush'd the Elements into a very serene Condition.

Though this Noise of Bells be very troublesome, in a Time when People should take their Repose, yet here we are used to it in a less Degree, every Night throughout the Year.

For, the *Christians* Law, requires the *Devotives* to rise at Midnight, to say their Prayers in their Chappels; and, some are so devout and regular, as to make this their constant Custom; so that as soon as the Clocks have struck *Twelve*, the small Bells in some *Con-*
vents

vents begin to jangle. About *Two* or *Three* Hours afterwards, other *Religious* Houses ring their Bells, and so continue at certain Hours Day and Night all the Year round.

The Storm is now quite blown over, the Clouds dispers'd, and all Things hush and quiet.

He that brings forth Light out of Darkness, and converts the Terrors and Sadness of the Night, into the chearful Joys of a fair and propitious Morning, have thee in his keeping, and perpetuate our Friendship.

Paris, 24th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER VIII.

To the same.

THere lives a *Dervise* in this City, with whom I often converse with the same Freedom as I do with thee; and, it is no small Alleviation of my Melancholy, to vent my Thoughts to one of an agreeable Spirit.

He is a *Religious* of *Mount Carmel*; a Man of Singular Piety and Vertue; and, were he not so Zealous a Patron of the *Christian* Superstitions and Idolatry, I should esteem him a *Saint*.

I have often attempted to wean him by
Degrees,

Degrees, from the Errors which he imbib'd with his Mother's Milk, and which seem to be rooted in him through the Influences of his Education.

Sometimes I plant a Battery of Arguments against Images and Pictures; but, I can neither beat them down from the Posts they are allotted in his *Oratory*, nor am I able to demolish the Chappels which he has built for their *Ideas* in his own Breásth.

Yet, after a long and close Siege, I have reduced him to Terms of Composition. In the first place, he has surrendred up a Picture which hung in his Closet, in Form of a very Ancient Man wth hoary Hairs, designed by the Painter, to represent the Person of God. He yields, that it is not lawful to make any Resemblance of the *Invisible Divinity*. Next, he allows, that it is not lawful to bow or shew any other External Respect to the Pictures and Images of *Jesus*, *Mary*, and the Rest of the *Saints*, but only to use them as Historical Remembrancers of those Holy Persons, and as Natural Helps and Spurs to Devotion and Vertue.

I tell thee, my Friend *Aglou*, on these Capitulations I could not but raise the Siege, and yield him the Use of Pictures thus far a blameless Practice. For, it seems to me unreasonable, to debarr those who believe the *History* of the *Gospel*, the privilege to read it in what Language they please; whether this of Images and Pictures, or that of Letters.

Letters are but the Images of such and such
Articulate

Articulate Sounds, by which we express our Inward Conception of things: But, Images and Pictures are the lively Immediate Characters of the Things themselves; and, it seems as easie to me, to look on a Picture or Image without the Danger of Idolatry, as 'tis to read a Chapter in the *Alcoran* without adoring the Letters that compose it. Was not the Tabernacle of *Moses* adorned with Images of *Cherubims*? Was not the Temple of *Solomon* deck'd in the same manner? If the presence of Images in Temples be a Prophana-tion, why for so many Ages have our *Vene-rable Musli's* suffered the two *Seraphims*, to remain under the *Cupola* of the *Mosque* of *Santa Sophia* in *Constantinople*? Why do they not deface the Picture of *Mary* the Mother of *Jesus*, the two Images of *Angels*, with other Pieces of Sculpture and Painting in the same place? Are the Devotions of a *Mussulman* in this Sacred Temple tainted with Idolatry, be-cause he prays before these Images?

Let me unbosom my Thoughts to thee with freedom; Images and Pictures are no Bug-bears to me; I can use them as Instru-ments of Devotion, in the same manner as I do Books. Yet every one cannot do this without Danger of Idolatry; neither is a Pub-lick Toleration of Images and Pictures in Temples to be approved. For, tho' some Men may look on them without Hurt, yet 'tis hard for the Generality to avoid falling into a Culpable Reverence. For, while the Eye is drinking in the fair *Idea*, the Soul is apt to
lose

lose her Force, and fall into Admiration of the Carver's or the Painter's Art, adoring the elegant Symmetry of a Beautiful Picture or Image, instead of the *Original* and *Increated Beauty*, the *Majesty* which has no Resemblance.

Therefore wisely has our *Holy-Laws*, provided against this Inconvenience, by discouraging *Imagery* throughout the *Sacred Empire* of the *Mussulmans*.

He whose Habitation is in the Mysterious and Inaccessible Height of an Eternal Recess, whose Glory is beyond all Figure and Expression, augment thy Vertues, which are the truest Images of the Divine Nature.

Paris, 24th. of the 7th. moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

To the Kaimacham.

THE present *War* betwixt *France* and *Spain*, however begun, seems to be carried on by a Principle of *Honour*, rather than of *Enmity*. These two Nations are perfect *Antipodes* to each other in their Humours, yet this Aversion between them, is discover'd more in Peace than in War. The Quest of Glory has invited many brave Men on both Sides into the Field; and, the *Hero's* strive to conquer each other, by *Civilities* rather than by *Arms*.

Catalonia and *Roussillon*, were the Stages of this War, in the Beginning of the Year; where the *Mareschal de Breze*, and the *Sieur de la Motte-Houdancourt*, combated with all the Hardships of the Winter, as well as with Valiant Enemies. The Rigour of the Season did not cool the Courage of these *Generals*, nor divert their *Resolution* from taking the Field. All the Country appear'd like a frozen Lake, and there was no Place for them to encamp, but in deep Snows or Ice: yet, for all these Discouragements, the *Mareschal de Breze* block'd up *Perpignan*, a Town of great Strength in *Roussillon*, whilst the *Sieur de la Motte* kept the *Arragonians* in Play, and baffl'd the Enterprises of the *Castilians*, having given them two Signal Defeats.

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These successful Actions of the *French Generals*, invired the King their Master to give them a Visit, being very desirous to take *Perpignan*, and settle the Affairs of *Catalonia*. He therefore sends another Army under the Command of the *Mareschal de la Mesleraye*, which he soon followed in Person.

There was now a generous Envy raised between so many Great Commanders, every one striving to advance himself in the King's Esteem by his Services. And the particular Merits of the *Sieur de la Mothe*, drew a favourable Eye on him. The King made him *Mareschal* of *France*; the Staff which is the Badge of his Office, being presented to him by the *Mareschal de Breze* at *Barcelona*, to the general Satisfaction and Joy as well of the *Catalonians* as the *French*.

This Honour was conferr'd on him, presently after the great Victory obtained over the *Spanish* Forces, at *Ville-Franche* in *Catalonia*.

In the mean while, the *Mareschal de Mesleraye*, invested the strong Castle of *Colicubre*, which was surrendered to him upon honourable Terms, by the *Marquess of Mortare*, General of the *Spanish* Horse in *Roussillon*, and Governor of that Castle.

The King flush'd with Conquests and Successes, would not suffer his Army to lie idle, but in good earnest laid close Siege to *Perpignan*.

Yet such was the Generosity of this Prince, that before he tried the Force of his Cannon, he

he ordered the *Mareschal de Mefleraye*, to send a Herald to the *Marquess de Flores*, Governour of the Town, to put him in Mind of the great Streights the Besieged were in for want of Provisions, of which His Majesty was not ignorant ; and, that there was no Hopes of Relief from the *Marquess de Povar*, General of the *Spanish* Forces in *Arragon*, there being left alive but a few Companies of all his Army, after the great Defeat which was given them near *Ville Franche*.

He offered the Governour all fair and good Usage, if he would surrender before Things came to Extremities ; and, to convince him of the entire Loss of the *Spanish* Army, (to which he trusted) he promised safe Conduct to any Officer of the Garrison as far as *Terragone*, where lay all the little Remnant of the *Arragonian* Army, that so he might inform and assure himself of the bad Condition the *Spanish* Affairs were in.

This favour was received with much Civility by the *Marquess de Povar*, who returned Humble Thanks to the King for so generous a Condescension, assuring him withal, that the Garrison was not reduced to those Streights as was pretended, but that he nevertheless accepted His Majesty's safe Conduct to a Messenger ; entreating him, that he would permit him to go to *Madrid*, that so the King of *Spain* might have Advice of his Circumstances.

Thou wilt confess, Illustrious *Kaimacham*, that it was a great Magnanimity of Spirit in

the King, to grant this Request to an Enemy, who might be suspected to design no more in it than gain Time. Yet, he sent the Messenger back again, with full Assurance of his Royal Leave.

Whilst this was in Agitation, many other Civilities pass'd between the *French* and the Besieged; Many Prisoners of Note were exchanged, and all Things seem'd to speak a fair Understanding between both Parties; when, on a sudden, the Cannon of the Town play'd furiously on the King's Quarters, and at the same Time the Besieged made a vigorous Sally, attacking a Redoubt which the *Mareschal de Mestraye* had rais'd.

This Contempt of the King's Favour rais'd his Choler, and animat'd the Soldiers with a desire of Revenge. All ran to their Arms, and quickly beat back the Besieged. Thus was the Face of Affairs suddenly chang'd in the Camp. It was too late now, for the Governor to expect the Courtesie he before abus'd. However, he sent two Deputies again, to know if the King's Resolution continued to grant leave to send to *Madrid*, (for they had not as yet sent.)

The *Marschal de Mestraye* sent back the Deputies with this Answer, That if they did not engage to surrender by a prefixed Day, and give two Hollages for Security of their Performance the King would not grant their Request.

This put the Besieged upon desperate Resolutions; they made frequent Sallies, and all things tended to Extremity.

Whilst

Vol. II. *a Spy at* P A R I S. 29

Whilst Matters, were in this Posture, the King, by the Advice of his Physicians, withdrew from the Camp to take the Waters of *Maine* for his Health. This was in the last *Moon*, and *Perpignan* holds out still.

I have been the more particular in relating this Siege, in regard it is the Chief Subject of Discourse among such as are desirous of News. Which is the Reason also, that I begin this Letter with a Relation of what has been transacted in *Catalonia* ever since the Beginning of this Year, that thou may'st be able to form a Regular *Idea*, of this present War between *France* and *Spain*. I will continually send thee an Account of the Progress the *French* make in *Catalonia*.

God augment thy Honours, and prolong thy Days, to see the Sons of thy Grand-children.

Paris, 26th: of the 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

C 3. LETTER

LETTER X.

To Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of State.

I Should be unfaithful to my Trust, and merit a Bow-string, should I conceal from thee any Thing which reflects upon the Honour of the *Sacred Empire*, and the *Law* brought down from Heaven by the *Angel Gabriel*.

Thou knowest, that it is the Custom of the *Christians*, to make Pilgrimages from all Parts of the World to *Jerusalem*, and ether Places in the *Holy Land*; even as the *Faithful Mussulmen* do to *Mecca* and *Medina Talmab* in *Arabia*, where is the *Sepulchre* of our *Holy Prophet*.

Here are Two *Noblemen* of the first Rank and Quality at Court, who out of Devotion to their *Messias*, went to visit his supposed *Sepulchre*; and, in their Travels, pass'd through Part of *Egypt*. But when they arrived at a Place called *Salbia*, bordering on the *Stony Arabia*, they were made a Prey to the *Subbasse* of that Place; who, understanding from the Captain of the *Caravan*, that these two were all the *Franks* he had with him, and that they were Men of Money, he exacted from them twenty Dollars apiece for their Heads, contrary to all Law, Justice or Precedent; which

which they refusing to pay (as indeed it was unreasonable) the covetous old *Subbassce* commits them to Prison, commanding them to receive an Hundred *Bastinadoes* apiece on the Feet, thinking by this Means to frighten them to a Compliance with his Extortion. But they would not pay the Money, chusing rather to suffer, than encourage such Oppression in corrupt Officers. In the mean time, the *Caravan* departs, leaving these imprison'd *Lords* to the Mercy of the *Subbassce*; who finding them inflexible, caused his Commandments to be put in Execution, and not content with this, orders his Slaves to beat them out of the Town.

The poor *Lords* knew not what to do under this Misfortune; for they were so sore with the Blows they had received on their tender Feet, that they were incåpable of travelling afoot. But, with Money they prevail on the Slaves, to direct them how they might procure Camels, with a Guide. This done they overtake the *Caravan* at *Gaza*, and so finish'd their Pilgrimage. They are now at the Court here, and have made known the Business to the King, who, 'tis said, has dispatched an Express to his Ambassador at *Constantinople*, to demand Justice on the aforesaid *Subbassce*; threatening, that if it be deny'd, he will cover the Ocean with Ships, and raze the Palace of the *Sultan* to the Ground. For, these two *Noblemen*, are nearly allied to the *Royal Family*.

I know thou wilt despise the bold *Bravado*

of this King, and so do I, being assured, that the *Invincible Sultan*, can set his Foot on the Necks of Forty such Petty Kings as this. Yet, let us be the Advocates of Justice, by which the Refulgent Empire of the *Mussulmen* was first established. Should such a Villainy as this go unpunished, it would encourage others in like Cases, and then there would be nothing but Extortion, and cruel Insolence practised by Governours of Towns and Cities on the Road. So barbarous and inhospitable Usage, would provoke all the Princes of the *Christian* Law, to take up Arms against us. Thus would the most Glorious Empire in the World, become a Prey to *Infidels*.

I know this would be misrepresented, were it to come to other Hands than thine. They would say of me openly, what they have already whispered in the Cabals of the *Seraglio*, *That Mahmut is in Pension with the French King*. They seek my Life without a Cause. But I trust it to thy generous and right noble Hands, of whose Friendship I have had so late Experience.

May the *First Mover* of the Heavenly Orbs, lead thee as by a Clew of Thread, through the dark Labyrinth of State-Affairs, and bring thee, after a long and happy Life, to the *Fields of endless Light*. Amen! thou Lord of *Paradise*.

Paris, 26th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year, 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at
Vienna.

I know thee not, and, 'tis probable, thou art as little acquainted with me: Yet, I have often observed more durable Friendships contracted between Strangers, than betwixt those of the same Blood. Good Offices equally deserve and attract Love. There are many Opportunities for Travellers to serve one another. And, he that obliges me in a strange Country, makes himself my Brother.

I received a *Dispatch* from the *Reis Effendi* at *Constantinople*, informing me of the Death of *Carcoa*, one of the *Happy Slaves* of him whom God has ordained to dispense *Felicities* to the *World*. I mean, the *Grand Signior*, Possessor of the *most Exalted Throne on Earth*. He tells me likewise, that I must expect from thee the Continuance of *Carcoa's* Office. I congratulate thy Honour, in that thou art thought worthy to serve the *Great Viceroy* of the *Lord* of the *Universe*, to whom is committed the *Flaming Sword* of Justice, that he may reward Virtue, punish Vice, and reform the Corrupt Manners of all Mankind.

I am a *Mussulman*, that is, resigned to God, or else it would have raised some Thoughtfulness in a Man of my Circumstances, what thou'd

be the Reason of *Carcoa's* so long Silence, not having received any Answer these four *Moons* to the many Letters I sent him. He was entrusted with the Secrets of my *Commission*, and, had another been in my Place, he would have suspected Treachery.

Well, he is gone! gone to the Invisible Regions, to the Receptacles of Just and Faithful Men, to the pleasant Woods and Groves, the Eternal Blooming Shades and Verdant Fields of *Paradise*. Follow his Steps, and be happy.

He was a Man true to his Trust, sedulous and active in Business; Punctual in his Appointments; Temperate in a Town flowing with Debaucheries; just toward all Men, and Devout to *God*.

It is necessary for him that would attain these Virtues, to begin Gradually at the lowest Step; to Guard his Sences, and set a Watch upon the Avenues of his *Passions*. For a Man becomes neither perfectly Virtuous nor Vicious all at once: And a Wise Man of thy own Nation, *Jesus Ben Sirach*, has said, *He that contemns little Things, shall fall by little and little.*

I desire thee, to send me *Carcoa's Journal*, with what other Papers he left behind him except such as concern his particular Estate and Affairs.

Let me know also, how the late Design of the *Turks* upon *Rab*, is resented at the *German Court*; whether the *Emperour* talks of sending an *Embassador* to the *Sultan* about it;

it; and, whatsoever also of Moment occurs.

The *Reis Effendi* tells me, that *Beckir Bassa*, the Treasurer, has ordered me Five Hundred *Zechins*, by the way of *Vienna*. I desire thou would'st be speedy and careful in remitting them to *Paris*.

Thou needest no Instructions concerning my Lodging, or the Name I go by here; those who appointed thee this Station at *Vienna*, have informed thee, no doubt, of all Things necessary to the Discharge of thy Duty.

Write often to me, and preserve thy Integrity free from Stain.

Paris, 6th. of the 8th. Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Know thy *Genius*, and have observed with what Complacency thou wert wont to peruse thy Uncle *Shela Raphim's* Travels, a *Journal* Writ in *Arabick*, and full of profitable and wise Remarks; especially, that Part of it, which treats of *France*. I will not pretend to add to his Observations; but only acquaint thee with a Novelty, which *France* itself ne'er knew in his Days.

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The Women of *Quality* here of late, addict themselves to the Studies of *Philosophy*, as the Men; the Ladies esteeming their Education defective, if they cannot confute *Aristotle* and his *Disciples*. The *Pen* has almost supplanted the Exercise of the *Needle*; and, Ladies Closets, formerly the Shops of Female Baubles, Toys and Vanities, are now turn'd to Libraries and Sanctuaries of Learned Books. There is a new Star risen in the *French* Horizon, whose Influence excites the Nobler Females to this pursuit of *Humane Science*. It is the Renowned Monsieur *Des Cartes*, whose Lustre far out-shines the Aged, winking Tapers of *Peripatetick Philosophy*, and has eclips'd the *Staggyite*, with all the Ancient Lights of *Greece* and *Rome*. 'Tis this matchless Soul, has drawn so many of the Fairer Sex to the Schools. And they are more proud of the Title [*Cartesian*,] and of the Capacity to defend his *Principles*, than of their Noble Birth and Blood.

I know our Grave and Politick *Mussulmen*, will censure the Indulgence of the *French* to their Women, and accuse them of Weakness, in giving such Advantages to that witty Sex. But, notwithstanding this Severity of the *Eastern* Parts, I cannot altogether disapprove the *Western* Gallantry. If Women are to be esteemed our *Enemies*, methinks it is an ignoble Cowardise thus to disarm them, and not allow them the same Weapons we use ourselves; But, if they deserve the Title of our *Friends*, 'tis an Inhumane Tyranny to debar them

them the Privilege of Ingenuous Education, which would also render their Friendship so much more delightful both to themselves and us. *Nature* is seldom observed to be niggardly of her choicest Gifts to that Sex, their Senses generally as quick as ours, their Reason as Nervous, their Judgments as mature and solid. Add but to these Natural Perfections, the Advantage of Acquir'd Learning, what polite and charming Creatures will they prove, whilst their External Beauty does the Office of a Crystal to the Lamp, not shrouding but disclosing their brighter Intellec[t]s? Nor need we fear to lose our Empire over them, by thus improving their Native Abilities; since, where there is most Learning, Sense and Knowledge, there is observ'd to be the greatest Modesty, and Rectitude of Manners. I see no Reason therefore, why we should make such Bug-Bears of Women, as not trust them with as *Liberal Education* as our selves.

I believe, thou sometimes bestowest a Compassionate Thought on the *Exil'd Mahmut*. Wouldst thou do something to alleviate my Melancholy, the next time thou goest to the *Atmidan*, transcribe what is engraven on the *Pedestals* of the *Obelisks* and *Columns* standing there, and send it enclosed in a Letter.

He that is *Lord* of the *East* and the *West*, from whose Throne hang Millions of Stars in Chains of Gold, encrease thy Vertues and Blessings, and preserve thee from the Poison of

of ill Eyes and malicious Tongues, and bring thee to the *Fields of endless Light*.

Paris, 6th. of the 8th. *Month*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XIII.

To Cara Haly, *Physician at Constantinople*.

There is a Garden in this City, so near resembling that of the *Invincible Vizir Azem*, on the East of *Pera*, that I cannot but phantasie my self near *Constantinople*, when I am walking in it. It is called the *King's Garden*, being allotted by the *Royal Bounty* of the Kings of *France*, to the Service and Improvement of Students in *Physick*. There is a Yearly Stipend settled on an approved *Physician*, to take Care, that no kind of Physical Plant or Herb be wanting in this *Royal Seminary*. Who also during the whole Summer, is obliged to read a *Latin Lecture* every Morning, on the *Simples* there growing; whilst a great Auditory of Young Students, with Books, Pen and Ink in their Hands, wait on him up and down the Alleys, and write down his Discourse. He that is now employed in this Office, is a very Learned and Ingenious Man: he takes great Pains to make all his Young Disciples perfect *Herbalists*; for, all the way as he passes along from one Herb to another, he

he stoops down, handles the *Simple*, and explains his Verbal Description with his Fingers Ends; giving a most accurate account of the minutest Difference between such as seem to be alike, and demonstrating to the Eye, that those are too distinct Plants, which many take to be but one; tracing out their different Families, in the Number, Texture, Shape or Colour of their Leaves and Flowers: And, this he does with so graceful an Action, such elegant Language, and so composed a Spirit, that he charms all that happen to be present at his Lectures, and makes every Body in Love with the *Botanicks*. The Garden stands open to all Gentlemen, provided they leave their Swords with the Keeper of the Gate, to prevent Quarrels and Mischief.

I enter daily among the rest, and when the *Physick-Lecture* is over, I retire my self into one of the most pleasant Shades in the World; it is a Gravel Walk, the whole length of the Garden, on each side of which grow lofty Trees, planted so thick, and intermixing their Leaves and Branches so closely at the Top, that they compose a perfect natural *Umbrella* over the Walk, from one End to the other, so that not a Beam of the Sun can enter. And, that which creates in me the greatest Complacency, is, that the farther End of the Walk, is not shut up by a high Wall, as is the Custom in some Gardens; but, whether you are sitting, or standing upright, it opens to you a very agreeable and large Prospect of the Country adjacent to *Paris*, which affects

affects the Eye with incredible Delight; and mine so much the more, because it perfectly resembles the Country lying East of *Pera* and *Constantinople*, which you survey out of the *Grotto's* of the aforesaid most Illustrious *Vizir Azem*. 'Tis when I am in this Walk, I imagine I breathe the Air of *Asia*, and am within the Verge of the *Imperial Seraglio*, the *Sanctuary* to which all the distress'd Princes in the World have Recourse.

There are in *Paris* above an Hundred magnificent Palaces, and beautiful Gardens belonging to them; but, none wherein I take so particular a Delight, as in this Royal *Physick-Garden*. Here I spend many a solitary Hour, and sometime I meet with Company.

I tell thee, Dear *Holy*, that though the *French* are naturally the most polished and refined People in the World, yet I am many times willing to make Excuses, and leave their Society; being by the Force of a powerful Inclination either drawn to this Garden, or to a famous Library in this City, in the Custody of certain *Religious Dervises*, who at certain Hours of the Day, are obliged to give Attendance to all Gentlemen, who are pleased to sit there and study.

Toward the Evening I visit the *Hospitals*, which are the finest that ever I saw in the World, and I believe the best govern'd. There is one named, *the Hospital of God*, where Persons of *Quality* themselves, and those of the *First Rank*, come every Evening, and wait on the sick and the wounded, doing all the meanest

meanest Offices of Inferiour Servants, and this with abundance of Tenderneſs and Humanity. I have ſeen the Nicest and Gayest Ladies of the *Court*, dressing the most ſqualid and putrefied Sores of Wounded Men, not ſeeming in the leaſt to be diſguſted at the loathſome Sight and Stench of their Ulcers. When one firſt enters the Place, one would imagine it to be a Chamber of Young *Fanizaries*; it being a very long and wide Gallery, with Rows of Beds on both ſides, where in the Sick are diſpoſed according to the Order of their coming, or the Nature of their Diſeaſe. The Curtains of the Beds are all of pure white Linen, prettily wrought here and there with Flowers of Needle Work. Their Sheets as white as the Curtains; and by each Bed ſtands a Biſon of clean Water, and a fine Towel lying by it. At the farther End of the Gallery, ſtands an Altar railed in, where the *Prieſts* perform their Religious Myſteries for the Sick. In ſine, all Things in this Place ſpeak an Exquiſite *Decorum* and Order, with a generous Regard to the Health and Life of Man. Three of theſe Galleries make up the whole *Hospital*, and it is as pleaſant to me ſometimes to walk up and down in them, as in a beautiful Garden.

Certainly, if any Argument could be of Force to recommend Sickneſs as a deſirable Thing, it muſt be taken from the Circumſtances of this *Hospital*, or, an Equivalent Ground. I, for my own part, have often thought, That Death it ſelf would not be formidable

formidable amidst so many Ornaments, Sweet's and Comforts. If this Publick and Charitable Regard to the Sick, be an Effect of their Religion, I cannot be so partial to deny it a due Acknowledgment; but must own, That Heroick Vertue and Piety is to be found in an eminent Degree, even among the very *Infidels*.

Thou wilt pardon me for detaining thee so long in the Theatre of the Sick and Wounded, and presenting thee with the Tragical Scenes of Mortality; since it is thy proper Profession, to converse with the Infirmitie's, Diseases and Dolors of Humane Bodies, and to be frequently present in the Anti Chambers of Death.

Suffer me to press thee to an Integrity of continual Love and Friendship between us. Let not Mistakes or Misapprehensions, cool this generous Affection. It is pity, That either the spiteful Misrepresentations of insinuating Back-biters, or, our own groundless Jealousies and Suspensions, should dissolve the Union of Faithful and Loving Friends. I had rather suffer a Thousand small Injuries, which I know must proceed from Frailty, and Humane Necessity, than not continue to Love where I have once pitch'd my true Affection. Nothing but apparent wilful Perfidiousness and Treachery, ought to break the sacred and inviolable Band of Friendship. Fidelity and Love cover a multitude of lesser Faults. He that breaks with his Friend for small Errors, discovers the Rashness and Inconstancy

constancy of his Mind, and that his Friendship was never well grounded. For, had he been a Wise Man, he would either have been more slow and cautious in the choice of his Friend; or, having once contracted Friendship, he would not break it again for a less Crime than manifest Disloyalty. But thou, who hast ever pursued me with all the Offices of a Generous and Faithful Friend, bearing with my many Infirmities and Failings, dost not deserve this Censure. Yet, considering the Instability of all Humane Affairs, I could not forbear putting thee in Mind of these Things; lest, through the Malice of Fortune, or the Envy of Men, or any other Cause thou should'st withdraw thy Affection from me, which I value above all Temporal Blessings. For, besides the many Favours I have received at thy Hands, whereby I am obliged in Honour and Gratitude to love thee perpetually; a Spark of Natural, or rather of Divine Affection was kindled in my Breast, from the first Time I conversed with thee; whether it proceeds from Agreeableness and Harmony of Spirits, or some other secret Operation, I know not. But, sure I am, and would have thee rest confident, That there is not a Man in the World, who Loves and Honours thee with greater Fidelity than I do.

The Great and Eternal Lord of the Universe, encrease and multiply thy Vertues and Blessings, and make thee Illustrious in thy Generation; granting also this Happiness to
me,

me, That after a lasting and true Friendship between us on Earth, I may drink with thee of the Rivers of Pleasure, which glide along the Fields of *Paradise*; and, that I may see thy Face brighter than the Stars of Heaven. Amen! Amen! O thou *Lord* of the *Worlds*.

Paris, 6th. of the 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XIV.

To the Kaimacham.

I Take the best Measures for Intelligence, yet I cannot gain a Sight or a Copy of all the *Expreses* that come to this *Court*; nor can I learn their Import, as soon as they Arrive. The *Ministers* of *State* here, are the Sepulchres of News, they bury all in Silence.

This is the Reason, that I sometimes have been forced to send thee an Account of many Events, long after they happened. My last Letter was an Abstract of the *French* Conquests in *Catalonia*, from the Beginning of the Year, to the *Moon* last past.

After the King of *France* had retired from the Camp before *Perpignan*, the *Mareschal de Mestraye* applied himself vigorously to perfect the *Batteries*, *Redoubts*, and other Works. Whilst the King of *Spain* was hourly

lyperplexed with Cares and Anxieties, for this Important Place.

The Extremities to which it was reduc'd, hasten'd his Preparations of an Effectual Relief. He sent Orders to the *Marquises* of *Terracuse*, of *Leganez* and *Mortare*, to raise the Flower of *Arragon* and *Castile*.

The *Viceroy* of *Naples*, furnish'd out a Considerable Fleet; it being the *Catholick* King's Resolution, either to Succour *Perpignan*, and raise that Siege, or take *Barcelona* by Way of Reprizal.

In the mean while, the new *Mareschal de la Motte*, flush'd with the late Favour he received from his Master the *French* King, and spurr'd on with the Thirst of Glory, enter'd like a Torrent with his Troops into *Valentia*, which at that time lay naked and unguarded.

The first Thing he did, was to surprize a Convoy of the *Marquis* of *Leganez*, who were carrying an extraordinary Piece of Canon to *Viveros*.

The *French* broke through the *Foot*, with their accustom'd Fury, and kill'd more than Thirty Horse, taking as many Prisoners. They sent the Cannon to the Camp at *Reoux*.

Thou seest, Sage *Minister*, how necessary a Qualification it is in a Sovereign Prince, to discern and reward the Merits of his Servants. Men of Vertue are animated with fresh Vigour, when their Actions are acknowledged. Of this the ever Victorious *Sultans* of the *Ottoman Empire* are very sensible, who
value:

value the Abilities and Services of their *Slaves*, before any Consideration of *Noble Blood* or *Riches*; raising Men from Nothing, to the Highest Dignities of the *Empire*.

The *Mareschal*, after this Exploit, took the Towns of *Tamarit*, and *Mauson*; but the Castle belonging to the latter, was surrendered upon Articles, the Fourteenth of the last *Moon*.

Whilst these things were transacted on the *Land*, the *Navies* were not Idle by *Sea*: The *Marquis* of *Breze* set upon the *Spanish Admiral*, as he lay at Anchor near *Viveros*; and, not being able to disengage the Vessel from the Shallows, he set it on Fire, together with another of equal Burden.

This was only an Exploit by the bye, and as it lay in his Road to *Barcelona*, where the whole *Spanish Fleet* were arrived, with Design to Assault the Town by Sea.

The *Marquis de Breze*, made all the Sail he could toward them; but, the Wind not favouring his Design, he was forced to make use of his Gallies. In a Word, the *Spaniards* lost Four Ships in this Fight, and Three more on the First of this *Moon*.

Thus *Perpignan* is in no likelihood of Relief. I will send thee all the Intelligence I receive of this Important Siege.

Paris, 10th. of the 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To Isouf his Kinsman.

I Have received thy Letter, and congratulate thy safe Return to *Constantinople*. The Blessing of *Mahomet* be upon thee, for the Sacrifice thou madest on *Abraham's* Mountain in my behalf, and for the Alms thou gavest to blot out my Sins. Hadst thou sent me the *Sacred Relique* I desired, I would multiply Benedictions on *Isouf* my Cousin. It is but a trifling Excuse to say, thou couldst not procure that which is denied to no *Pilgrim*. The *Emir* of *Mecca* expects that every one who Visits that *Holy of Holies*, should purchase a Piece of the Old Hanging, when it is Yearly taken down. This is his Fee, and thou hast at once defrauded him of his Due, frustrated my Hopes, and weakned the Merit of thy *Pilgrimage*.

But, I will not be querelous; perhaps thou wert afraid of wanting Money in the Rest of thy Journey. Thy Letter is very short and full of Reserves, hardly vouchsafing to make an Apology for thy long Silence, though it be now the Nine and Thirtieth *Moon* since thou first partedst from *Constantinople*, without giving me any Account what was become of thee.

Somerimes I thought thou wert overwhelm'd in the *Sands* of *Arabia*, or, that
some

some wild Beast had devoured thee. At other times, I imagined thou mightst die of Thirst, in those dry and barren Desarts. When the *Caravan* returned at the accusom'd Time, and no Tidings of *Isouf*, I could not divine that thou wert gone into *Persia*, or that thou wouldst travel through all the *East*, as thy Letter informs me.

I should be proud of my *Kinsman*, were I satisfied what Improvements he has made in so tedious a Journey. Thy Letter speaks thee not a Traveller, thou art a Churle in not communicating to me thy Adventures and Observations, in so many Countries as thou hast pass'd through.

Tell me, *Isouf*, what was the Motive which put thee upon such a hazardous Fatigue? Thou wert a Man of great Faith to trust thy self to the Conduct of the *Persian*, who invited thee along with him. It is a Sign thou hast a Roving Soul, or else thou wouldst not upon such easie Terms have abandoned the Company of thy Fellow-Travellers and Friends, to join thy self to a Stranger; an Enemy to thy Nation, a *Heretick*. 'Tis true, a Peace was just then concluded between the *Grand Signior*, and the *Sophi* of *Persia*; and so there was no Danger of thy being snapp'd for a Spy, and Sacrificed to the Jealousie of *State*. But, thou exposedit thy self to the *Capricio's* of Fortune, and the wavering Temper of a Man, who, for ought thou knewest, might have some ill Design upon thee.

Tell me, didst not thou meet with great Temptations

Temptations at *Ispahan*? couldst thou withstand the Charms of *Persian* Luxury? It must needs be a surprizing Novelty, to see the Ladies of the *Court* frolicking and revelling in the Houses of Pleasure without the City, so contrary to the austere Customs of our Women at *Constantinople*.

Well! I will believe thee Chast in the midst of Courtezans, sober in Company of Drunkards; and, that the Spark who pick'd thee up at *Medina*, made no attempts to debauch thy Vertue; yet thou canst not blame this Railery, when thou considerest the dissolute Manners of that Nation. And I will tell thee ingenuously, that I find it very irksome to abstain from Wine, in a Country where every Body drinks it but my self.

But, thou givest me no Character of thy *Persian* Friend, or his Quality. He might, for ought I know, be some *Knight Errant*, and thou his *Squire*, and so you rambled together up and down *Asia* to seek Adventures. For thou art not so complaisant as to tell me the Effect of thy *Travels*.

Had I been in thy Place, I should have made it my Business, to enquire into the Laws and Religions of those Countries through which I pass'd. I should have taken Notice of the Strength and Situation of their Cities and Castles; Their Manner of Building and Fortifications; The Discipline of their Soldiers; what Navigable Rivers they have, and which were the most eminent Places of Commerce and Traffick.

D

When

When thou wert in the Court of the Great *Mozul*, it had been worth thy Observation, to see the Grandure of this *Monarch*, who never goes into the Field with less than two hundred Thousand Men. Thou shouldest have remark'd also the Use the *Indians* make of *Elephants* in their Battels. It had not been amiss to have cast an Eye into their Temples in this Country, where thou wouldst have beheld the Execrable Devotions of these *Idolaters*, who worship the *Devil* under hideous Forms. But above all, I should have been greedy to see the *Indian* Women throw themselves into the Funeral Pile after their dead Husbands. And, before I parted from the Country, I should have sought the Conversation of their *Gymnosophists* or *Brachmans*. These are in so great Reputation for their Wisdom, Sanctity, and Incorrupt Manners, that the greatest *Potentates* have Recourse to them in all Difficulties, as to *Divine Oracles*.

China also would have afforded thee Matter of Observation and Remark.

These People say of themselves, that they see with both Eyes, the *Mahometans* with one, and all the rest of the World are stark blind. But in my Opinion, the *Chineses* can be but pur-blind themselves, since they see no farther than the Mountains which environ their own Country; it not being permitted to the Subjects of that *Empire* to travel. Yet, to give them their due, they are a very Ingenious People, envied by all the World for their Art in making *Porphyry*.

I should

I should be glad to know, if whilst thou wert in this Country, thou ever sawest any of those sailing Wagons, which are said to be used there.

It would be very obliging, to send me a particular Relation of thy Travels these three Years. Thou wilt not be angry, that I am solicitous for thy Good. The End of Travelling is, to gain Experience and Wisdom. If thou hast attained this, I shall rejoice. The desire of Knowledge has caused many Famous Men to rove about the World. This led *Pythagoras* into *Palassine* and *Egypt*. This made *Plato* leave *Athens*, to go and learn of *Archytas* the Philosopher at *Tarentum* in *Italy*. And the same Motive carried *Apollonius* through the greatest part of *Asia* and *Africa*.

But, I would not have thee confine thy Search to their Measures. For they only coveted to know the Mysteries of Nature. Whereas, if thou travellest again, I would advise thee to acquaint thy self with the Constitutions of Kingdoms and States, whereby thou may'st be serviceable to our Great Master, the Grand Signior, Lord of the seven Climates, for whose sake the Elements are restrained within their Bounds, and Nature it self keeps on her Course.

Cousin, I pray the great God to polish thy Soul with Rational Principles, and make thee useful in thy Generation; for, no Man is born for himself. Adieu.

Paris, 13th. of the 8th. Moon,

of the Year 1642.

LETTER XVI.

To Mustapha Berber Aga, at Constantinople.

I Sent thee a Letter in the Conclusion of the last Year, concerning the *Duke of Lorrain*, and the loss of his Estate: Since which he seems to have lost himself; being *Excommunicated* by the *Pope*, who is to the *Christians*, what our *Musti* is to true Believers.

If thou knowest not what it is to be *Excommunicated* by the *Pope*, I will inform thee in few Words.

Those who lie under this Censure, are forbid to enter into any of their *Churches*, or in the least to partake of what they esteem *Holy*. All *Christians*, are commanded to shun their Company; they are esteemed as bad as *Hereticks*; banish'd humane Society; and given over to the *Devil*.

The Occasion of passing this so severe a Sentence on a *Sovereign Prince*, thou wilt imagine was great; and yet, it was only for putting away his first Wife, and marrying another. A Thing commonly practis'd all over the *East*. Should our *Musti's* have the same Power, there would be but few *Mussulmen* in the *Sacred Mosques*.

But, these *Infidels* call Marriage a Great *Sacrament*, and esteem it as violated when a
Man

Man repudiates his Wife ; *Divorces* being not allowed in any Part of *Christendom*, unless in Case of *Adultery*.

People talk variously of the *Pope's* Censure. Those who favour the *Counsellors* of *Cantecroix*, murmur at the *Excommunication*, calling it, A Breach of Privileges, an unheard of Innovation, an Attempt upon the Life of the Prince. They add also, that he ought first to have been cited, and his Cause heard by the Court, according to the *Canons* and *Decrees* of *Councils*.

On the other Hand, there are who justify this Proceeding of the *Pope*, and accuse the *Duke* of barbarous Ingratitude, for leaving his Lawful Wife, by whom he got his Estate ; and with whom he had lived many Years.

However, the *Duke of Lo-raine* has publish'd a *Protestation* against the *Pope's* Proceedings, and caused his *Procurator General* to do the like ; writing Letters also to the *Presidents* and *Counsellors* of the *Sovereign Court* of *Lorraine* and *Barois*, commanding them not to take any Notice of the *Pope's* Censure ; it being actually null and void, because contrary to the Fundamental Laws of the Church.

It is to be observed here, that this *Excommunicated* Prince in the Conclusion of his *Protest*, appeals nevertheless to the *Sovereign Bishop*, when he shall be better informed, still professing an Eternal Obedience to the Church.

It is a strange unaccountable Power, the *Popes* of *Rome* claim over *Emperours* and *Prin-*

ces. In his publick Letters, Briefs, or Patents, he styles himself, *the Servant of the Servants of God*; yet, in his Actions, he assumes a *Sovereignty* over *Kings*, calling all the *Princes in Christendom*, *his Sons*, and chastising them as such, when he sees Occasion. All this proceeds from the Difference they make between the Temporal and the Spiritual Sword. So, that when their Forces have been Routed, the City of *Rome* sack'd; and themselves taken Prisoners by the Force of the former; yet they have at the same Time, by the Dint of the latter, subdued their Conquerors, and in the midst of Captivity celebrated a Triumph.

Spare not to command me, if thou canst propose any Method of doing thee Service.

God the *Essence of Essences*, purifie us, and wash away our Imperfections.

Paris, 25th. of the 8th. Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

To Bedredin, Superior of the Dervises, of the Convent of Cogni in Natolia.

AR T thou alive, Venerable Old Man, or must I expect my Answer in the other World? I have often writ to thee, and more often enquired after thy Health, when I had Opportunity; but have received no Answer, nor heard any News of thee these Seven *Months*; which seem so many Years, to a Man who would be ready to die for Joy, could he receive the least Assurance that thou art yet alive.

Without Doubt, thou livest where-ever thou art, and livest in perfect Joy and Peace, the Rewards of thy consummate Sanctity and Vertue. Either thou still enjoyest a Heaven on Earth, thy Incorrupt Soul being a *Paradise* to it self; or, thou hast translated thy Residence from Earth to Heaven, to augment the Number and Joys of the *Blessed*.

Well! I will suppose and hope thou art alive, and that this Letter will come to thy Hand: I will therefore make thee an acceptable Present.

Thou hast often spoke with much Affection and Reverence of *Jesus*, the *Messias* of the *Christians*, as all Good *Mussulmen*

ought to do ; being taught by the *Alcoran* in several Chapters, that he was a *Holy Prophet*, and in the Number of the *Divine Favorites*.

I have met with an Authentick Description of his Person in the King's Library; and have translated it into *Arabick* for thy Satisfaction. *Publius Lentulus* being President of *Judas*, sent it to the Senate of *Rome*, when the Fame of *Jesus* began to spread abroad in the World. These are his Words :

— THERE lives at this time in *Judæa*, a Man of singular Virtue, whose Name is *Jesus Christ*. Whom the Barbarians esteem a Prophet ; but, his own Followers adore him as the Off-spring of the Immortal Gods. He calls back the Dead from their Graves, and heals all Sorts of Diseases with a Word or a Touch. He is tall and well-shaped ; of an Amiable, Reverend Aspect ; his Hair of a Colour that can hardly be match'd, falling into Graceful Curls below his Ears, and very agreeably couching on his Shoulders, parted on the Crown of the Head like the *Nazarites*. His Fore-head is smooth and large, his Cheeks without other Spot, save that of a lovely Red. His Nose and Mouth form'd with exquisite Symmetry. His Beard thick, and of a Colour suitable to the Hair of his Head, reaching an Inch below his Chin, and parting in the middle like a Fork. His Eyes bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with Majesty, counsels with Mildness ; his whole Address, whether in Word or Deed, being Elegant and Grave. No Man has seen
him

him laugh, but he has wept frequently. He is very Temperate, Modest and Wise. A Man, for his Excellent Beauty and Divine Perfections, surpassing the Children of Men.

I send thee this Picture of the Christians Messias, not drawn by the Pencil of the Painter, but by the Pen of a Roman Governour, and therefore it may pass for Authentick. I have often heard thee praise the Original, and condemn some too Superstitious Mussulmans, who, in their mistaken Zeal for the Alcoran, have Blasphem'd this Holy Prophet; a Man whom the Alcoran it self mentions in several Chapters, styling him, The Breath and Word of God.

Certainly, Malediction becomes not the Mouth of a True Believer; and he, who Curses God, or any of the Hundred and twenty four Thousand Prophets, shall be excluded their Society in Paradise.

I give thee a final Adieu, O Holy Derrise; desiring, that this Character of the Messias, may be transcribed in Letters of Gold on Silken Paper, and laid up in the Library of thy Convent. Adieu. Live for ever.

Paris, 25th. of the 8th. Moon,
of the Year 1642.

D. S. LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

To the Kaimacham.

VARIOUS are the Discourses of People in this Place concerning the Reduction of *Asac*. For, *Paris*, like *Athens* of old, is the Receptacle of all the News in the World.

The *French* are Naturally a *Martial* People, delighting much in the Affairs of *War*; and when the News came last Year of the Raising the Siege of *Asac*, with all the Particulars of the Defendants Bravery, notwithstanding the Union of so great Forces against them; they highly applauded the Valour and Constancy of the *Cossacks*, whom neither Threats nor Promises, gentle Means, nor vigorous Assaults could prevail upon to surrender up their Town, but forced the Besiegers to return Home with the Loss of above Twelve Thousand *Turks*, besides *Moldavians*, *Wallachians*, and *Tartars*.

But now they begin to change their Notes, and to admire the *Invincible* Force of the *Ottoman* Arms, which hew their way through the most Formidable Difficulties, to lay *Empires*, *Kingdoms*, and *States* at the Feet of our *Victorious* Sultan.

I have received a particular Account from *Nathan Ben Saddi*, of the taking of that City. He tells me, That at the News of those

those great Preparations, which were making by Land and Sea against it; the Inhabitants being denied the Protection of the *Moscovites*, which was their sole Refuge in this Extremity, abandoned the Town, carrying with them their Goods, and demolishing their Houses, so that there was but small Prey left for our Soldiers.

It is the General Discourse of this Court, that there is a Son born to *Sultan Ibrahim*. I should heartily rejoice, were I assured the News were true; but, there is no *Dispatch* as yet to confirm it. Besides, I have received Advice from *Constantinople*, which almost discourages me from ever hoping so fortunate an Event.

God lengthen thy Days, and make thee Happy, both in this World, and in *Paradise*.

Paris, 25th. of the 8th. *Moun*,

of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

To Mustapha, Bassa of Silistria.

THOU hast no Reason to repine at the Exchange of thy *Government*, though thy present Power be circumscribed within narrower Limits than it was in *Agypt*. That *Grenary* of the World, never afforded thee such a Harvest of Laurels as thou hast reaped on the Banks of the *Black-Sea*. The Conquest of *Asiac* has loaded thee with Honours, and the Moderation thou hast in the midst of Triumphs, has captivated greater Numbers of the *Cossacks*, than could the Dint of thy Cymetar. Though the Foundations of Kingdoms are laid in Blood, yet the Superstructure is cemented with Clemency; and, the *Roman Casars*, by timely sheathing their Swords, fastned to their *Empire*, the Provinces they had won by drawing them.

I am bound to write often to the *Ministers* of the *Port*, and all my Moments are consecrated to the Service of the *Grand Signior*, who has a Right to command all Mankind: Yet the Fame of thy late Victory reaching these Parts, and giving occasion of Discourse, I stole this time from my self, not from my *Great Master* (it being the Hour of Sleep) to tell thee what the World says of thee.

They do not compare thee to *Hannibal*, *Scipio*, or *Alexander the Great*; thou thy self

self wouldst take him for a Flatterer, that should use such an Expression. But they say, the Method thou hast taken, to sweeten the Calamities of the *Cossacks*, and invite them back to their abandoned Habitations, has some resemblance with the Conduct of *Selim*, a General of *Orchanes's* Army; who, after he had taken the City of *Prusa*, forbid his Soldiers, on pain of Death, to touch the Goods of the Inhabitants, or commit any Insolent Action. The Moderation of this Conqueror, not only rendred the Citizens easie, and willing to submit to their *New Lord*; but, the Fame of it spreading abroad, he with little Bloodshed reduced all the adjoining Countreys under Subjection.

It is reported of the Great and Victorious *Saladine*, That he took more Pleasure in swaining the Hearts of his Enemies, than in conquering their Persons. This Prince had a Saying very common in his Mouth, *That he did the Office of a Barber and Gardiner, shaving the Superfluities, and pruning the Excrescencies of Overgrown Kingdoms and States, not destroying them Root and Branch.* 'Tis certain, he endeavoured in all his Conquests to mollifie the Aversion of his Enemies, by Acts of Generosity.

Thou wilt expect some News from a Man in my Post, and I cannot entertain thee with more agreeable Intelligence, than what is the common Theme of Discourse at this Time.

Edward, Duke of Parma, has entered into the *Pope's* Territories with Three Thousand select

select Horse, where he marches Dragooning up and down the Country, bringing Terror and Confusion where-ever he comes. He Conquers without drawing his Sword; the *Pope's Army* flying before him.

This Prince is by Nature very fierce and Active; and has a peculiar Gift of obliging his Souldiers, by treating them with a frank, affable Carriage, free from the stately Reservodness to which Men in Authority are accustomed. By this Deportment, he has insensibly stole their Affections; they are ready to follow him all over the World.

When the *Princes of Italy* fall out with one another, they generally engage the *French* and the *Spaniards* in the Quarrel. But the *Duke of Parma* refused the Assistance which the former proffer'd him of Two Thousand Men, provided they might be disposed in Garrisons; he was Jealous, lest the *French* design'd to play their old Game; and, that when they were once Hoisted in his Cities and strong Holds, it would be difficult to Unkennel them.

He has a new way of winning Towns, carrying with him neither Infantry, Cannon, Ammunition, nor any other Provision necessary to a Campaign. Yet, when he approached towards *Smola* in his Road to *Bologna*, the Governour sent the Keys of the Town to him in his March; which he made no other Use of, than to give his Troops a Passage through the Place, resigning them up again. By these Noble Acts, he paved himself an easy way through the *Eccelesiastical* State;

State; his Army being furnished with Vi-
 ctuals in Abundance, without Plunder or In-
 solency.

The first Occasion of this Quarrel, pro-
 ceeded from some Contempts put upon the
 Prince of Parma at the Court of Rome, by
 the Nephews of Pope Urban. And, the Dis-
 gusts have since been improved to that Height
 as to Engage the State of Venice, the Grand
 Duke of Tuscany, the Duke of Modena, and
 other Princes, in the Care of the General Interest
 of Italy.

They proceed with Mediations and Over-
 tures of Peace in one Hand, while the Sword
 is brandish'd with the other; amusing one
 another with Treaties to gain Time. The
 Loss of Castro, a strong Town on the Borders
 of the Ecclesiastick State, spurs on the Duke
 of Parma to Revenge himself on the Barbe-
 rini's; while the Republick of Venice strives
 to mitigate his Fierceness, and accommodate
 Affairs, espousing his Cause, but fearful of his
 Rashness, lest his Impetuous Humour should
 carry him to the Walls of Rome, and bring
 things to Extremities. For, all the Princes
 in Italy profess an Inviolable Obedience to the
 Pope, who seems to inherit the Authority of the
 Ancient Roman Emperors.

Thou may'st comprehend by what I have
 said, how easie it were at such a Juncture
 (when all the Principalities in Italy are (as
 it were) disjointed) to bring them under the
 Yoke of a Foreign Power. This is what the
 Spaniards and French have for a long time
 been

been nibbling at: and, whereof the *Republick of Venice* are so Jealous, that they never side with one Party to the Ruine of another, but endeavour to keep all the Interests of *Italy* in an *Equilibrium*, till they are Reconciled and United, lest the Party which finds it self most weakned, should seek the Protection of one of those Potent Crowns; who would not fail to strike two strokes for themselves, if they are desired to strike one for the Oppressed *Italian*.

The *Christians* call *Italy*, the *Garden of Europe*; and, if the Allusion may hold, the King of *Spain* has possessed himself of two stately Grotto's in it, *Naples* and *Milan*; yet, 'tis a Question, whether the Cost in maintaining these two Cities, will countervail the Honour of being their *Sovereign* at such a Distance. The same may be said of his Dominions, in *Mexico* and *Peru*. This is the Peculiar Happinefs of the *Ottoman Empire*, that all the Members of so vast a Body, lie contiguous to each other.

The *Monarch* of the *World*: above and this below, encrease the Territories of our *Invincible Sultan*, and by continually supplying our Armies with such Fortunate Leaders as *Murshappa*, subdue all Nations to the *True Faith*.

Paris, 29th. of the 8th. Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of State.

I Have heard with Sorrow, of the Disappointment the *Sultans* Forces met in the taking of *Rab*. The *Christians* accuse him of Breach of the Capitulations, on which a Peace was concluded for Twenty Years, between the *Happy Port*, and the *Emperor of Germany*.

If the Stratagem by which they design'd to take this Town be truly related to me, it seems to be a Copy of the *Gracian* Artifice in taking *Troy*, bating the Difference of many Carts, and one Wooden Horse.

That Officer who discovered the Intrigue, tho' he had hunted in vain all the former part of the Day, yet returned with good Game at last, when he had ensnared our carted Soldiers within the Toils, got them within the Walls of the City, and drawn up the Draw-Bridge upon the Ambush which lay behind. The *Emperor*, it seems takes it mightily to heart; and, as I hear, has sent an *Ambassador* to the *Port*, to complain of this Trans-action.

The Court here, is not very solicitous for his Interest, nor will they be much troubled to find that his *Ambassador* has but a cold Reception at *Constantinople*. For, the Differences

rences between the Kings of *France* and the *House of Austria*, are too deeply grounded, to suffer any good Understanding or Affection, to take Place between them.

And, the *Cardinal of Richlieu*, was heard to say not many Days ago, That, *since the German Eagle was so greedy, he would give her a Bone to pick would break her Bill*. This was spoken in Relation to the *Emperor's* Encroachments on the *Palatinate*, and his Seizure of *Fuliers* and *Tieves*.

I am glad to hear, that the *League* is renewed between the *Shining Port* and the *King of Persia*, that so the Nerves of the *Sacred Empire* may be wholly employed in *Hungary*.

Paris, 12th. of the 9th. Mon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

*To Enguruli Emir Cheik, a Man
of the Law.*

THIS *Western* World lies drown'd in Wickedness; or rather, it is set on Fire with Sin. I swear while I am within the Confines of the Air of *Christendom*. An universal Pestilence infects the Souls of Men, from whence their Words breath nothing but Contagion. Even such as one would take for *Holy Saints*, are *meer Cheats*; and like those Fruits that grow on the Banks of the Lake *Asphaltites*, they are fair and beautiful without, but bring them to the Touchstone, and you will find them *meer Corruption and Rottenness* within. The *Lazie* openly wallow in all Debauchery and Licentious Practices. Nor are the *Clergy* less exempt from secret Enormities; while the *Ecclesiastick* Vestments serve but as Cloaks to Pride, Ambition, Covetousness, and other concomitant Vices. The Sword of *Justice* it self, or at least, that which ought to be so, serves to divide the Spoils of the *Poor*, the *Widow* and the *Orphan*. In *Court* and *Camp* all Offices are bought and sold, without regard to Merit or the Publick Good. He that bids highest, is first preferr'd; and, the best-money'd Chapman, is the most meritorious *Candidate*.

These

These are the Escapes of Princes, and the Designs of Favourites; whilst the Easiness of the one, abused by the Craft and Subtilty of the other, exposes Places of highest Trust, as in an Exchange to become the Merchandize of every Pedling Huckster; And brave and generous Souls are many Times put by, tho' the *Royal* Promise it self has pass'd in their Behalf. This is eminently the Unhappiness of the *French Court*. And, 'tis thought, the late *Duke of Luynes* and the present *Cardinal of Richlieu*, both of them Favourites to the present King, could not have swell'd their Coffers with such Heaps of Gold, but by these sinister Methods.

I am credibly informed by an old *French Courtier*, That *Monsieur Belville*, a Gentleman of the *Province of Languedoc*, spared not to pass this Reflection on the *Duke of Luynes*, even in the King's Presence. Being at *Bordeaux*, while the King celebrated his Nuptials with the *Infanta of Spain*, in a most Magnificent Manner; one Day coming to the Court in his *Mourning-Coach*, (his Father being newly dead) he was reprehended by *Monsieur Cadinet*, Younger Brother to the *Duke of Luynes*, for appearing at Court in such an extraordinary Time of Joy, with a *Mourning-Coach*. O, Sir, says *Belville*, the Bravery of your Brother's Coach, may excuse the Meanness of mine, since he borrowed all the Gold I had, to Equip himself for this Triumphant Season. This I was told, by one that was present and heard the Words; and, the Occasion of them also he was not ignorant of, which was this:

Monsieur

Monsieur Belville being a Gentleman of a Noble Family, and one whose eminent Vertues and Services might have intituled him to some suitable Dignity, but being low in his Fortune, was not regarded or taken Notice of, till he address'd himself to the *Duke of Luynes*; who, upon the Receipt of Fifteen Hundred Crowns, promised him to make him *Cavalier* of the Order of the *Holy Ghost*, a Dignity next to that of the Peers of the *Realm*, and which is a fair Step to it. But, instead of performing his Promise, after he had got his Money, he by under-hand Practices, procured him to be banished the *Court*, neither did he ever come near it till this Marriage aforesaid was taken in Hand; at which time his Father dying at *Bordeaux*, and being there also buried, he by the Mediation of some Friend, procured a Repeal of his *Banishment*, that he might have an Opportunity of making the King sensible of the *Duke's* Injustice. But, it took not the desired Effect; for, he was upon those Words, immediately imprisoned, where he soon after died of Grief. Thus is Oppression, Murder, and Violence countenanced by Authority among these *Infidels*.

But thou, Sage Interpreter of our *Law*, and Patron of Vertue, vouchsafe me thy Counsel, that I may learn not to be corrupted by conversing with these *Uncircumcised*.

Paris, 14th, of the 9th, Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

*To the Most Illustrious Vizir Azem,
at the Port.*

THE Enemies of the *Ottoman* Interest, ever since the Time that our late *Invincible Sultan Amurat* had caused his Uncle *Musapha* to be strangled, flatter'd themselves with the vain Hopes, of seeing that *Royal Line* extinct ; it being blaz'd abroad in all the *Courts* of *Christendom*, that *Sultan Amurat*, by excessive Use of Wine, had quite enervated his Natural Vigor, and rendred himself incapable of getting any more Children. And the private Charge which he gave to the *Bassa's* and *Grandees* of the *Empire*, That in Case he died Issueless, they should translate the *Imperial Diadem* to the *Tartar*, was no Secret here. Every Man look'd upon our present Happy Sovereign, *Sultan Ibrahim*, as a Man design'd for a Sacrifice to his Brother's Hatred, and that he would not long survive the Fate of his Uncle *Musapha*.

I have heard a grave and experienc'd Statesman say, that he hoped to see the *Ottoman Empire* (after the Death of *Amurat*) rent into as many and fatal Divisions, by the Ambitious *Beglerbegs*, *Bassa's* and other Governors of Provinces, as the *Empire* of *Alexander the Great* was, by the Commanders of his Army,

Army, after his Death, who shared it among themselves, and Catonized it into as many *Principalities*, as there were Captains to make Pretensions, either by Merit or the Sword.

But, Praise be to God, Lord of the Universe, the Sovereign Protector of the Empire established by his own Hands, the Hopes of the *Infidels* are defeated. *Ottoman* is not left without an Heir to sit upon the Throne, an Heir of his Blood, as well as of his Empire.

The Birth of *Sultan Mahomet* is no small News to Europe, after it had been generally reported, that his Father, *Sultan Ibrahim*, was Impotent. The Ladies of the Court here begin to entertain a better Opinion of him. And the *Grandees* frame more Masculine Ideas of our *Glorious Monarch*.

God augment the Imperial Off-spring, and perpetuate the *Ottoman* Sway, till the Day of the Balance.

I bow my Forehead to the Carpets whereon thou treadest, and kiss the Hem of thy rich Vest. God encrease thy Graces and Felicities.

Paris, 12th. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

To the same.

IT is not lawful for a *Slave* to pry into the Actions of his *Sovereign Lord*, much less to censure his Conduct with Boldness. But, miserable is that Prince who amongst all his pretended Friends and Servants, has none so Faithful and Discreet, as to warn him of Dangers which are ready to devour him.

I cannot but highly applaud the Severity of thy Justice, in taking away the Life of that *Persian* Traytor last Year, who by his accursed Insinuations and Example, hastened the Death of our late *Victorious Sovereign, Sultan Amurat*, upon whom be the *Mercies of God*.

That *Heretick*, though an *Emir*, of the Race of our *Holy Prophet*, and adorned with the *Immarcescible Colour*, which is appropriated to Sanctity and Vertue; yet, refrained not from *Idolatry*, being a daily Votary to *Bacchus*. He it was, who first taught the *Unfortunate Sultan* to drink Wine, which he afterwards practised to that Excess, as betray'd him to many Inconveniencies, and at last to Death it self.

But, suffer me to ask thee, why thou dost not also take an equal Revenge on *Mustapha Bassa*, who was as guilty as the *Persian*; being not only a Companion, but a zealous Promoter of the *Royal Debauches*? It was he, who

who first propos'd that Fatal Match of drinking, which cast the *Sultan* into a Mortal Fever, of which he died in less than a Week.

I should not presume to say these Things to thee, nor to call past Miscarriages to Remembrance, were I not certainly inform'd that the same *Mustapha* is practising his old Trade with the present *Sultan Ibrahim*, endeavouring to enervate the Royal Blood, and withdraw the *Sultan* from the just Observance of our *Holy Law*, to the Impious Profanations of the *Infidels*. I am commanded to give Intelligence of all Important Affairs to thee, and the other *Great Ministers of State*: I thought none more weighty, than that which regards the Life of my *Sovereign*.

I have done my Duty, I leave the Process to thee, who art the Oracle of Government.

God direct thy Feet in the Path of Justice, which will assuredly lead thee to the Gardens of *Eden*, where thou shalt enjoy Eternal Repose, and supreme Felicity.

Paris, 26th of the 9th. Moon,

of the Year, 1642.

E LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

*To the Venerable Mufti, Prince of
the Religion of the Turks.*

I Received the *Dispatch* of thy *Sanctity*, wherein thou hast renovated my *Soul*, and restored me to a sound *Consistence* of *Spirit*. My *Doubts* are vanished, I am no longer racked with torturing *Scruples* about my *Conduct*. Thy *Absolution* has obliterated the *Sentence* my *Fears* had pronounced on me.

As to the *Penance* thou hast enjoined me, it is *Rational*, and adapted to the *Quality* of my *Crime*. I have counterfeited a *Christian*, that I might the better perform the *Duty* of a *Mussulman*. I have seemed devoutly *Attentive* to the *Roman Missal*, that I might be *Instrumental* to propagate the *Alcoran*. And, for this *Religious* Fault, thou requirest, that I should inform thee, how the *Christians* behave themselves in their *Temples*, where I have been so often a *Spectator* of their *Ceremonies*. I submit with an absolute *Resignation*, and a willing *Compliance* to thy *Venerable* *Injunction*; and, will briefly relate what I have observed.

These *Infidels* seem to be *Ambitious* of imitating the *Undesired Religion*, and yet they prove but bad *Mimicks*; for, as we are taught to wash our *Bodies* before we enter the *Sacred*

cred Mosque; so they, at the Entrance of their *Churches*, dip their Fingers in certain Vessels filled with Water and Salt, and sprinkle their Foreheads therewith; as though their Purity lay in a Swoond, and was thus to be recovered to life again: or, that the Uncleaness of their whole Bodies, were contracted into the Face. They esteem the Water *Holy*, and yet they trifle with it as an *Indifferent* Thing. One would think, they should be desirous to bath themselves all over, and let every Pore in their Skin imbibe the *Sanctified* Liquor: But, they seem rather to use it as a Charm; for, after they have sprinkled a few Drops on their Faces, and muttered to themselves Two or Three Words, they think they have chased all Impurity from them in a Fright, and boldly present themselves before the *Altars*. Herein also they deviate from the Practice of Former *Christians*, who (if their own *Church-Histories* be true) were accustomed to wash their Arms and Feet in certain Cisterns, before they entred the *Temples*; whereof the *Fountains* and *Lavatories* remaining yet on the South Side of the *Holy* and *Magnificent Mosque* of *Santa Sophia* at *Constantinople*, are a standing Testimony. For, the *Greek* Inscriptions shew That some of them, at least, were contrived by the Builders of this Glorious *Temple*, in the Time of *Justinian* the *Emperor*, for the Purification of such as came thither to Worship. By which 'tis manifest, That these *Modern Infidels* degenerate from those more *Ancient* ones.

Another Thing offends me also, which is this; They believe the *Divinity* is present in their *Temples*, after a peculiar and extraordinary Manner, and yet they suffer Dogs to Profane them with their vilest Excrements. They spare for no Cost to adorn their *Churches*, and their *Altars* are enriched with invaluable Treasures of Silver, Gold, and Precious Stones; and yet, after all, they must become the Receptacles of the Dung of Sordid Animals.

These wicked Wretches also, walk up and down in these *Sacred Places*, talking of their Common Affairs, as though they were on the *Exchange*, or in the *Market-Place*.

But, that which is to be had in greatest Abomination, is, that it is common for Men to make Love to the Women in *Churches*: They present themselves before the *Altars*, but, the *Saint* whom they Invoke, is some beautiful Female. She engrosses all their Devotions; to her they make their Vows. The amorous Youth adores his Mistress that kneels by him, laden perhaps with more Sins than himself. His Eyes may be fixed on the *Altar*, or, on the Pictures and Images, but his Tongue Addresses to the more Charming Idol near him. Or, if his Eyes are attentive on his *Prayer-Book*, he reaches it to speak nothing but the soft and effeminate Things of Love. Thus, Assignations of *Lust*, are made in the *House of Prayer*; and the Affairs of *Cupid*, managed under the Masque of *Religion*. They fight the Battels of *Venus*, under the Banner of their God.

I tell

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I tell thee, *Venerable Interpreter* of the *Divine Law*, that the Sight of these Things has sometimes inflamed my Zeal to that Height, as had it not been for an earnest Desire to do some extraordinary Service to the *Grand Signior* (which obliged me to take Care of my self) I should certainly have transfixt these profane Mockers of *God* on the Spot, and Sacrificed them to a Zeal, which thou, who art *Piety* it self, wouldst not, I believe, reprehend.

I fold my Arms, *most Venerable Sovereign* of Religion, and wrapping my self in profound Humility, I fall prostrate to the Earth; begging thy effectual Blessing and Intercession, that I may be admitted into the Number of the *Happy* in *Paradise*.

Paris, 26th. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1642.

E 3

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

*To the Vizir Azem, Prime Director
of the Affairs of the Ottoman
Empire.*

THE Notices I have of the *Present State* of *England*, (in Compliance with thy Commands) are not gained without some Difficulty. It is not easie for a Man that sits in his Chamber in *Paris*, to pry into the Cabinets of *Foreign Courts*: Yet, I will communicate to thee some Intelligences, which thou couldst not learn from the *English Ambassador* at the *Port*, nor from all the Travellours of that Nation, residing at *Constantinople*, *Smyna* and *Aleppo*.

There is a *Few* whom they call *De Lopez*, a Confident and Emissary of *Cardinal Richieu*, whom he employs both at Home and Abroad in several private Negotiations and Intrigues. I have insinuated into this Man's Familiarity, and (if I may so express it) I have Riveted my self into his Heart. He treats me with an Assurance void of Jealousie; and, there is no Folding or Angle in his Breast, which I do not easily penetrate. I make use of him, as an *Optick*, through which I peep into the *Cardinal's* Secrets, and, as a *Mirroure*, in which I behold the true Face of many disguised Affairs, transacted in the remotest Corners of *Europe*;

Europe; there being hardly any thing of moment done in the *Courts* of *Christian* Princes, wherein the *Cardinal* has not a Finger. He seems to be the *Genius* or *Soul* of *Christendom*, communicating Motion, Activity, and Heat, to all the Grand Intrigues now on Foot in these *Western* Parts of the World.

The *Commotions* of *England*, seem to be a complicated *Distemper* of the *State*, arising from several *Causes*, drawn to a *Head* by the dextrous Artifice of this *Busie Spirit*. The Present King of that *Island*, came to the Crown with no small Disadvantages; his Father having Exhausted the *Treasury*, and left him deeply in Debt. He had no small Number of the *Blood-Royal* to maintain; which kind of Charges, thou knowest, our *Glorious Sultans*, though they be Masters of infinite Riches, endeavour to avoid, by Marrying their Daughters and Nieces, whilst yet Infants, to some of the most Potent and Wealthy *Bassa's*, that so their Port may be kept up, without burdening the *Royal Coffers*. But, the *Infidel* Princes are wanting in this frugal Providence. In the Reign of King *James* (this King's Father) *England* lay at Ease, slumbring in the Downy Bed of Peace; she wallowed in Pleasures, and had no other Unhappiness, but in being too Happy. Her Affluence and Idleness, affected the *State* with a *Plethora*. The Publick Health cannot be long conserved, without the moderate Exercise of War. *Charles*, after the Death of the *Old King*, being Established in the *Throne*, committed the Affairs of *State*.

to the Management of his *Ministers*; never examining his *Treasury*, nor calling to an Account his *Officers*, but Indulged himself in the Pleasures most agreeable to his Youthful *Gambles*. He hunted in the Forests, whilst the *Grantees*, whom he entrusted with his Revenues and the Publick Conduct, had another Game to pursue, post-poning their Master's Interest, and that of the Nation, to their own private Avarice. The *Favourite Minister*, held a secret Correspondence with *Cardinal Richieu*, and, by this means, the Court was filled with *French Pensioners*; countenanced also by the Authority of the *Queen*, who was the *Daughter of France*.

It had been before agreed in the *Articles of the Marriage*, that the *Queen of England* should have a prefixed Number of *French Servants*. But they, not content with their Domestick Employments, and Attendance on her Person, sought the Management of that Estate, which King *Charles* had settled on her as a *Dowry*. This would by no means agree with the Constitutions of the *English*. That *Island* is a *Little World* by it self; and, the Inhabitants boast of an Original Freedom of Birth, which is not so much as dreamt of in all the Dominions of our *Invincible Sultans*. Though the *English* have several Times been Invaded and Subdued, by the *Saxons*, *Danes*, and *French*; yet, it has been rather by Composition than Extremity of War: Or, if it may be called a *Conquest*, the *Victors* have been forced to yield to the *Vanquished*, in as-
turing

During them their Ancient Laws, Privileges and Customs. There is no Nation in the World, more jealous of this their pretended Birthright. And therefore to avoid all Occasions of giving Offence to the Nobles and Gentry, the King perceiving the insolent Demands and Carriage of the French Courtiers, commanded them all, save a few Creatures of the Favourite Duke, to depart the Kingdom. This much disgusted the Queen; and Cardinal Richieu was glad of the Opportunity to incense the King of France. Lewis was nettled at the Affront offered to his Sister. Yet, by the Dexterity of the Marechal Bassompierre, his Ambassador at the English Court, Things were in a way of Accommodation; when all was quash'd by the Seizure which the French made of several English Ships; and so a War commenced, far more fatal in its Consequences to England than to France.

The King of England roused from his Pleasures and Divertisements, by the Preparations of his Potent Neighbour, began to look about him, and consult the Publick Safety. But, when he examined his Treasury, he found it empty, or, at least, at a very low Ebb.

Behold here, Supreme Biffa, a stroke of Destiny, a Concurrence of Causes, seeming remote and small in their first Appearance; but, in their Process, unicing and involving that Kingdom in Ruine.

Charles could not carry on a War with France, without asking Aid of the Sovereign Divan (which they call the Parliament)

of that Nation. It is a *Senate* composed of above Seven hundred of the *Nobility* and *Gentry* of the Land. These have the Power to make Laws, raise Taxes, and redress the Grievances of the *Kingdom*. It was an ill Season to ask the Assistance of his *Subjects*, who had already conceived an Aversion for the *Royal Dignity*. However, a Mighty *Fleet* was order'd to be Rigg'd and Mann'd out. *Cardinal Richieu*, from afar, beheld the approaching Storm, and knew not how to divert it from falling on *France*, but by Corrupting the *English Favourite*, *De Lopez*, from whom I received this Intelligence; was employed in the Affair; he was sent to *London*, which is the *Metropolis* of *England*, and the Place where the King usually keeps his *Court*. It was an Expensive Negotiation, and cost the *Cardinal* Forty Thousand *Dollars*, which is equivalent to Three Millions and Two Hundred Thousand of our *Aspers*. With this vast Bribe, he Profelyted the *Favourite Duke* to the Interest of *France*. The *English Navy* consisted of an Hundred and Fifty Sail, having also Twelve Thousand Land-Men on Board. It was agreed between them, that the *English Minister* should procure himself to be made *Admiral* of these *Marine Forces*. His Indulgent Master, could deny nothing to the Man whom he had entrusted with the Sway of the *Government*. Now the King of *France* might sleep at quiet, since the *English Ships* sailed with a *French Wind*. They landed upon the *Island of Rec*, but their Actions were altogether *Theatrical*;
a mere

a mere shew of War, without any real Execution. The *English General*, manifestly omitting the proper Methods, and favourable Opportunities of winning that *Island*: His Conduct speaking, as if he came there rather to Complement than to Fight.

These Things made a harsh sound in *England*, and the *Nobles* resented ill the double-dealing of the *Duke of Buckingham* (so was the *English General* call'd.) In fine, the bad Success of their Forces, the Expences they had been at, and the Disgrace they suffered in this War, (Four and Forty of their *Colours* being carried to *Paris*, and hung up in the Chief Temple of this City, as Trophies of the *French Victory*) incensed the Generality of the *English Nation* against the King and the Government; they began to accuse him in their Cabals, of Male-Administration; and, the Favourite *Duke* was a while after stabbed by a *Russian*, whom the Malecontents had hired to execute their Revenge.

The Affections of the *English*, appeared every day more and more alienated from the King. And *Cardinal Richieu* had there his Agents, who were not wanting to foment the Publick Discontents, and by divers Artifices to draw the Credulous People into Factions. The *French Pensioners* were instructed to deport themselves in a Manner every way offensive to the Nation. Black and threatening Clouds seemed to hang over the *Court of England*, exhaled from the ill Blood of the *Subjects*. The *Royal Dignity* went Retrograde,

grade; and, all Things tended to obscure the Lustre of the Crown. Yet, there passed some Years, before Things came to Extremities; and, Matters though ripened, yet were not brought to an open Rupture, till Scotland lanced the Sore.

This Nation is subject to the Crown of England, and makes one Half of the Island of Great Britain. They are a Warlike People, patient of Labour, accustomed to the Rigour of an extreme Cold Climate, great Travellers, Subtle, Proud and Inconstant.

After that which some call *Herese*, others a *Reformation*, had begun to alienate many Kingdoms and Provinces from the *Roman Church*; the Scots greedy of Novelties, and spurred on by the Ambitious Pretexs of one of their *Grandeets* (who under the Mask of Religion sought the Crown) introduced Innovations into their Church. They shook off at once all their Obedience to the Pope, and set up such a Form of Religious Discipline, as was altogether *Antimonarchical*; and, their Preachers ceased not to infill into the Hearts of the People, *Democrastick* Principles. Thus continued Affairs, till King Charles, not insensible of these Things, and willing to new Model that Church, they took up Arms against him, knowing that he would not be able to raise Forces to chastise them, without calling a Parliament. The Parliament of England, was at that time full of Scottish Profelytes, Men of Seditious and Turbulent Principles; so, that the King was like to find
but

but little Favour among them. However, by the Assistance of some Loyal Nobles and Gentlemen, he marches into Scotland at the Head of an Army. Not a Blow was struck on either side; but all Differences were composed, and hush'd up by a Treaty. Yet, soon after, the Scots entered into England with an Army, being underhand invited in by their Partizans in England. The King is a Second Time forced to throw himself upon his Parliament for Money; but they, instead of granting him any, fell to examining his past Conduct, complaining and desiring a Redress of several Irregularities in his Administration. There were those who failed not to put in Execution, the Designs and Instructions of Cardinal Richlieu; he had his Agents up and down the Kingdom, who insinuated Jealousies and Heart-burnings into the Gentry and People of the Land. The King was represented every where as a Tyrant, and all his Actions were misconstrued.

Signior Rossini, the Pope's Nuncio at the English Court, beside his Instructions from the Roman Pontiff, held a strict Intelligence with the Cardinal. His Business at this Court, was publickly to the Queen (who professed an Obedience to the See of Rome) but privately he was order'd to Negotiate an Accommodation between the Roman and English Churches. Cardinal Richlieu thought to strike two Marks with one Blow, that is, to embroil the State of England, and procure himself the greater Esteem with the Roman Court.

Court. He appears very Zealous for the Conversion of *England*; and in order to it, allows a Considerable Pension to *Signior Rossetti*: Instructing him withal, to shew his utmost Dexterity, in gaining the *Courtiers* and *Grandees* of that Nation to his Side.

He knew the *Genius* of the *English*; and, that there was nothing so offensive to that Nation, as the *Royal* Power and Religion. Wherefore, *De Lopez* was order'd to pay *Signior Rossetti* vast Sums of Money, that so there might be nothing wanting to Proselyte the *Courtiers*; knowing that they would act insolently, and disgust the *Protestants*, and so encrease the Publick Aversion for the *Royal* Authority. There was also another Agent at the *English Court*, who was Secretary to *Cardinal Barberini*, a Man no less Industrious than the other, in advancing the *Roman* Interest. He held a strict Correspondence with some of the *Chief Ministers*, especially with the *Principal Secretary of State*. Whilst these were doing their Master's Business at the *Court*, there were others no less Active in the City, where they endeavoured to create a Party and raise Factions, insinuating themselves into the Acquaintance of the most eminent Merchants and other Citizens; representing to them, the Dangerous Consequences of *Signior Rossetti's* Residence at the *Court*; glancing at every Thing which look'd like a false Step in the King's Conduct; alarming them with Fears and Apprehensions of being subjected to a *Foreign Power*; and,

using

using all their Arts to nourish Popular Dissatisfaction.

The *Scots*, about this Time, made another Incurſion into *England*. A *Parliament* was called, but no Good done. The *King's* Neceſſities, made them grow High in their Demands and Carriage, and all things tended to a General Deſection.

A while after, the *Irish* revolted, and maſſacred above a Hundred Thouſand *English*. The *King* is accused for being privy to it; Tumults are raiſed, who, in threatening manner, ſeem'd to beſiege the *Royal Palaces*, calling out for Juſtice; not much unlike the Sedition of our *Fanizarics*, when they are diſpleaſed with the Conduct of our Glorious *Sultans*, or his *Prime Miniſters of State*.

In fine, the Miſunderſtandings between the *King* and the *Parliament* grew to that Height, as induced the *King* to withdraw from the *Capital City*, about the Beginning of this Year. And, in the following *Moon*, he ſent the *Queen* with her *Daughter* into *Holland*, that they might paſs away the time in the *Court* of the *Prince of Orange*, till this Storm was blown over.

In the Interim, the *King* ſends Letters to the *Parliament*, perſwading them to conſult the Publick Peace; but all was to no purpoſe; they ſeize upon all the *Strong Holds* and *Caſtles* they could; ſo that, when the *King* came to one of his Garrifon'd Towns, the Gates were ſhut againſt him, and he was denied Entrance by the *Governour*. The *Parliament*
liſts

lists an Army, and the King set up his Royal Standard in the last Moon. Since which, there has been nothing of Action between them, but the Armies are drawing near each other.

I will inform thee of all Particulars, as they come to my Knowledge. But the Packet-Boats from the Island, come not so frequently during the Disturbance, as they have done formerly.

I beseech the Creator of all things, to defend our Invincible Sultan, from the Seditious Practices of his Subjects; and make thee Instrumental, to establish and aggrandize the Ottoman Empire.

Paris, 29th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

To Abdel Melec Muly Omar, Superintendent of the College of Sciences at Fez.

WHEN I write to thee, 'tis with a Respect equal to that which I pay to the Emirs, the Descendants of our Holy Prophet, since thou art sprung from the Noble Stem of the Ancient Saracens, the Blood of the Celebrated Omar, Successor to the Divine Law-giver, streaming in thy Veins.

I revere the Banner carried into *Egypt* by thy Renowned Progenitor, before which the *Gracians* fled astonished, as at a Sign sent from Heaven of their approaching Ruine. This Sacred Piece of Antiquity I have seen at *Medina*, where 'tis reposed in the Chancel of the *Babylonian Caliphs*. I have honour'd it with a Pious Veneration; but, much greater is my Regard to thee, who art a Living Relique of that illustrious House.

Permit me, Venerable Sage, to converse with thee a little, after the Manner of a Pupil; with thee, I say, who art a Fountain of Sapience; For, besides thy perfect Knowledge of the Divine Law, thou art accomplished with all Humane Literature.

There is a Man in these Parts of a large Soul and elevated Speculations, who still maintains

maintains, That the Earth moves, and the Sun stands still. He is not the first that broach'd this *Doctrine*, it has had several Learned *Patrons*, but, he has highly Improved the *Theory*. His Reasons for it, have almost the Force of *Mathematical Demonstrations*; and, nothing seems to oppose him, but the Authority of *Moses*, and the *Hebrew Scriptures*. The *Christians* will not approve of any *Philosophy*, which interferes with that which they call the *Bible*; and yet their Practice gives a perpetual Lye to the Contents of that Book. Surely, there is no *Envy* in the *Deity*; and, He that is *Omniscient*, will not punish Men for improving their Knowledge. The Study of *Nature*, is full of Innocent Delights, and, he that gave to Man an Appetite of Science, has not forbid him to gratifie it with its proper Objects. Nor can I see how this *New Philosophy* contradicts any more than the bare Letter of their *Bible*, (for, I have read it in several Languages;) And, the *Jews*, who are the *Guardians* of the *Original Hebrew*, allow a *Cabbalistical* Interpretation far different from the *Literal*: So does the *Arabian Prince* and *Philosopher*, *Avicen*, Interpret those Versicles in our *Holy Alcoran*, (which treat of *Paradise*) in a Sence far more refined than the Letter seems to import. In reading such *Mysterious Books*, it is necessary to practise a Learned *Chymistry*, to sublimate the gross external Sence of the Words, and to extract the Spirit and Soul of the Discourse.

That the Sun is the Center of this our Planetary

netary World, and that the Earth with the Rest of the Planets move round about it, is a *Thesis* which keeps exact Touch with Humane Reason, and seems naturally to square with our Intellectual Faculties. It sets all the Wheels of this Great and Wonderful *Machine*, in a regular and proportionate Circulation. It gives the truest Account of the Retrograde Motions of the Planets. *Ptolomey's* System of the World, seems to Romance upon the Sun, Moon, and Stars, in assigning them hourly such prodigious Journeys through the Heavens, as are inconsistent with the Laws of Motion. And *Tycho Brahe* was but a Botcher, in patching up the Orbs with his *Eccentrics, Epicycles, &c.* The former, keeps the Fixed Stars in an endless and unconceivable Hurry; the latter involves the Planets in a Heavenly Perplexity. Both come far short of *Copernicus*, that Excellent *Astronomer*, who by placing the Sun in the Centre of the World, has solv'd all the Appearances of Nature with the most exact Analogy to Truth. Nor is the Argument, taken from our Sense, of any force, since it invalidates the Motion of the Sun as well as that of the Earth: nay it is more incongruous, that the Sun should move so many Hundred Thousand Miles every Hour, and we not perceive him to stir a Hairs-breadth at a time. But I will not intrench farther on thy Patience, nor run the Risque of a *Verigo*, by pursuing the swift Orbicular Motions of Nature. It matters not much, whether the Sun stands still, or the Earth, provided we

we run the Race that is appointed us, so as to gain the Prize. Yet I will ask thy Judgment on another Point, which Men of high Reaches have started.

There are some Learned Men who say, the Moon and rest of the Planets are habitable as our Globe is. For my part, to speak freely, I could wish it were true, it is a sociable Doctrine. It has made me melancholy sometimes, when I have cast my Eyes upwards, to think all those Ample Tracts in the Firmament should be void of Inhabitants, and yet scarce a Turf of our Dunghil Earth to be found without its Domeslicks. It is demonstrable to the Eye, that the Moon is an Opake Body like this Globe whereon we tread, having no other Light, but what it borrows from the Sun. Where is the Heresie then, in supposing that it is created for a like use? I hope the Sacred Empire of the *Mussulmans*, will not stain it self with such a Barbarous Murder, as was committed on *Vigilius* a certain *Christian Bishop*, who was burnt by the Decree of the *Roman Church*, for Asserting the *Antipodes*, a Truth which all Nations are now sensible of, since the Improvement of Navigation and Traffick. And yet *Galileus* had like to have undergone the same Sentence at *Rome*, within these Ten Years, for maintaining the Earth's Motion, and that the Sun is the fixed Centre of the World; Nothing but his Recantation being sufficient to have saved him. Such Severities choak the Growth of Learning, and stop the Progress, which would otherwise

otherwise be made in Arts and Sciences.

Happy are the Students that live under thy Auspicious Patronage, in that fruitful *Seminary* of *Philosophers*, where the *Mysteries* of *God* and *Nature* are taught free from the *Prophane* Licentiousness of the Ancient *Pagans*, or the Superstitious Rigours of Modern *Infidels*,

I pray the *Sovereign Intelligence*, not to withdraw from thee his Divine Influence, nor restrain the Flood of Light that has been let loose on thy Soul; but that thou may'st overflow like *Nilus*, and enlighten not only *Africk*, but the whole World with some New Discovery.

Paris, 29th. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXVI.

To Cara Haly, the Physician at Constantinople.

THE *Western Philosophers*, especially those who follow the Sentiments of *Monsieur des Cartes*, maintain, That the Souls of all living Creatures (except Men) are Material and Mortal; that a Beast is but a Machine, like a Watch or Clock, not actuated or informed by any *Spirit* distinct from the *Body*, but moved to the Performance of all Natural Actions

Actions, by a meer Corporeal Mechanism, set on Work by various Impulses from External Objects.

In this they oppose *Aristotle*, and all the Sages of the *East*. And thou knowest, that our *Arabian* Doctors are of a contrary Opinion, who ascribe Reason, Discourse, and Immortality, to the Souls of Beasts, as well as to those of Men; having assigned particular Apartments for *Elborach*, the Beast which carried our *Holy Prophet* from *Mecca* to *Jerusalem*; for the *Ram* which *Abraham* sacrificed instead of his Son *Isaac*; for the *Cow* of *Moses*, the *Pismire* of *Solomon*, the *Whale* which saved *Jonas*, the *Raven* which fed *Elijah*, the *Ass* which rebuked *Balaam*; and, in General, for all the *Camels* which have the Honour to carry the *Sacred Alcoran* to *Mecca*.

I will suspend my Belief of their being entertained in *Paradise*, till I shall have the Happiness to see them there; but, I cannot however acquiesce to the Opinions of these *Modern Philosophers*, who assert their Souls to be meer Matter. The Bodies both of Men and Beasts, I own, perform all Motions by Mechanick Rules; but, that Mechanism is guided by a higher Principle than the fortuitous Impulse of External Agents, in Beasts as well as Men.

All Animals seem to me to be endued with a Faculty, which if it may not be called Reason; yet is something Analogous to it, for which we want a proper Name. And, of this Mind were *Empedocles*, *Pythagoras*, *Plotinus*

tinus and *Porphry*, with many other Ancient Sages. Though this Faculty is more eminently conspicuous in some Kinds of Beasts than in others.

I cannot but admire the Regular Architecture of *Bees*, their Industry and Politick Oeconomy, vying with the most Excellent Form and Administration of Government among Men. 'Tis with no less Pleasure I behold the *Spider*, when with exquisite Art she builds her little silken Palace, and lays her fine-wrought Trains to catch the unwary Fly. 'Tis equally Pleasant and Diverſing to observe the Conduct of the *Pismires*, their prudent Forecast; how they trudge up and down all the Summer, to lay up a sufficient Stock of Provinder for the barren Winter. There is no kind of Bird, four-footed Beast or Fish, which does not confute this *Cartesian Hypothesis*.

It is credibly reported by *Porphry*, that in the *East-Indies*, there is a Beast, which they call a *Hyana*, which approaching near the Villages will imitate a Man's Voice, and calling the Inhabitants by their Names, if they come out of their Houses, 'twill seize on the first that comes to hand, and devour him. The *Dog*, the *Ape*, the *Elephant*, with many other four-footed Beasts, afford us manifest *Specimens* of Reason, or something very like it.

Who has not heard of the Love which *Dolphins* bear to Men? *Pliny* relates a pretty Story of a *Dolphin* that frequented the Lake *Lucrinus* in *Italy*, and being often fed from the Shore by a certain School-Boy, grew at length so

so familiar as to come at a call. We also read of another, who took the Musician *Arion* on his Back (when cast into the Sea by cruel Sailors) and carried him safe to Shore,

Can all these Actions proceed from meer Matter? In my Opinion, 'tis as easie to defend, That Humane Nature it self is but Matter so and so Modified; and, that all the Bustle Men keep in the World, is but the Effect of a better Composition of Body, the Result of a more perfect and refined Machine.

I easily agree, that we far excel the other Living Creatures in all the Operations of our Souls, and Exercises of our Reason: Yet, we have our defects as well as they; and, this I esteem as one of the greatest, to deny them any share in *Reason*, who so far excel us in *Sence*.

It is a culpable Pride and Envy in Men, thus to blast the Reputation of their *Animal* Kindred; from which Vices I know thou art free.

God, that has made use of the Tongue of a silly *Ass*, to reprove the Folly of a Wise Man in his own Conceit, Illuminate our Understandings in the Mysteries of his *Law*.

Paris, 24th. of the 10th. Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

To Hassen Bassa.

THY Commands I receive as Marks of thy Esteem and good Will, which I desire may be perpetual. Thou hast an Eminent Share in the Favour of our *August Emperor*; and, I shall study to Merit thy Protection, by all the dutiful Offices that can be expected from a *Slave* in my Station.

There is nothing so much conduces to establish a permanent Friendship, as a right Understanding. The Souls of Friends are first warp'd by Misapprehensions. I would not have thee think of me, as I do of my self; that would prompt thee to Contempt: nor, as the *French* do, who take me for *Titus of Moldavia*; but, look upon me (whatever my Failings are) as a Man that values and practises the Incorrupt Fidelity of the First Ages. I abhor Treachery, and, for that Reason, am often forced to make an Officious Lye: Yet, I do not prostitute my Conscience, having the *Mufti's* Dispensation. Whenever it shall be told thee, that *Mahmut* degenerates, suspect the Slanderer; perhaps he would supplant me: I am not fond of my *Commission*, but I dread to lose the *Sultan's* Favour: Whosoever deprives me of that, robs me of my *Honour*, which is dearer to me than my *Life*.

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By what I have said, thou wilt perceive, that I am not ignorant of the ill Offices which *Ikingi Cap^t Oglani* has done me. The Man aspires, and is envious: Were I in his Post, I would not exchange the Honour and Felicity of Educating the *Royal Pages* of the *Seraglio*, for an Employment attended with infinite Hazards, and no less Trouble, as is that of *Mabmut*. If he be expert in the *French Tongue*, there are those that excel him; and Language is but the Shell of more substantial Accomplishments. Every *Linguist* is not fit to be Employed in the *Secrets of State*; neither are all *Pedagogues Politicians*. I am startled at the Ambition of a Man, who, because he has studied at *Athens*, thinks himself worthy of the Confidences of the *Mysterious Port*, which arbitrates the Fate of all the *Kingdoms in the World*. If this be not his Aim, why does he daily traduce me? Why does he paint me to the *Ministers* of the *Divan*, in black and odious Colours, perswading them, it is my Natural Complexion? He is not content with the Calumnies he himself throws on me, but has corrupted *Solyman* my Cousin, and hired him to misrepresent me to the *Kaimacham*: And, that he might be sure to strike home, he has drawn to his Party *Shashim Istbam*, the *Black Eunuch*.

I sent *Solyman* a Letter last Year, full of Reproofs, not knowing who had set him at Work: I hope it had some good Effect on him, though late. 'Tis from him I received this Intelligence. He seems to repent of his Malice, telling me,
That

Vol. II. *a Spy at PARIS.* 99

That this *Ikingi Cap'-Oglani*, had so Artificially possessed him with a Belief of my Perfidiousness, that he thought he did good Service to *God* and the *Grand Signior*, to rail at me; but, that the *Kaimacham* had afterwards convinced him of my Innocence. This was the Substance of his Letter, and he concludes it with begging my Pardon.

I tell thee, Illustrious *Bassa*, that though the Wounds which are given by the Tongue of a Slanderer, be deeper than those which are given by the Sword; and, I could sooner pardon him who fought manfully to take away my Life, than he which basely Murders my good Name; yet, I attribute my Kinsman's Fault, to Youthful Error, and a Loyal Mistake; and I love him the better, for hating any one that he could imagine would prove Unfaithful, and a Traytor to *God* and the *Grand Signior*.

May the benign Heavens bless thee with their good Influences, and prosper thee in all Things.

Paris, 1st. of the 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1642.

F 2 LETTER

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Paris, 1st. of the 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1642.

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LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

To Solyman his Cousin at Constantinople.

THY Apology is rational and modest, and I am glad to be thus happily deceiv'd. Thou seest, the *Kaimacham*, with the other *Ministers* of the *Port*, have too good an Opinion of me to listen to the Insinuations of designing Men; and, *Ikingi Cap'Oglani* was out of his *Byass*, when he defam'd the *Loyal Mahmut*; and, the *Black Eunuch* had better been watching the Ladies than wounding my Reputation with his envenom'd Tongue. I wish thee hereafter to avoid all Company, that profess a Kindness to thee, which thou may'st but so much as suspect to be forc'd.

Thou askest my Counsel how to conduct thy self toward thy First Wife, of whom thou speakest both well and ill. Thou believest her faithful and chaste; thou knowest her to be industrious and careful of the Family; good-natur'd, flexible and obliging; but, thou accusest her of a violent and haughty Spirit, fiercely passionate, and of a provoking Tongue. She daily and hourly reflects upon thy Miscarriages; will play the School-Mistress with thee, pretending to correct, reprove, instruct, and guide thee in all thy Actions. In fine, thou com-

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complaineſt, that thou canſt not enjoy Tranquility with her.

I tell thee, Kinsman, thou ſhouldeſt have applied thy ſelf to the *Imams* and *Derviſes* in this Caſe; or, at leaſt, to ſuch as have had Experience of a Married Life. Their Sentence would be more Authentick, than what thou canſt expect from me. But ſince thou haſt made choice of my Counſel, I will give thee the beſt I can.

Thou wilt, in my Opinion, find it difficult to be happy with or without this Woman. She is given thee by *Fate*, to poſe the Balance of thy Life; that neither too much Eaſe nor Pain, exceſs of Joy or Grief, ſhould turn the doubtful Scales of Sence, and make thee either ſwim in Flouds of Pleaſure uncontrouled, or ſink in Mire of baneful Grief and Melancholy.

The chaſt Fidelity, which thou beſiegeſt her endued with, cannot be valued at too high a Rate. It is a Vertue which renders Woman adorable. Likewise, her Diligence and Care, her Reſpect and Devoir, her eaſie Temper and good Nature, are Qualities which cannot but charm thee. Should'ſt thou deal unkindly by her, thy generous Soul would regret it the next Moment. Nay, ſhould'ſt thou take the Common Courſe, and diſmiſs her with a *Bill of Divorce*, according to the Law, thou would'ſt repent the Deed within twice Four and Twenty Hours.

And yet, I muſt confeſs, 'tis hard to be confined to a fierce Woman's Tongue, to bear

Reproaches and Contumelies, Contempts and Defiances, Lectures and other Female Discipline. Who, that's a Man, can brook such Slavery? Who, that has but a Spark of Fire within this Hulk of Clay, can stoop to such ignoble and unmanly Softness? I cannot counsel thee to such an abject Tameness of Spirit. Man is Lord of all his Fellow-Creatures. The fiercest Beasts submit to his Imperial Sway; Woman alone, ambitious Woman, disputes the Government with him. But, 'tis his Right, and he disowns both *God* and *Nature*, who resigns it to that aspiring Sex. Yet, use thy Power moderately; keep the Golden Mean. Be not surly and rough as a Bear, nor yet effeminate and without Gall as a Dove. But, if thou findest it impossible to keep her within the Bounds of due Subjection, put her away, and so preserve thy Peace. The Company of thy other Wives, will soon efface her lov'd *Idea*, and sweeten thy Loss with a Thousand new Pleasures. But, if they should follow her Steps, inheriting her Spirit, and tormenting thee with killing Words, divorce them all. I would counsel thee to take successively Five Hundred Wives, rather than make thy Life miserable, by too much Love and Indulgence, to one that knows not how to use thy favours.

But, before thou beginnest to put in Execution this Advice, try all the fair and gentle Methods thy Wit can suggest, to win her to a Sense of her Fault, and a Change of her Temper. For, be assured, that it will be of less

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less Pain to thee, to have an Eye pluck'd out of thy Head, than to tear from thy Heart, the first Object of thy Love.

In this, and all things else, have an especial Regard to thy Conscience, and to the *Observing Angel*, who writes down all thy Actions in a Book. Do nothing which may merit the Chastisement of the *Two Black Angels*, who shall visit thee in thy Grave. He who deals unjustly and cruelly by Women on Earth, shall be deprived of the Felicities which our *Holy Prophet* has promis'd us, in the Company of that beautiful Sex in *Paradise*.

Keep the Law, and thou wilt have thy fill of Love, both here and in the Blissful Bowers of *Eden*.

Paris, 1st. of the 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXIX.

To the Kaimacham.

THE Surrender of *Perpignan* to the French, startles the World; A Place inexpugnable by Arms, and not to be reduced but by Famine. Some that pretend to penetrate into Foreign Secrets, lay the blame on the *Duke d' Olivarez*. They say, that when the King of Spain first heard that *Lewis* laid Siege to this

this Important Place, he would have gone in Person to its Relief, but that the *Duke* hindred his Design, fearing lest his own Miscarriages should take Wind, when the King was got on the Frontiers: This, they say, put a stop to the Levies that were making in *Arragon* and *Castile*, and damp'd the Courage of those who were actually in Arms.

Whether this was the Effect or no, 'tis certain, the *Duke d' Olivarez* had sufficient Reason to be Conscious, knowing, that the *Grandees* of *Spain* watched for an Opportunity to dislodge him from the King's Breast. But, it is strange, that he should at such a Time, neglect any thing that might confirm him in his Master's Favour, as the saving of *Perpignan* must needs adone; all the Successes and Miscarriages of the *State*, in Peace or War, being attributed to the *Favourite Minister*.

Where-ever the Fault lies, I have heard no Man yet condemn the *Governour* of the Town. 'Tis said, he has given all the Marks of a Valiant Souldier, a Prudent Commander, and a Faithful Subject. These Vertues are to be honoured, even in an Enemy.

They report, That the *Spanish* King put a kind of Superstitious Confidence in the *Marquess d' Avilla*, because one of the same Family and Title, had formerly Defended the Place to Extremity, till the Siege was raised. Assuredly, Vertue is not inherent in Names, nor Victory entailed to all of the same Blood. Both the one and the other, are owing, in a great Measure, to Providence and Chance.

The

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The Romans did not gain more in the *Carthaginian War*, under the Conduct of *Scipio the African*, than they lost afterwards, when another of that Name, was *General* of their Army.

'Tis said, the *Duke d' Olivarez* is seized with a Phrenzy upon the Loss of this Town, or, at least, counterfeits one. I do not assert this as a Truth, *Illustrious Kaimacham*, but to shew thee, how People are addicted to censure, not only the Miscarriages of Great Men, but the very Regrets which attend their Misfortunes; as if it were a Crime in them, to mourn for the Calamities which they could not prevent.

In the mean time, *Cardinal Richlieu* has weathered a Tempest raised against him, by the *Duke of Orleans* and his Party. As if the Fate of these Two Ministers, ran Counter, and, One must Rise by the Other's Fall.

Olivarez had laid a Train for *Cardinal Richlieu's* Destruction, but fell into it himself. He had corrupted one of the *Cardinal's* Creatures, who associated himself with the *Duke of Bouillon*, and the *Duke of Orleans*. Besides private Grudges, they all suspected the *Cardinal*, as designing, upon the King's Death, to take the *Regency* into his own Hands. They acquaint *Olivarez* with their Grievances, and enter into a private League with him. He, in hopes to rend the Kingdom of *France* into fatal Divisions, as well as to ruine the *Cardinal*, agrees to furnish the Conspirators with Twelve Thousand Foot,

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and

and Three Thousand Horse ; Sedan was to be the Rendezvous of this Army.

But, *Cardinal Richlieu*, whom no Secret could escape, soon discovered the Plot, and acquaints the King with it ; who, forthwith caused the Conspirators to be seized, imprisoned, and Two of their Heads to be cut off ; the rest were pardoned on Conditions of Surrender, and perpetual Banishment from the King's Presence.

This happened much about the Time that *Perpignan* surrendered, which was, on the Ninth of the Moon *Zibul*.

A little before, the Conspirators had so obscur'd the *Cardinal's* Credit at the Court, that the King denied him a Visit, when requested, in his Sickness ; upon which, the *Cardinal* withdrew himself. But, the King was quickly glad to follow him ; having no other Refuge in the midst of his Pressures, but him who was Master of all the Hearts, both of his Subjects and Allies. At that time, the *Count de Guishe*, was defeated in *Flanders*, and, the *Parisians* were apprehensive, that *Don Francisco de Melo* would bring his Forces into the Bowels of *France*. None was able to extricate the King out of so many Troubles, but the *Chief Minister*. Thus, by a Fortunate Concurrence of Events, the *Cardinal* is restored to his Master's Favour, sees his Foreign Enemies humbled, *Perpignan* taken, and his Domestick Foes cut off and baffled.

I pray ~~God~~, whose Eye is over the *Mussulman* Empire, to preserve thee from all the Machinations of thine Enemies, and make thee to shine bright in the Favour of the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 12th. of the 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXX.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at
Vienna.

THY Letter, with *Carco's* Journal, is come safe to my Hands, and the Ring which he bequeath'd me. That Legacy, demonstrates his Affection, and that I have not ill deserved of him: For, the Actions of Dying Men, are void of Disguise.

His *Memoirs* will be of great Service to me, containing a more accurate History of the *German Court*, from the Year 1600, to the Time of his Death, than I have yet seen extant. I am not unacquainted with Relations of this Kind. The *Europeans* make their *Histories* speak; what their Affection or Fear suggests, rather than the Truth. The Liberty of Printing, has debauched the Integrity of most Writers; they study rather to please, than inform the Age. For this Reason, I re-
ject

ject the greatest Part of *Modern History*; coveting only, the *Manuscripts* of such as *Carcoa*. He speaks Impartially, having no other Byass, than the Service which he owed to the *Grand Signior*.

I speak this for thy Encouragement and Direction, who succeedest that honest Old Man in his Post. When thou committest any of thy Observations to Paper, let them be of Things Remarkable and True.

The Banker to whom thou didst address the Bill for my Payment, made a demurr at first, but *Eliachim* clear'd up his Doubts. I desire thee to order Matters so hereafter, that I may not be taken for a Cheat: That may prove of ill Consequence to us all. I would not have any sinister Accident started, which might make the *French* suspect me. One Misfortune seldom goes without Attendance. The least blemish upon a Man's Credit, streight infects the Air. He whose Reputation is blasted, is suspected and shunn'd like a walking Pestilence.

Thou wilt do well to prevent these Mischiefs, by thy Care and Foresight. Take in good Part this Advice from *Mahmus*, who studies *his Master's* Interest, not *his own*. Adieu.

Paris, 10th. of the 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

To the Venerable Musti, Prince of
the True and Undeiled Faith.

THOU that art a Light to the Blind, the Pole-Star to them that are bewilder'd in an Ocean of Uncertainties; the Sanctuary of the Mind, hatter'd with a Tempest of vain Opinions; tell me why it is Blasphemy to say, That God has already taken Flesh, (as the Christians Believe) since our Holy Prophet himself avouches, That God shall assume a Body at the Resurrection? I approach thy Sacred Palace, with burning Coals on my Head, with fervent and enflamed Zeal in my Heart; cast a gracious Eye on thy Suppliant. Resolve my Doubts; dissipate the Mists which cloud my anxious Soul, and restore me to a right Mind.

If a Body be compatible with the Divine Essence, it seems not to me a Blasphemy in the Christians, to assert the Incarnation of the Word, whom Our Holy Prophet calls also, the Breath of God. If this Breath or Word of God, be not of the Essence of the Divinity, why is that Part of the Christian Gospel had in such Reverence, by the Faithful Mussulmans, where it is said, In the Beginning was the WORD, and the WORD was with God, and God was the WORD? If the WORD be of
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The *Essence* of *God*, then it will necessarily follow, that *God* has taken a *Humane Body*, since our *Holy Prophet* calls him the *Word* of *God*, whom the *Christians* adore for *God Incarnate*. Bear with my *Weakness* and *Importunity*, and, if I err, correct me in thy *Wisdom*. And yet, let not these seem so much my *Scruples*, as the *Arguments* of *Christians*, whom I would gladly convince of their *Heretic*; but, it must be with solid *Reason*.

Let not my Lord be angry, if I ask one Question more: Our *Holy Doctors* teach, That the dark Spots in the Moon were made, when the *Angel Gabriel* flew by, and brush'd the Moon with one of his Wings: I ask how great that Wing was, that could make an Impression so great, as to be conspicuous to us at this prodigious Distance? Or, is *Gabriel* to be number'd among those Lofty *Angels*, who can stride from one Star to another? If he be, Was there not Room enough in the vast endless Skies, or, did he lose his Way through untrack'd Orbs, or, did he chance to wink in his Career, that he should thus unfortunately dash the pale Lamp of Heaven? If he be one of those fore-mention'd mighty, tall, and wide-stretch'd *Angels*; How came he so to be contracted, when he visited *Mary* the Mother of *Jesus* in her Closet, and presented her with a *Rose* that grew in *Paradise*.

Answer me this, O Sovereign Oracle of Truth, since my Ears are frequently invaded with such Objections and Blasphemous Jells, by these *Infidels*. How can I hear our *Holy*

Law abused, and not burn in Spirit? Tell me, I pray, how I shall silence these bold Disputers, these Mockers of the *Book of Glory*? Think not this a frivolous Question, and Impertinent to Religion; for, these *Western* People are Sagacious and Subtle; if they can find one Flaw in the *Holy Alcoran*, they'll cry down all the rest as false and an Imposture; at the very thought of which *Blasphemy*, my Heart trembles.

Not long ago, a famous *Astronomer* shew'd me in a *Telescope* the Globe of the Moon, through which it seem'd to me an Opake Body, like the Earth we tread on; and, he affirmed it to be so, giving me *Mathematical* Demonstrations for it; telling me also, it was Habitable as our Globe; and, that the Difference of the Brighter and more Obscure Parts of the Moon, consisted only in this, That the one was Firm Land, the other Fluid Water; and, if I may believe my Eyes, when aided by that *Optick* Instrument, it is no otherwise than as he said.

This *Astronomer*, is renowned throughout the *Western World*, being esteemed the Best *Philosopher* that ever wrote of *Natural Things*. His Name is *Renatus des Cartes*. I have been often conversant with him, and took unspeakable Delight in his refined Notions of the World. He is as dextrous at unravelling the Contexture of the very Elements, as tho' he had stood by the *Eternal Artist* when he extracted them from the Rude *Chaos*. The minutest Particle of Matter, which is to the
Eye,

Eye of other Men invisible, appears to him in its proper Figure; he talks as familiarly of globous, square, and triangular Atoms, as though he had a Pair of Compasses to take their true Dimensions by. Were not this admirable *Genius* stain'd with great Impiety, in that he mocks the *Book of Glory*, the *Holy Alcoran*, true *Guide to Paradise*, I should believe he was inspired from above.

One Day discoursing about the Body of the Moon, he broke out into this Blasphemous Jest, *The Arabian Impostor*, said he, *might as well have made his Followers believe what we prate to Children, That there is a Man in the Moon with a Bundle of Faggots on his Back, as to tell them that Fable, of the Angel Gabriel's brushing this Planet with his Wing.* I was not able to hear any more; but took my Leave.

Furnish me therefore, O Sacred Repository of all true Science, with such convincing Arguments, as may put to Silence these audacious *Infidels*.

God grant I may be one of those, who shall hear the *Angel Ishuriel* read Lectures of Divine Knowledge in *Paradise*.

Paris, 20th. of the 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

To the Vizir Azem, at the Port.

I Am acquainted with a Greek Merchant in Paris, who formerly lived in one of those pleasant Islands, which lie about Four Leagues from Constantinople, being situated in the Propontis.

Asking him one Day, whether Trading was the Motive which induc'd him to quit those Paradises upon Earth, and exchange them for the Stench and Noise of this Populous City; he replied, That he had sufficient to make his Life happy in the Place of his Nativity, being Master of a good Estate, and of many fruitful Vineyards, having also Houses there which might vie with the most delightful Chioses of the Mussulman Grandees: but, that the Fanizaries and other loose Mahometans frequenting those Islands, and especially that wherein he dwelt, committed so many Outrages, when heated with Wine, as render'd his Life insupportable; for, they would in these drunken Frolicks, domineer as though they were Lords of the Island, seizing upon whatsoever pleased them, spoil his Goods, and beat him like a Slave; and, if he mildly remonstrated to them the Injuries they had done him, they would give him no other Satisfaction but Oaths and Curses.

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These Calamities made him sell his Estate, and travel into these Countries, where he might enjoy himself with more Liberty, Profit and Ease.

It is a Dishonour to the *Ottoman Port*, the Seat of Justice, the Sanctuary of the World, to suffer such Disorders to be committed without due Chastisement, within Sight of the *Seraglio*, and by those who have the Honour to guard the Person of the *Sultan*.

I represent these Things to thee, knowing thy Justice will administer a speedy Remedy to these Distempers of the Souldiery. Otherwise should they be suffered to go unpunished, we may expect that not only these *Islands*, but all *Gracia* will in time be depopled.

Paris, 25th. of the 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Cara Haly, the Physician at
Constantinople.

Suffer me to converse with thee after the Manner of Friends, with Freedom and Familiarity. I have often discovered to thee the Distempers of my Body, now I will reveal those more dangerous ones of my Mind. And

I know

I know not, whether they are Distempers, or Cures of such. I have writ to the *Mufti* on the same Subject, in Part, but with Caution and Reserve. With thee I will deal frankly, and pour into thy Bosom the Secrets of my Heart.

I am dissatisfied in many Things pertaining to Religion. 'Tis true, I cannot think or speak of our *Holy Prophet*, but with infinite Attach and Veneration; yet, I owe something to my Reason. I will believe, the *Messenger of God* was true and perfect; but is it a Crime to think, his *Successors* were but Men, subject to Frailty and Errour? Their Divisions, immediately after the Death of our *Great Law-giver*, justify this Reflection, since the fatal Schism continues to this Day. Either the *Persians*, or We, must be in the wrong. Grant which thou wilt, it follows, that the Truth was no sooner sown in the World, but it sprung up in Mortal *Heresies*; and, I find no other Assurance that we are in the Right, but the Assertion of our *Doctors*, the Followers of *Osman* and *Ebubecher*; who, for ought I know, are no more exempted from Errour, than the Disciples of *Holy*. Both Sides believe the *Holy Prophet*, yet both at Infinite Distance in their *Interpretations* of his *Law*. Each Party boasts they have the True Sence of the *Divine Oracles*, and curses the opposite for *Hereticks*. Truth cannot be repugnant to it self.

From this Original Schism, well near a Hundred several *Seas* have sprung, each maintaining different Interpretations of the *Law*.
While

While *Truth* can be but One, where shall a Man be sure to find it amongst so many Pretenders to it?

Think not, that I am going to turn *Christian*, because of this Liberty I take to search for *Truth*. For, the Case is the same, or worse among them.

Jesus (whom our *Holy Prophet* calls the *Breath and Word* of God, The Reformer of the Law of *Moses*, knowing the *Secrets of Hearts*, and working *Miracles*) preach'd to the *Jews* *Repentance*, good Works, the Resurrection of the Dead, the Day of *Judgment*, the *Joss* of *Paradise*, and the *Torments* of *Hell*. He chose Twelve *Disciples*, to disperse his Doctrine over the World. But, they likewise had *Dissentions* among themselves, after that God had taken the *Messias* up to *Paradise*; Each *Apostle*, leaving different Traditions behind him in the Countries where he taught. Hence sprung the Difference between the Churches of the *East* and *West*, and those in *Aethiopia*. One following *Peter* and *Paul*, Another believing *John*, the Third defending the Traditions of *Matthew*. And, from these greater *Schisms*, have sprung innumerable smaller *Sects* and *Heresies*: Each Church and Party, Excommunicating, Damning and Cursing all the Rest; yet all believe they shall be saved.

Thus is the World at Odds about *Religion*, persecuting, biting and devouring one another, because they cannot all think alike. A singular Argument of Religion, and a special Encouragement to gain Profelytes.

These

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These Considerations have made me a *Sceptick*, in Controverted Points of *Faith* and Matters of Opinion. Only in this I am fixed, That I believe in *One Eternal God*, and reverence his *Holy Messengers* and *Prophets*. But, if an *Angel* from Heaven should tell me monstrous and incredible Stories, of Things repugnant to the common Sense and Reason of all Mankind, I would desire him to excuse me if I suspended my Belief.

I admire the *Golden Age*, when the Infant World had not yet learn'd Bigottry; when *Human* Reason was not corrupted with *Divine* Fables; and, Natural Conscience, was the *Oracle* to which all resorted for Solution of their Doubts; before Superstition had begun to dress the *Deity* in frightful, uncouth Shapes: Then harmless Innocence could shew her naked Face, which now is fain to go disguised. No Man was put to Death for Words or Thoughts of Things above his Reach. No crafty *Numa* then had fobb'd upon the Credulous People his feign'd *Ageria*; Nor Golden-tongu'd *Pythagoras*, could impose the forged Whispers of his Eagle on the silly *Crotonians* for Sacred *Oracles*. No Wonder-working *Magician*, had led the Rabble by the Nose with his Infernal Juggles; but, pure and undebauched Reason taught Men to lead Immortal Lives on Earth.

Tell me, O Learned *Haly*, can'st thou believe, That the Divine Architect had no other Way to make Man, than by laying him a Thousand Years broiling in the Sun? Or, that
there

there is an Apple-Tree growing very near the Throne of God? Or, that the *Angels* can stride some Hundred Thousands of Miles at once? Can we not go to *Paradise*, unless we swallow these strange Notions? Is it not enough to believe in *God* and *Mahomet* his *Prophet*, except we will receive all for Truth, which the *Doctors* tell us? I Fast and Pray at the appointed Times, and sometimes oftner; I give Alms; I love all the Creatures of *God*, that remain in his Love; I am not guilty of Theft, Murder nor Adultery; I never forswore my self, nor bore False Witness. Yet, when I am recollected, I think my self the worst of all Men; I think of every Peccadillo I commit, with inexpressible Regret. If all this is not sufficient to acquit me a true and good *Mussulman*, no Man, I hope, will blame me, if I join with an eminent Man in these *Western* Parts, and wish my Soul among the *Philosophers*.

Paris, 25th. of the 11th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

The End of the First Book.

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LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY at *PARIS*.

VOL. II.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To the Kaimacham.

THOU may'st remember a Letter I sent thee concerning the Death of *Mary de Medicis*, *Queen-Mother* and *Dowager of France*; wherein I also spoke, of the sudden Sickness of the *Cardinal of Richlieu*, with the Reports, Opinions, and Prophecies divulged on that Account. What Spirit soever inspired those *Prophets*, 'tis certain, the Event justifies their Predictions

Predictions. For, the *Cardinal* died this very Day, being the Fourth of the last *Moon* in the Year, at his Palace in this City, being not full Fifty-eight Years of Age.

I am not very Credulous of Apparitions, Ghosts, and such like Themes of vulgar Superstition: yet, 'tis evident, the *Cardinal* neither lived to see the Common *New Years Day*, nor the Fifty eight Year of his Life, as, they say, the *Queen's Ghost* foretold him.

Some that have been Curious in examining his *Pedigree*, tell me, that his *Progenitors* were allied to one of the Kings of *France*. However, 'tis certain; that he was descended of an Ancient and Honourable Family, of above Five Hundred Years Standing and Eminence in that Kingdom.

He had his Education in the *University* of *Paris*, where he attained the Degree of a *Doctor* of the *Sorbon*; a *Dignity* much esteemed in *France*, and most Parts of *Christendom*, except in *Rome*; which *Court* is Jealous of the *Sorbonists*, because they have sometimes Decreed in Prejudice of the *Pope's* Authority, and the Grandeur of the *Roman Court*.

After this he was made a *Bishop*, then *Almoner* of *France*, next *Secretary* of *State*, in which Station he acquitted himself so happily that he procured him the Dignity of a *Cardinal*. There are none of the *Ministers* of the *Divan* but know, that a *Cardinal* is one of the *Princes* of the *Roman Church*.

During these several Stairs of Preferment, he had signalized his great Abilities, in Negotiating

tiating Affairs of greatest Moment. Yet, in nothing did the Dexterity of his Wit appear more, than in reconciling the Misunderstandings between the *King* and the *Queen-Mother*. Whereby, he gained much upon both their Affections; so that in a little Time, he was made the *Principal Minister of State*, and *Chief Director* of the *Government*; having a Guard of Souldiers appointed to attend his Person.

Then he was made *Superintendent* of the *Marine Affairs*; after this, *Generalissimo* of the Armies. So that, he seemed to have monopoliz'd all Command both in *Church* and *State*, by *Sea* and *Land*.

It was Impossible for him to escape the envious Eyes of the *Grandeess*; nay, the *Queen-Mother* her self, who first raised him, began now to grow Jealous of his great Power: But especially, the *Princes* of the *Blood* were highly offended at him. The *Count of Soissons* stomach'd the Indignity the *Cardinal* had offer'd him, in proposing the Marriage of his Daughter. The *Duke of Orleans* suspected his Designs upon the *Regency*. Yet, all their Conspiracies against him proved ineffectual. For neither by Publick Arms, nor Private Machinations, could they ever prevail against the fixed Destiny of this Great *Minister*; who, though he had been often attempted to be Poison'd, Pistol'd and Stabb'd, yet died quietly in his Bed, having a little before received a Visit from the *King*.

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I will not presume to make Corollaries or Glosses on these Things, as though I were able to Instruct thee whose Wisdom and Experience renders thee a fit *Oracle*, for the greatest Princes to resort to in Time of Need. I only send thee bare Matter of Fact; and together with an Account of the *Cardinal's* Death, a brief Abstract of his Life, as I received it from one of the most observing and knowing Men in the *French Court*.

I wish thee Health, long Life, and Happiness.

Paris, 4th. of the last Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER II.

To the Venerable Musti.

I Have sent to the *Kaimacham*, an Account of the Death of *Cardinal Richlieu*, with some Passages relating thereto, wherewith I thought it not proper to Interrupt thy Divine Thoughts.

This Great Minister died the Fourth of this Instant Moon, being the last of the Year, in his Palace at Paris. His Body is Interred in the Chapel of the College of *Sorbon*, where he finish'd his Studies, and attained the Degree of Doctor in Theology. He has

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has left behind him a prodigious Estate, amounting to a Million of Crowns Yearly; which he has bequeathed in Legacies to his Kindred, Friends and Creatures. And, as a particular Demonstration of his Gratitude to the King, he has made him Heir of his *Cardinal-Palace*, in this City, with all the Plate and Furniture in it. And, at the last Visit the King made him (which was a little before his Death) he presented him with a Stone worth a Hundred Thousand Crowns of Gold. Upon which, 'tis discoursed, that the King will settle a Yearly Revenue on a certain Number of the *Sorbonists*, to celebrate *Mass* daily for the *Cardinal's* Soul, during the Space of One Year, and once a Year afterwards on the Day that he died. For, these *Infidels* approach thus near the *True* and *Undeified Faith*, in that they have Hopes of *Immortality*, believing the *Resurrection* of the *Dead*, and, that the Prayers, Alms, and Good Works of the Living, do atone for the Sins of the Departed; as our Holy *Dollors* teach, and, as is the Practice of the *Mussulmans* throughout the World.

This *Cardinal*, was richly endowed by Nature, having a firm Intellect, vigorous Spirit, quick Apprehension, solid Judgment, faithful Memory, and a most prevailing Way of Discourse. A Man highly serviceable to his King and Country; and therefore deserving better of the *French*, than those Scandalous Reports and Libels which were every where industriously spread abroad, to

lessen his Fame. Yet, there wanted not those who strewed Flowers on his Grave, and Perfumed his Ashes with *Encomiums* and *Panegyrics*. In this he shared the common Fate of the *Great*, that he was Mal gn'd and Envied Living, but honoured with the Tears of his very Enemies when Dead.

There is one Fault to be found in his Conduct, without appearing too Censorious, That he being a Man consecrated to the Service of the *Altar*, should so often take the *Field*, and divestling himself of the Peaceful Robes of Religion, should clothe himself in *Steel*, delighting more in the Smell of *Gunpowder*, than that of *Incense*; and preferring the Noise of *War*, to the *Hymns* and *Antiphons* of the *Church*: Not, that Religion is incompatible with Valour; and, to fight for ones Country, is not as Lawful and as *Pious*, as to pray for its Prosperity. Our *Holy Law*, the Celestial Pattern of Truth to the World, exhorts us to Courage. And all *True Believers* are assured of the Joys of *Paradise*, of unfading Crowns, and eternal Felicities, if they lose their Lives in Defence of the *Sacred Empire*, and the *Book of Glory*: Our *Immortal Law giver*, giving us his own Example, when he laid the Foundation of the Greatest and most Illustrious *Empire* in the World, in the Wounds of his Enemies, cementing the Work with the Blood of Millions of *Infidels*. Nor has the Superstructure been carried on by any other Methods, than those of perpetual War, with the Nations who will not submit to our *Victorious Sultan*, the *Invincible Lord of the Earth*.
But

But, the *Messenger* of *God* never required the *Imaum's* or *Dervises* to take the Field; leaving *Arms* only to *Secular Men*, and the *Alcoran* to the *Religious*.

I forget that I am speaking to him, whose *Repose* and *Tranquility* is the special Care of *Heaven*, who is not to be disturbed by *Emperors*. Therefore, in profound *Reverence*, I salute thy *Holiness* with a dutiful *Obeisance*, and so withdraw my *Pen*.

Paris, 4th of the last *Moon*,
of the Year, 1642.

LETTER III.

To *Jasmir Sgire Rugial*, an *Astrologer* at *Aleppo*.

THOU needest not be ashamed of thy Name, though it denotes the Dwarfishness of thy Body. That little *Epitome* of *Humane* Stature, is exquisitely Regular. Nature in framing it, has shew'd her Skill in Proportions, though she seems to have made it too Narrow for thy Soul. In this, thou art obliged to her for thy Knowledge; thy Mind being uneasie in its diminutive Habitation, is for that Reason seldom at Home. Thy Soul is a perfect Night-Walker; when other Men

are abed and asleep, thou art taking thy Rounds among the Stars. Thou art become a Spy upon the Planets; If any of them make but a false Step, thou tellest the World of it. Thou art a Pimp to all their Amorous Affignations and Conjunctions; and *Vulcan* himself never so often exposed the Intrigues of *Mars* and *Venus*, as thou hast done. But, I would have thee beware, lest they revenge themselves on thee some time or other, as they did upon one of thy Profession, by stirring up a certain King to take away his Life. He was a bold Fellow, and pretended great Familiarity with the Stars: One Day he came to the King, and told him, he had exactly Calculated his Nativity; and, by his Observations from thence, according to the Rules of Art, had discovered, That he should not live out that Year. The King replied, *I will prove, that my Skill is greater than thine; for, I know the very Hour of thy Death, which is now precisely, and which all thy Knowledge in Astrology could never foresee, nor be able to prevent.* So, he commanded his Head to be immediately cut off. I would not have thy *Star-gazing*, so suddenly spoil'd; though, they say, thou hast ventured to talk somewhat too largely.

Judicial Astrology seems, in a great Measure, obliged to *Superstition*, for the Credit it has gained among Men; and, the *Latin Proverb* says, *A Wise Man shall over rule the Stars.* For my part, I would rather counsel thee to follow thy old Recreation, of teaching

Pigeons

Pigeons to be *Letter-Carriers*. Yet, I would not have thee from thence, think of building *Castles* in the Air, like *Asop*; nor, of flying to the *Moon* by the Help of a Team of *Geese*, in Imitation of *Domingo Gonsales*.

But, since I am got among the Birds, which thou art so much delighted in; before I take my leave, I wish thee as good Fortune with thy winged Disciples, as the *Roman Cobbler* had, who taught a *Parrot*, to salute the *Emperour* as he went along the Street, with these Words, *Hail Caesar*; which the *Emperour* hearing, gave him a Royal Price for his *Parrot*. The poor Man overjoy'd at his good Luck, got another *Parrot*, and attempted to teach her in the same Manner; but, having taken much ineffectual Pains, he used to fret, and say, *I have lost my Labour*. Yet at length, by daily repeating these Words, the *Parrot* had learned both Sentences, and, the next time the *Emperour* came by, it said, *Hail Caesar*; to which the *Emperour* replied, *I have enough such Flatterers at Home*; the *Parrot* having her Lesson perfect, rejoyn'd, *I have lost my Labour*; which the *Emperour* hearing, and pleas'd with the Novelty, bought this also, and settled a generous Pension on the Man during his Life.

If thou couldst by some lucky Contingency, sell thy *Pigeons* at such a rate to *Sultan Ibrahim*, thy Time would be better spent, than in playing the *Mercury*, and bringing News from the Stars. But then thy *Pigeons* must be better bred, than was that which was sent

to the *Sopbi* of *Persia* with a Message from *Babylon*, when the late *Invincible Sultan Amurath* besieged it; for, the *Feather'd Courier*, instead of flying to the *Persian* Camp, took up short by the Way, and perching on the Pavillion of the *Vizir Azem*, was forthwith shot, and the secret Necessities of the City, were exposed to the *Ottoman* Army

May such *Fate* always attend *Infidels* and *Hereticks*, when they take up Arms against the *Mussulman* Empire. Adieu.

Paris, 10th. of the last Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER IV.

*To the Grand Signior's Chief
Treasurer.*

THOU tellest me the *Ministers* of the *Supreme Divan*, accuse me of Negligence, in not Writing often, and Things of Importance. In my Opinion, thou thy self hast more Reason to complain on this Score, since, I have not sent a Letter to thee these Four *Moons*; in which Time, not one of the Rest but has received several from me. Would they have me coin News? Would they have me amuze them with Relations of Things which never had any

Exi-

Existence ? I have not failed hitherto to communicate to the *Port*, all the Intelligences I have received : But they ought to consider, that the *Winter* affords little of Action. Time, the Devourer of all Things, has almost swallowed up the Year ; only, this last *Moon* seems to be pickled in Ice for a *Desert*. We are here up to the Knees in Snow : And the Greatest Warriours, find it best Encamping by the Fire Side.

Here is a Rumour, That the King of *Persia* is Dead : They say also, that the *Great Mogul* will not put on *Mourning* for him, being by his Death freed from a Storm which threatened to subvert all his Dominions on this Side of *Ganges*. 'Tis added, That he has sought the Alliance of the *Grand Signior*, with purpose to continue the War against the Young King of *Persia* (who has not yet seen Thirteen *Summers*) and to carry his Forces to the Walls of *Ispahan*. It is not lawful for me to dictate to my *Sovereign*, who is the *Sole Judge* of the *Universe* ; but, permit me to guess what will be his Conduct in this Affair (if what I have heard be true.) I have no Reason to think, that *Sultan Ibrahim* will violate the *Peace*, which he has so lately concluded with the King of *Persia*, the *Articles* whereof he carries in his Bosom.

Thou seest, Most Serene *Bassa*, the Tide of News is so low, that *Mahmut* is forced to stoop and receive it, puddled as it is by the Mouths of the *Vulgar*. If I acquaint thee with what thou knewest before, let not the

Blame rest on me, who ought to have received this Intelligence from some of the *Ministers* of the *Sublime Port*, which is the Tabernacle where Fame keeps her Residence. My whole Life, and the best of my Spirits, are consecrated to the Service of the *Grand Signior*; I spare no Pains or Cost, whereby I may render myself effectually useful to the *Great Master* of the *Universe*: I write often to the *Ministers* of the *Divan*, who are his *Slaves* as well as I; yet none vouchsafes me an Answer, except the *Reis Effendi*: I received also one Letter full of Consolation and Advice, from the *Venerable Musti*. Likewise *Hasssein Bassa* laid his Commands on me. These I esteem my Friends. I would think so of all Men, who serve *Sultan Ibrahim*, if they would cease to load me with Obloquies.

I was about to conclude my Letter, when an Old Courrier interrupts me with the News of the Surrender of *Tortona*, a Strong Town in *Piedmont*, possessed by the *Spaniards*, till now obliged to quit it by the *French Forces*, under the Command of the *Duke of Longueville*. This Place, was surrendered on the Twenty sixth of the Eleventh Moon.

There has been a long Difference, between the Princes of the *House of Savoy*; which is at length composed, by the Marriage of Prince *Maurice*, Cardinal of *Savoy*, with his Niece, the Daughter of the *Dutchess Regent*. This is that which has warm'd the Courage of the *French Army*, at this Frozen Time of the Year. For, upon this Match, the Cardinal of *Savoy's*

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Savoy's Brother, Prince Thomas, joined his Forces to the French, and took several Strong Castles and Towns from the Spaniards, whom before this Prince had assisted: And now last of all, to wind up the Year, they have made themselves Masters of this Tortona, a Place environed with Rocks and Mountains.

By which thou may'st perceive, that there is no Difficulty so great, which may not be overcome with Courage and Perseverance.

I recommend my self to thy Protection and Favour, Illustrious Bassa, and desire the Heavens to remunerate thee with an Increase of Joy and Felicity, both here and in Paradise.

Paris, 10th of the 12th. Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER V.

To Darnish Mehemet, Bassa.

SINCE the Death of the Cardinal of Richlieu, there is great caballing, and changing of Places at Court. His Successor in the Pilotship of the State, is Cardinal Julio Mazarini, an Italian of a Generous Extraction. Neither comes he short of Richlieu, in all those rare Qualities and Endowments, which form

accom-

a Compleat Statesman ; having accomplish'd several Negotiations with great Success and Applause.

Now the Old Officers begin to be cashier'd, to make room for the Creatures of this New Minister, the King absolutely resigning the Conduct of the Publick to him. And, it is no wonder to see the King thus flexible, if what is privately whisper'd be true, That the Queen has yielded to the Cardinal in Points of greater Reserve. And, curious Eyes pretend to discern the Features of *Mazarini* in the Dauphin's Face, who is not much above Four Years Old, being born the Fifth Day of the Ninth Moon, in the Year 1638. according to the *Christians Hira*. The Cardinal is of a Grave and Majestick Aspect, full-fac'd, having a piercing Eye ; he is something inclined to fat, being a great Eater, as they say.

T'other Day he had like to have been choak'd by a Piece of Beef, one Part of which hung fast in his Teeth, and the other just reach'd the Passage to the Lungs ; and, as it were barring up the door of that Passage, hindred his Respiration so long, that his Nose suddenly started out a-bleeding ; his Face grew black, and he was ready to drop down dead, had not one of his Attendants forcibly thrust his Fingers into his Mouth, and fastning on the Morsel, pull'd it out of his Throat.

He that is Lord of Life and Death, preserve thee from all Perils, and make thee happy in the Service of our Great Master ; who will
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in Time, I hope, curb the Insolence, and punish the Vices of these gluttonous *Infidels*.

Paris, 14th. of the 1st. *Moon*,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER VI.

To Isouf his Kinsman.

I Believe, thou and thy Cousin *Solyman*, take me for a Marriage-Broker or a Gossip: Is there no Body in *Constantinople*, can instruct you how to manage your Wives, that you send for Counsel to *Paris*? or, do you lay Snares for me, by extorting such Advice, as will draw the Revenge of Women upon me? Believe me, I have no Mind to run the Fate of *Orpheus*, or, that the *Tragedy* of the *Ciconian Wives* should be acted upon me.

I rather expected a Compleat *Journal* of thy Travels in the *East*: but, I perceive thou hast not yet received my Letter. Thou talkest, of going to *Aleppo* in the *Spring*. If thy Resolution hold, I desire thee when thou art there, to make an *Offering* for me to *Sheb Boubac*, the *Santone*, whose Sepulchre is about a League from that City, a Place of great Devotion, and resorted to from all the Cities in those Parts. Without doubt, *Sheb Boubac* is with God; and, his Prayers are heard for such

as honour his Vertues and approach his Sepulchre, to pay their Devotions there with Humility and Faith.

Likewise, I desire thee to distribute Three Hundred *Aspers* to the Poor of *Aleppo*, who beg in the Streets for the Sake of *Syntana Fissa*. If thou hast not heard of this *Female Saint*, I will relate to thee how she came to be *Canonized*. This City, was the Place of her Nativity and Residence. When she came to the Age of Sixteen Years, she was married to a *Spabee*, called *Griuli Eben Sagran*; But, the first Night, as her Husband was going to Bed with her, he fell into a Trance; wherein, he saw *Paradise* opened, and the *Holy Prophet* leading *Syntana Fissa*, his Wife, in one of the *Allies of Eden*. Whereby, when he came to himself, and missing his Wife (who was never after to be found) he was satisfied that she was one of the *Daughters of Paradise*. Since which time, the People have esteem'd her as a *Saint*, or rather an Incarnate Female *Angel*. The *Moors* relate this Story otherwise, and make a Second *Mary Magdalen* of her: of whom the *Circassians* say, that she was a Common Prostitute at first, but on a time being asked her accustomed Favours *gratis*, and for the Love of God, she by granting it, merited the Grace of Conversion, and so became a *Saint*. But, I would not have thee regard this Fable, though it be common in the Mouths of the Ignorant at *Aleppo*.

If thou bearest any Respect for thy Uncle *Mahmut*, let me have a Proof of it, in giving me

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me an Account of thy *Travels*. I do not require a *Chart* of the *Regions* through which thou hast pass'd ; being no Stranger to the *Geography* of *Asia*. Neither would I have thee tell me, how many Leagues, Courses, or Furlongs there are between such and such Cities. These are the Remarks of every Carrier or *Muccerman*. But that which I aim at, is to know, what Natural, Moral, and Political Observations thou hast made, in so vast a Tract of Ground as thou hast measured, comprehending the Greatest and most Celebrated Part of *Asia*.

This is the Second Letter I have sent thee, since thy Return to *Constantinople* : Let thy Answer be adequate to my Expectation. In the *Interim*, I counsel thee first to get an Absolute Conquest of thy self, and then thou wilt easily govern thy Wife.

May the Most High God, adjust your Differences happily, and make your Lives to be as innocent and contented, as those of *Philemon* and *Baucis*. Thou knowest the Story. Adieu.

Paris, 20th. of the 1st. Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To Mahomet, Bassa of Damascus.

HERE is a *Genouese* Merchant in this City, with whom I often converse, as I do with all Strangers that are Men of Intelligence, learning sometimes from them Advices which are not common. He tells me, that *Mansour*, the Youngest Son of *Old Facardine* the brave Emir of *Sidon*, whom his Father had given in Hostage to *Sultan Amurath*, is now living in the Court of the Duke of Florence; that he escaped by the Assistance of a *Gracian Priest*, from the Castle of the *Seven Towers*, and, that the Duke of Florence has promised to assist him with Ships, Men and Money, towards the Recovery of his *Patrimony*.

The *French* speak of his Father, with much Respect, and Compassion of his Misfortunes; they say, he was descended from a Noble Captain, which the Renowned *Godfrey of Buloign* left in those Parts, when he was engaged in the Wars of the *Holy Land*; and, that though *Facardine* wore a *Turkish* *Turbant*, yet he had *French* Blood in his Veins. They tax *Amurath* with the Violation of his Oath, in causing him to be strangled, when he had solemnly sworn to the contrary. And some of them are so bold as to say, That if his Son *Ali* had not been kill'd, he would have shook the Throne, whose Foundation is deep.

as the Centre of the Earth, and therefore cannot be moved without the Dissolution of the Globe.

This *Genouefe* brags much after the same Nature of *Mansour*, who, he says, is preserved by Providence to abase the Pride of the *Ottoman Family*, to revenge his Father's Bloud, and re-establish the *Druses* in their Ancient Possessions.

Supposing this News to be true, I judged it my Duty to give thee timely Notice of it who possessest Part of his Estate; lest he should surprize thee unawares, and serve thee as one of his Ancestors did the *Damascenes* who got from them several of their Towns and Castles, when they least dreamt of any Invasion. He will lay claim to *Gazir*, *D' Acers*, and *Saphet*, those being torn from his Father in that last Rebellion. In a Word, thou wouldst find him an ill Neighbour, should he catch thee unprovided.

Should it come to a Tryal, I wish thy Soldiers may prove more Faithful to thee, than did the *Germans* lately under the Command of *Leopold*, *Arch-Duke of Austria*, and *General Piccolomini*; who going to relieve *Leipsick*, besieged at that time by the *Suedes*, and entering Battle with them, above Six Thousand of their Souldiers never discharged a Musket, or drew a Sword; but gave their Enemies an intire Victory, without striking a Stroke. Should thy Forces serve thee so, when *Mansour* enters thy Territories, thou wilt be in Danger of losing not only the forementioned

ed Towns, but *Damascus* it self; a Place so deliciously situated, that our *Holy Prophet* himself durst not venture into it, lest this *Earthly Paradise* should tempt him to take up his Abode there, and cause him to neglect the Heavenly.

May the Great Protector of *Kingdoms* and *Empires*, preserve both *Damascus* and the whole *Empire*, from the Fury of *Rebels* and *Infidels*.

Paris, 4th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER VIII.

*To the Venerable Musti, Arbitrator
of the Problems and Mysteries of
Faith.*

I Address to the Dust of thy Feet, O thou
Spring of all true Science. I wrote to thee
formerly, to desire thy Instruction, and Aid,
in answering some Cavils and Blasphemies of
the *Infidels*. Now I think a great Light hath
shined in my Breast. Now I think I can an-
swer them with Arguments clear and Intelli-
gible. Nevertheless, I will not walk without
a Guide.

Our Life in this transitory World, is che-
quer'd

quer'd with various Intervals of Light and Darkneſs, of Knowledge and Ignorance. Sometimes the *Soul* of Man is bright and ſerene, as the *Orient*; at other times wrapp'd up in Clouds and Miſts. Then we are as in a Dream, and fall of Anxiety; we grope about for Truth, and yet ſtumble upon Errors, as in the Depth of Night. So ſared it with me, when theſe *Infidels* aſſaulted me with Questions and Cavils concerning our *Holy Law*. I heard them with Horreur and Pain, but knew not how to put them to Silence. I fled to thee for Succour, who art inſtructed in all Knowledge, true Heir of the *Prophetick* Light. But, a Ray from Heaven has prevented thy Answer; and, I will communicate to thee my Thoughts.

God is moſt High, and *Incomprehenſible*; we cannot overtake him in his Ways. The Works of his Hands are perfect and full of Wiſdom. Why do the *Infidels* blaſpheme the *Eternal*? *Gabriel*, the *Messenger* of God, bright and glorious, flew through the *Heavens*; and to avoid a burning Comet which then flamed in the Sky, he took his Courſe too near the *Orb* of the *Moon*; and, with the end of one of his Wings, he bruſh'd the Planet, leaving a Mark of the Stroak as a Memorial to the *Angels* for the Future; even as a Sea-mark is plac'd, to give warning of Rocks and Sands.

The *Infidels* deride, and ask, *How big was Gabriel's Wing*? Who can meaſure the Works of the *Omnipotent*? Let theſe *Infidels* number but the Atomes that cleave to the Soles of

of their Feet, when they walk in sandy Places! Or, let them weigh the Air, that is shut up in a Bottle! If they cannot perform these Things which are near them, and within their reach, why do they mock at the Greatness of *Angels*, which dwell in the Immense *Heavens*?

They take their Measures of *Celestial* Things from the narrow search of their Senses, which yet fail them in common *Terrestrial* Objects. If we believe our Senses, they would persuade us, that the Moon is no bigger than a Royal Charger, and the Stars have no larger Dimensions, than a Lamp or Torch: Whereas, we are assured by Reason and *Astronomical* Observations, that the Moon is little less than the Globe of the Earth; and, that some of the Stars are near a Hundred Times bigger. If these Ornaments of the Sky, which look at this Distance like glittering sparks of Fire, are really of so prodigious a Bulk; why may we not believe, that *Angels* who dwell higher than the highest Stars, are much greater, and more Magnificent Creatures than they? Nay, what Incongruity is it to believe, what our *Holy Doctors* teach, That the *Angels* can stride from one Star to another?

And now I am plunged thus far in the Depths of *Nature*, suffer me to wade yet deeper, nay, to swim in the Abyss of speculation. I will tell thee my Thoughts; The Works of *God* are *Unmeasurable*, and there is no Bound or Limit to the Extent of the World; 'tis high as Thought can soar, endless as Imagination

can

can travel. Who can tell, where the Walls of *Paradise* are? Or has any one gone the Circuit of the *Seventh Heaven*? Magnificent is the Fabrick of *God*, and the Apartments thereof are full of Majesty. The *Potentates* above, are Glorious and Mighty; and, the Mansions of *Angels*, surpass in Grandeur this Visible World. How great then is the Stature of those *Angels*? Let not *Infidels* deride nor think it a *Fable*; for, the Distance between the Feet of an *Angel*, is many hundred Thousand Miles. They turn the *Celestial Orbs* about (if what the Learned *Christians* teach, out of *Aristotle* and other Old *Philosophers*, be true, when they assign to each *Sphere* its particular *Angel* or *Moving Intelligence*.) How can this be done, unless the *Angels* were Greater and Mightier than the *Orbs* they move? Without all Doubt, the lesser is moved of the Greater, and the Weaker by the Stronger. These are Arguments clear and intelligible, and such as the *Infidels* cannot answer. Thus shall I be able to assert the Truth, against the impious; and to vindicate the glorious Works of *God* (the Strong and Potent *Angels*, excelling in Majesty and Grandeur,) from the Blasphemies of the *Uncircumcised*.

If they ask, How the *Angel Gabriel* (since he is of so prodigious a Stature) could be circumscribed in the Closet of *Mary* the Mother of *Jesus*? I ask them, How the Body of *Jesus*, which, they say, is in the Sacrament of the *Mass* (of which thou art not Ignorant) can be circumscribed within the narrow

narrow Compass of a *Wafer*? Or, how it can be there, and in *Heaven* at the same time, which they believe; nay, and in Ten Thousand *Wafers*, in so many different Places of the World at once?

To this so pressing an Argument they have no other Answer, but, That the Power of *God* is *Infinite* and his Works *Incomprehensible*. Very well! if he be *Omnipotent* in one Thing, is his Power *restrained* in another? If the *Presence* of the *Body* of *Jesús*, in several Places at the same time, be *Incomprehensible*; so is the Appearance of the Mighty *Angel Gabriel*, in the *Oratory* of the *Virgin Mary*, *Incomprehensible* also.

The Nature of *Angels*, is unknown to us *Mortals*, and the Manner of their Appearance. Sufficient it is, to believe the *Divine Oracles*, and not to pry into the *Secrets* of *God*.

Thus shall I confute the *Infidels*, when they cavil against the *Alcoran*; thus shall I seal up the polluted Lips, and put to silence the Blasphemous Tongues of the Enemies of *God* and his *Prophet*.

Moreover, they say, the *Messenger* of *God* has promised a Sensual *Paradise* to the *True Believers*, because the *Book* of *Glory* mentions the Gardens of *Eden*, Gardens wherein flow many Rivers, Rivers of Wine, Milk and Honey, with Trees of all delectable Fruits; and, that the Righteous shall be cloathed in Vests of Purple and Crimson, reposing on stately Beds, and shall enjoy the Company of Beautiful

riful Women, and shall be replenished with Eternal Felicity.

Doubtless, they are blinded with Malice and hood wink'd by the Spirit of Contradiction: Else, why do they thus cavil at the manifest Light of Truth, the Doctrine of Faith, the undefiled Article of Glory? They profess to believe, the *Resurrection* of the *Body*, as well as we: Will they not then believe, that God hath provided Pleasures suitable to the *Body* after its *Resurrection*, I mean, the *Bodies* of the *Just*? They tell their Disciples and Profelytes doleful Stories of the Pains of the Damned in Hell, as Burning in Fire and Brimstone. Nay, the *Book* of the *Gospel* it self, speaks of a Lake of Sulphur and Fire. Are not these Torments to be inflicted on the *Body*, which they own are prepared for the Wicked? And will they deny proportionate Pleasures to the *Bodies* of the *Just* in *Paradise*? What use will there be of our *Bodies* after the *Resurrection*, if not to enjoy *Bodily* Pleasures, for feel the Rigour of *Infinite* Pains? Doubtless, the *Just* shall be replenished with all the Joys; and the *Unjust*, with all the Dolours of which their Senses are capable. And, this they themselves believe; yet these captious *Infidels*, pick Quarrels with our *Holy Law-giver*, and say, That the *Paradise* which he promises, is fit for none but Fools or Beasts.

I have read in *Books* of *Devotion*, which the *Christians* use, That the *Blessed* in *Heaven*, shall be satiated with all manner of Delights. The Eye shall always behold most Beautiful

Beautiful Objects; The Taste shall be gratified with incredible Sweets; the Smell shall be pleased with all manner of rich Odours and Perfumes, far surpassing the *Aromaticks* of *Arabia*; the Ear shall hear such wonderful Musick, as one only Strain thereof, were sufficient to lull all the Hearts of this Sublunary World asleep: In fine, there shall be none of their Senses and Faculties, which shall not be transported and ravished with infinite Delights. What is all this, but Sensual Pleasure? Can there be any plainer Description of Bodily Enjoyments than this? Why do they then maliciously traduce the *Messenger of God*, and resist the *Truth*?

But they will say, that the Pleasures which they shall enjoy after the *Resurrection*, will be refined and spiritual as their *Bodies* shall be: Whereas, they say, our *Prophet* intimates gross, carnal Enjoyments; as, the Company of Beautiful Women, and such amorous Delights.

Certainly; they are wilfully blind, and shut their Eyes against the Light; or else, they would easily see through the Veil of *Allegories* and *Metaphors*, which our *Divine Prophet* uses in the *Alcoran*, to adapt the Doctrine of Heavenly Things, to the dull Capacities of Men; even, as all the *Prophets* and *Apostles* have done before him. In the *Book of the Gospel*, *Paradise* is described under the Figure of a most *Magnificent City*, built all of Gold and Precious Stones, with a River flowing by it, and Trees whose Fruit never withers

withers, nor their Leaves fade. Will the *Christians* take this in the Literal Sence, or do they own it to be an *Allegory*? If the latter, then why do they Blaspheme the *Sacred Oracles* of our *Holy Law-giver*, because he describes the Felicities of *Paradise* under Sensible Figures and Types, such as are most apt to work on the Affections of Men?

It is not to be thought, that our Enjoyment of Beautiful Women in *Paradise*, shall be attended with the Least of those Impurities which stain it in this Life. Our Pleasures shall be agreeable to the Place whither we go, pure and immaculate. As we shall there enjoy the Perfection of Beauty, without the smallest Allay of Deformity; so, in our Enjoyment, we shall be transported with the Height of Extasie, without the least Mixture of Pollution.

Nor shall these Bodily Delights supersede or hinder our more Spiritual Enjoyments; but, both Body and Soul shall be ravished with Eternal Felicities

Tell me, thou who art the *Key* of the *Treasures* of *Truth*, whether I am now sufficiently arm'd with Reasons, to withstand the Cavils and Objections which the *Infidels* make against our *Holy Law*! I have laid at thy Feet my Sentiments, submitting all to thy unerring Wisdom; vouchsafe to confirm what I have well said, and to correct my Errors. And, in the midst of thy *Divine Ejaculations*, glance a Thought on the humblest of thy *Slaves*, praying for the *Exil'd Mahmut*, that he may

persevere in the *true Faith*; and, at the End of his Life, may taste the Joys of *Paradise*, which he zealously asserts against the *Infidels*.

Paris, 10th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER IX.

To the Kaimacham.

WHEN I informed thee of the Siege of *Perpignan*, I had not heard of the Extraordinary Honours which were done to the Prince of *Morgues* during that Siege. This Prince, was a Subject of the King of *Spain*, and had in Possession the Town of *Monaco*. Yet, for some disgusts which he had received from the *Spaniards*, he some Years ago had thoughts of throwing himself upon the Protection of the King of *France*; but, Difficulties arising, it took not effect at that Time. However, in the Year 1641. by the Dexterity of the Governour of *Provence*, he was so far wrought upon, that a *French* Garrison was by his Connivence put into *Monaco*, and he totally threw off his Obedience to the King of *Spain*; and though great Offers were made him by the Cardinal of *Savoy* and others, yet he rejected all; and, to demonstrate to King
Philip,

Philip, That his Soul was altogether *French*, he sent him back the *Collar* which was the *Badge* of his *Knighthood*, bestowed on him in the *Spanish Court*.

After which, Four Gallies of *Naples* cruising on the Sea before *Ville-Franche*, one of them by the Order of the Captain sailed to *Monaco*, not having heard of the Revolt of this Place. The *Prince* invited the Captain to come ashore, and, as soon as he was landed, Threescore *Frenchmen* who lay hid in the Boat which carried the Message, boarded the Galley with admirable Resolution, killing near Thirty *Spaniards* who made Resistance, and the rest yielding, the *French* took Possession of the Vessel.

The *Prince* sailed in this Galley to *Marseilles*, with his Son, who is dignified with the Title of a *Marquess*; and, taking their Way through *Provence* and *Languedoc*, came to the King of *France*, while he lay with his Army before *Perpignan*.

King *Lewis*, to whom nothing is more delightful than to reward the Merits of Brave Men, caressed him with extraordinary Demonstrations of Affection, and Acknowledgments of his Service; sending his Coaches to meet him on the Way, causing his Army to appear in Battel-Array, entertaining him at his own Table, and doing all Things which might honour the Arrival of this Prince at his Camp. And, to make him amends for the Loss of his *Order of Knighthood*, he invested him with that of the *Holy Ghost*; which, as I have in my former Letters told thee, is

a fair Step to make one a *Peer of France*.

I thought good to inform thee of this Passage, *Illustrious Minister*, in whose Power it lies, to lift up to Dignities and the Great Charges of the *Empire*, Men in whom thou perceivest a *Genius* capable of Great Undertakings.

God direct thee in making Choice of such as may be effectually serviceable to the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 17th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER X.

To Achmet Beig:

IT seems as if the late Revolution in *Portugal*, had imbitter'd the *Spaniards* to Despair, and swell'd the Spleen of that Nation with insupportable Rancour. The Loss, which they cannot hope fairly to recover by Arms, they seek to Revenge by dishonourable Assassine and Treachery.

The *Marquess de Los Velez*, the *Spanish Ambassador* at the *Court of Rome*, could not brook to see there an *Ambassador* from the King of *Portugal*, whom he esteemed at best but a Subject or a Traytor to *Philip his Master*. He tryed all means to prevent and hinder

der his Audience with the Pope, and openly demanded, that he might be sent back into Portugal with Disgrace. But, the *Sieur de Fontenay*, Ambassador from France, supported and countenanc'd the Portuguese Minister, which precipitated the *Marquess de Los Velez*, to one of the blackest Attempts that has ever stain'd the Records of Time.

Thou art not to learn, that the Persons of Ambassadors are by the Law of Nations esteemed Sacred; their Houses, Sanctuaries; and, whatsoever Injury is offer'd them, is at least accounted a Civil Sacrilege. Yet, the Spanish Ambassador finding the Bishop of *Lamego* (so was the Portuguese called), protected and favoured by the French Interest, resolves to leap over the Fences which secure the Immunities and Safety of his own Function, and to violate the Law without which he himself could not sleep free from Danger in his Bed. For, being informed that the Portuguese Ambassador was gone to visit the *Sieur de Fontenay*, he goes out of his House with a Train of about Twenty Men, and covering his Design with a pretence of going to the House of an Eminent Cardinal, he takes the same Way, as the Portuguese Bishop was to return to his House. But, the French Ambassador having Notice, that one of the Marquess's Retinue was observ'd to dog the Bishop to his Palace, and return immediately to his Master, set some Spies upon the *Marquess de Los Velez*, who brought him Word, that the Marquess had ordered all his Retinue to arm themselves and

follow him. This gave a sufficient Alarm and Suspicion to *De Fontenay*, so that he commanded Thirty of his Servants to arm likewise, and follow him in separate Parties, at a Distance from one another; being resolved to protect the *Portugueze*, who was an *Allie of France*, and to prevent the Design of his Enemies. No sooner had the *Bishop of Lamego* taken his Coach, but Notice was given to the *Spanish Minister*, who immediately advances toward him, big with the Murder he intended to commit. But, the *French* appearing, and falling briskly on the *Spaniards*, kill'd seven of them in a Moment, and broke through the Rest, even to the very Coach of the *Marquess*, with a Resolution to make him taste the Death he designed for the poor *Bishop*. But, he had the Fortune to escape into the *Palace* of a *Spanish Cardinal*, and so saved himself.

The *Spanish Ambassador* after this, being nettled at his ill Success, and the Favour which the *Bishop of Lamego* found in that Court, designed to remove to *Naples*; but, the *Pope* set a Guard on him to prevent it, till such time as he had given Hostages for the Indemnity of his *Nuntio's* in *Spain* and *Naples*.

The *Neapolitan Viceroy* being informed of these Proceedings, made great Preparations; and, the *Spaniards* threatened to plunder and burn the City of *Rome*. But, upon more deliberate Thoughts, the *Viceroy* made shew of Friendship to the *Pope*, offering him Five Thousand Soldiers to assist against the *Duke of Parma*, thinking by this Fraud, to gain Admission
into

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into the *Ecclesiastick* Territories, which would facilitate the Way to the Satisfaction they aim'd at. But, the *Pope* knew how to return the *Viceroy's* Compliment, without hazarding his own Estate; telling him, That the *Roman* Forces were more than sufficient to conquer the *Duke*, had he any other Designs than those of Peace.

By this Passage of the *Spanish Ambassador*, thou may'st comprehend the Licentiousness of the *Infidels*, who dare trample upon *Human* and *Sacred* Laws; and, that in *Rome* it self, where the *Supreme Musti* of the *Christians* keeps his Seat. It was never known, that such a Thing was attempted in the *Sublime Port*, where the Majesty and severe Justice of the *Ottoman Empire*, strikes an Awe and Terror into all People, restraining the very Thoughts of so heinous a Crime.

May the *Conservator* of the *Ages*, hasten the prefixed Time, wherein the *Christian Nations* shall be subdued to the *Mussulman Faith*; That so, Justice and Vertue, with perpetual Peace, may bless the Earth.

Paris, 17th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1643.

H 4 LETTER

LETTER XI.

To the Vizir Azem, at the Port.

I Could not let this Post go without a Letter, though I have nothing material to write. However, 'tis a Testimony of my Duty, to let thee know, that *Mahmut* is not Idle, that he suffers not an Hour, a Moment, to escape, wherein he studies not to do some acceptable Service to the *Grand Signior*.

All the *Dispatches* which I receive from the *Port*, seem like black Clouds, gathering on the Margin of the *Horizon*, the sure Harbingers of an approaching Storm. One accuses me of neglecting the Service of the *Master* of the *World*; Another tells me, I am too Expensive; a Third says, the *Ministers* of the *Divan* will take other Methods. They mince their Expressions; no Man will deal plainly with me. They mix Threatnings with Complements, as if I were a Child, and needed the Discipline of a Rattle and a Rod. Would they have me reverse the *Decrees* of *Destiny*? Turn *Winter* into *Summer*, and change the whole Order of *Nature*? Or, is it expected, that I should renew the Exploit of *Calmus*, and cause *Earth-born* Armies to arise, on purpose to furnish Matter of News to the *Port*? I appeal to thee, Supreme *Vizir*, at whose Nod the *Divan* is Assembled or Dissolv'd, whether I deserve the Censures that are

are pass'd upon me? No Man can accuse me of betraying my Trust, or of holding any Correspondence with the Enemies of the *Mussulman Empire*. What is then my Crime? Am I to be condemned, for employing the Money which is allotted me for Subsistence, to render my *Ministry* more Successful? Will they call it, an embezzling the *Sultan's* Money; when, rather than hoard it up for my own private Profit and Conveniences, (as I might do considerable Sums, were I so basely Frugal) I frankly part with it, to consummate the Affair for which I am placed here? Or, is the *Ottoman Treasury* grown low, that heretofore has supported the Indigent World, and by an Excess of Royal Munificence, has been thrown to the Fishes of the Sea? Is *Mahmut* alone to be esteemed a Prodigal in his present Expences, because 'tis known that he was a *Slave* in *Sicily*, and tyed down to the penurious Stint of a rigorous Patron? Suffer me this once, Sage *Minister*, to vindicate my self, and to tell thee, That the Hardships and squalid Circumstances of Captivity, would not be very subservient to the Ends for which I am sent hither; neither can a niggardly Pension, qualifie me for the *Genius* of the *Court* in which I must be daily conversant, where all Things appear Gay and Polite. It has not been my Custom to complain without a Cause, neither do I love to grate my Superiors, with whining Remonstrances. But, it is my humble Request, That the *Ministers* of the *Divan* would consider me, not as a

H f

Drudge

Drudge to a Private Man in *Palermo*, but as the Indefatigable *Slave* of the Most Opulent and Liberal *Monarch* in the World.

In all these Things, I contract my self into a most submissive Resignation to thy Will, who art the *Viceroy* of the *Empire*, founded on the Rock of *Destiny*; beseeching thee, to protect me from the Malice of Whisperers, who envy me, because I serve the *Sovereign* of *Sovereigns*, *Lord* of the *East* and of the *West*, and all that is between them.

May the Eternal Possessor of all Felicity, cull out of his Immense Treasures, such Blessings as thou most ardently desirest in this Life; and, when he has led thee through all the Apartments of Human Bliss on Earth, may he translate thee to the Palaces of *Eden*, the Seats of an Immortal Life, where new Sources of Joy are open'd without End.

Paris, 26th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Murat Bassa.

THE Floods have been so great, and those also congealed into Ice, that there has been no travelling by some Roads for these Two Moons; which is the Reason, we have been wanting in our usual Advices from Germany, Piedmont, the Valtoline, and other Parts.

Yet now, the Posts bring a Glut of News to this City. *Fribergh*, a Town in the Parts of Saxony, is at this Time besieged by *Torsten*, General of the Swedish Army. He Invested it the 11th. of the 1st Moon. And, People are amazed to hear, that it has held out thus long, being a Place of no great Strength. Especially, considering how soon *Leipsick* surrender'd to the same Forces; a Town well fortified, and stored with all Things necessary to sustain a long Siege. By this thou may'st observe, how much the Fortune of War many Times depends on one successful Battel.

When *Torsten* first lay down before *Leipsick*, it was generally believed, he would find a stout Resistance from the Inhabitants, and an Inflexible Resolution in the Garrison, not to yield that Important Place: And perhaps they would not have been mistaken, had not the Imperialists (out of a Generous Design

sign to relieve it, and raise the Siege) hazard-
ed a Battel. The *Arch-Duke* of *Austria*
(whose Name is *Leopold*) and *Picolomini*, as
soon as they received Advice that the *Swedish*
Army had passed the *Elbe*, and enter'd into
Misnia, took their directest Way to stop their
Advance into those Parts. But, it had been
better they had kept their *Quarters*; for, in
one Battel, they lost all the Glory which
they had before acquired by their Arms. *Tor-*
stenson was already intrenched before *Leip-*
sick, when his Scouts brought him Intelli-
gence, that the *Imperial* Army was near at
Hand. He immediately disposes of his Bag-
gage in a secure Place, draws out his Cannon,
and having left a sufficient Number of Sol-
diers to guard the Posts of his Camp which
were nearest the City, he marches directly to-
ward the Enemy, and possesses himself of a
Spot of Ground very agreeable to his Occa-
sions; it was called, the *Plain of Brittenfield*.
This Place he designed for the Stage, where-
on to perform the Part of a Prudent, and Va-
liant *General*. For, as soon as he came in
Sight of the *German Vanguard*, he caused his
Army to retreat faintly, as though he had
no Intention to fight. The *Germans* pursue
the Retreating *Swedes*, till they were got into
very narrow *Streights* between Two steep
Mountains; not much unlike the *Capi Der-*
vent in *Bulgaria* (where the *Heyducks*, ta-
king the Advantage of the Heights, commit
great Robberies on the *Caravans* that travel
through those *Streights*, rolling huge Stones,

or

or rather Rocks, down upon the Passengers.) Here the *Suedes* turned about, and falling behind their Cannon, which *Torsten*son had caused to be planted in these *Streights*, play'd furiously on the *Germans*, while the Musquetiers which he had order'd on the Sides of the Mountains, gall'd them from above, yet lay themselves Invisible, under the Covert of Thickets which grew on each Side of the *Streight*. It was the *Left Wing* of the *Imperialists* which was thus engaged, and *Picolomini* who commanded them, gave admirable Proofs of an undaunted Courage, appearing at the Head of his Surprized Soldiers, and heartning them with Words and Actions full of Bravery; but, his Labour was lost, for Six Thousand fled without drawing a Sword. The *Suedes* pursued them through the *Streight*, and re-entring the *Plain*, engaged with the *Right Wing* of the *Germans*. The Battel was fierce and bloody. *General Picolomini* did Wonders, and many brave *Germans* signalized their Valour; but, it seems as if the Fate of *Torsten*son, is to ruine the *Empire*: For, while the Battel was yet equal on both Sides, and the Victory doubtful; while the Ground was dyed with a Mixture of *German* and *Suedish* Blood, he falls into the Main Body of the *Imperial* Army with a fresh Reserve, which so animated the *Suedes* and disorder'd their Enemies, that at length the *Germans* not able longer to sustain the Shock, left their Cannon and retreated into a *Forest*. Now followed a Dreadful Slaughter; for, the *Sue-*

disb Cavalry environ'd the chas'd *Germans*, whom *Coningsmark* had hunted out of the *Forest*, and charged them with such Fury, that they were most of them cut in Pieces. The *Germans* lost Four Thousand Men on the Spot, and as many more in the Pursuit.

I have sent thee in the inclosed Paper, a List of all the Officers of Note which were slain in this Battel, which is esteemed one of the most Bloody, that has been fought in *Europe* between *Christians* on both Sides these Two Hundred Years. Thou wilt there find above Three Hundred Commanders, from whom a Death not Inglorious has taken their *Commissions*.

The *Germans* also lost Six and Forty Pieces of Cannon, Sixty Five Standards, all their *Ammunition*, a Hundred and Sixty Carts, and Six Hundred Wagons; with all the Treasury of the *Arch-Duke Leopold*, and General *Piccolomini*.

This Battel was fought, on the First of the Eleventh Moon, as we reckon; but, according to the *Christians* Account, on the Twenty First of the Tenth Moon.

After this Signal Victory, General *Torsten*son shewed himself again before *Leipsick*, approached the Walls, planted his Batteries; and, though the Besieged at first made shew of a firm Resolution to defend the Place, yet the Terror which the late Defeat of the *German* Forces had struck them with, soon altered their Counsels, and they surrender'd upon Honourable Conditions.

In the mean Time, *General Piccolomini* and the *Arch-duke of Austria*, are retired into *Bohemia*. The *German Court* is full of Apprehensions; and, new Levies are every where making, to join the shatter'd Remnants of the Army. The Affairs of the King of *Hungary* are at an ill Pass, and all things look with a Cloudy Aspect on the *Empire*,

From the Side of *Italy*, we hear nothing of Moment, but the *Spaniards* are taking such Measures, as may best repair the Loss of *Tortona*: and, to that End, the *Duke of Milan* is making all the Preparations which are customary in such Cases. 'Tis said here, they intend to recover that Place again.

May these Quarrels of the *Infidels* continue, till the determinate Time shall come, that our *Victorious Armies* shall subdue them to the *Mussulman Empire*.

Paris, 7th. of the 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To the Kaimacham.

WHEN I sent thee Word of the Death of *Cardinal Richlieu*, I thought it the same thing, as if I had presented thee with the Head of one of the most Dangerous Enemies of the *Ottoman Empire*. That Head which while the Owner lived, was always plotting of Mischief, had it not been diverted by nearer Intrigues, would not have fail'd to put some horrid Design in Execution against the *Sublime Port*, which of all the *Thrones* in the World, seems alone to o'er-top the *Grandeur* of *France*.

But, this *Court* seems to play the *Hydra*; for, no sooner is the Head of one of her *Prime Ministers* laid, but up springs another in the Room of it, equal in Vigour and Subtily. And we have still as much Reason to apprehend the Counsels of *Cardinal Mazarini*, as before we had to suspect those of *Richlieu*.

The Generality of the People at first, look'd for another Conduct in the King towards the Creatures of the *Late Minister*; since he himself, toward the latter End of his Life, seem'd to subsist in the *Court*, rather through the Necessity the King had of his Counsels, than any Motive of Affection.

However the King has exactly complied with the *Cardinal's* dying Requests, in honouring

nouring several of his Relations and Friends, with *Places* of considerable Trust. And, 'tis to his last Recommendation, *Cardinal Mazarini* is obliged for the Authority he now possesses. In using of which, he discovers a refined Policy, and a Modesty which hath but few Examples.

The many Combinations and Attempts against *Cardinal Richieu*, and the King's Coldness to him during the Siege of *Perpignan*, sufficiently instructed *Mazarini*, that it was impossible to possess so Eminent a Charge, without drawing on him the Envy and Hatred of the *Grandeess*. He considered also, That he was a Stranger, whereas *Richieu* was a Native of *France*. Therefore, he unites his Interest with that of Two Great Officers, who also courted the King's Favour; the one, is *Superintendent* of the *Finances*; the other, *Secretary* of *State*. These being longer acquainted with the nice Transactions of the *Court*, and the Intrigues of the *Grandeess*, do him no small Service with their Instructions, and likewise abate the Popular Spight, or at least, share it with the *Cardinal*; since no Body will be so partial, as to lay the Blame of any Miscarriage on Him alone, who seems to do nothing without the Direction of his Two Partners (for so he calls them, as if these Three shared among them the Authority of the Defunct *Cardinal*.) This is a pure Trick of *Mazarini*; and he serves himself of them as we use a Ladder, designing by their Means to mount by safer Steps, and on their Shoulders,

Shoulders, to lift himself unenvied to the Helm of the *State*. Not, but that he is actually Invested with the *Primacy* by the King; but, he is willing to divert the Storm which that will draw upon him from the *Nobles*, therefore he cunningly seems to decline it, pretending an earnest Desire to with-draw into *Italy*, and in the *Interim* has chosen these Two for his Colleagues. Thus he grasps with one Hand, what with the other he seems to reject; and by his Magnificent Living, his Obsequious Court, and obliging Carriage to all, he demonstrates, that if he should pass the *Alps*, his Heart would be left behind him in *France*, and that he only aims to be establish'd in the *Ministry*, with Universal Applause.

It makes me smile sometimes, to see what pains he takes to entangle himself in Infinite Hazards and Trouble, as if he were of a Constitution like that of a *Salamander*, which cannot live out of a Fire.

The Great God encrease the Vertues and Graces of the *Illustrious Kaimacham*, and of all the *Ministers* that stand by the Bright Throne of Justice, the Seat of the *Ottoman Emperors*.

Paris; 20th. of the 4th. Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

*To the Venerable Musti, Prince of
the Interpreters of the Law and
Judges of Equity.*

A Cloud of Sorrow o'er-spreads the *Kingdom
of France*; their *Sun* is set; the Mighty
Lewis, for whom all *Europe* had been too
narrow, had he liv'd, is now confined within
the Limits of a Grave. He died at *St. Ger-
mains* yesterday, being the Fourteenth of the
Fifth Moon; having left his *Queen* possess'd
of the *Regency*, and *Cardinal Mazarini*, of
the Prime Conduct of the *State*.

He was a *Prince* of great Virtue, which with
his successful Conquests and Victories, pro-
cur'd him the Envy of his Neighbours. And,
some Criticks among his own Subjects, pretend
to find many Faults in his Proceedings; as,
Breach of *Royal* Promise to the Governor of
Saumur, when he delivered him the Keys of
the Town; to the *Rochellers* in not razing
Lewin's Fort. Among Foreigners, the *Duke
of Savoy*, the *Duke of Lorrain*, and the *German
Emperor*, charge him with Breach of Articles
in his Treaties. So does the *King of Spain*.
And all of them complain, That he alone has
involv'd all *Christendom* in War and Blood.

Every Thing has two Handles, and Men
are apt to take all things by the Worst, especi-
ally

ally in Cases of this Nature. It is difficult for a *Sovereign Monarch*, to carry himself so evenly in Peace or War, as to escape Obloquy; especially, if he be Victorious. Losers must have leave to be peevish.

But I forget that I speak to him, who can repeal the Sentences of Greatest *Monarchs*; before whose unerring Tribunal, all Earthly *Dignities* stand mute. Therefore, avoiding all impertinent Glosses, I will only present thee with what is proper to be said without partiality in *Lewis* his Vindication, being Matter of Fact, and leave the Decision to thy Sacred Judgment.

Herein it will not be amiss to call to Mind, how the Kings of *Spain*, and the whole *House of Austria*, have invaded and disturbed the Peace of *Europe*, from time to time, these many Years.

The Usurpation of *Navarre* by *Ferdinand* King of *Arragon*, began the fatal Jarr, when he deposed *John* of *Albret* and *Catharine* his Queen, though he himself had no other Title to this Kingdom, than what the Sword of the *Arragonians* and *Castilians* gave him, being of *Pyrrhus* and *Lysander's* Mind, who knew no other Limits to their Dominions than what their Enemies stout Resistance set them. Thus *Navarre* being adjacent to Old *Castile*, *Biscay* and *Galicie*, it became a Prey to *Spain*. Add to this, his Breach of Royal Word to *Catharine de Medicis*, (*Queen-Mother of France*;) to *Don Antonio*, the next Heir of *Portugal*; the *Dukes of Savoy* and *Parma*, and

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Catharine, *Dutchess* of *Braganza*; that he would acquiesce to the *Chamber* of *Lisbon*, in the Case of Succession to the Crown of *Portugal*; when, contrary to all Law and Justice, he Invaded that Kingdom unawares, making it a *Tributary Province* to the *Spanish Crown*!

It has been the usual Methods of Politick and wise Princes, to check the Torrent of their Neighbours growing Greatness, to lopp the Luxuriant Branches of ill-gotten *Empire*; and, had *Henry IV.* of *France* prolong'd his Life, 'tis thought he would have re-conquer'd *Navarre*, and planted the *Flower-de-Luces* in *Fontarabia* and *Pampelone*. Who can then with Justice, tax *Lewis XIII.* for managing a War, which all the World expected of his Father?

Moreover, the *Spanish* Methods in conquering *Mexico* and *Peru*, Two mighty *Empires* in *America*; their barbarous Cruelty, their inhumane Butchery of above Twenty Millions of the Natives, when neither Dignity, nor Age, nor Sex, was spar'd, but all became a Sacrifice to their Insatiable Avarice of Gold, was a sufficient Argument to incense all the Princes in the World against them.

I have no Interest in *France*, any more than I should have in *Spain*, if I were there: I only plead for Justice.

'Twas time for *France* to be alarm'd and stand upon her Guard, when she saw her Potent Neighbour planting fresh Alliances and Interests, like Batteries, round about her; had the Danger only threatned from beyond the *Py-*

renean

reuean Mountains, she might have waited their Designs. But, when she saw so many *Powers* and *States* united in close Leagues, and wholly subject to *Spain*, 'twas time to beat the Drum and carry the War from Home, 'twas time to climb the *Alps* and take a survey of *Spanish Italy*; for the *Kingdom* of *Naples*, the *Dutchy* of *Millain*, the *Island* of *Sicily*, the *Dukes* of *Mantua*, *Parma*, and *Urbino*, the *Princes* of *Massa* and *Piombino*, with the *Free States* of *Genoua* and *Luca*, did then all march under the Banner of *Spain*. So that none but the *Great Duke* of *Tuscany*, with the *Republic* of *Venice*, were left to withstand his threatenng Arms. Who will now blame King *Lewis*, for drawing into his *Confederacy* the *Hollanders*, *Hessians*, *Grisons*, and the *Suedes*? How could he otherwise dissolve that formidable Union aforesaid?

Besides the Murders of *Henry III.* and *Henry IV.* the one Kill'd at *St. Clou* by *James Clewent*, the other at *Paris* by *Ravillac*, were so apparently hatch'd, and committed by *Spanish Counsel* and Influence, that, had *Lewis*, the late King, no other Reasons to stand upon his Guard, and observe the Motions of *Spain*, yet that were enough to justify his war-like Preparations against that Crown. For, besides the Motives of a Just Revenge, the common Jealousies of *State*, must needs prompt him to do his utmost, in Prevention of *Spanish Intrigues*.

Nor ought his matching with the *Infants*, to have given him any greater security; since, under

under the fairest Grass, many times lurks the most Venomous Snake. What *Spain* could not do by open Force nor secret Conspiracy, she hoped might be accomplish'd by this specious Marriage. And, it was no small step toward it, that the numerous Train of *Spaniards*, which came into *France* with the *Infanta*, presently skrewed themselves into all Offices and Places of trust, both in Church and State; daily making Parties and Pensioners for *Spain*, till at length all *France* grew weary of them? So that the King was constrained to send them Home again: Else it is more than probable, that in a little Time he might have seen this flourishing Kingdom, in a worse Condition than ever had been known before. He has already seen the Bowels of *France* ript up by Intestine Broils, and weltring in its own Blood; he has seen the Princes and Nobles armed against him debauching and alienating the Allegiance of the *French Gentry*, *Clergy* and *Commons*, and covering their pernicious Rebellion under the Mask of the *Holy League*. He has seen the Duke of *Roan* leading up and down an Army of Twelve Thousand *Foot*, and Twelve Hundred *Horse*, at the King of *Spain's* Cost; he himself with his Brother *Soubize*, being both Pensioners to the King of *Spain*, the one receiving Fourteen, the other Eight Thousand Crowns a Year. In fine, he has seen the strongest Cities and Forts of *Picardy*, *Normandy*, and other Provinces of *France* plundered, and pillaged by flying Armies of *Spaniards* and

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Imperialists, even when he least dream'd of any such Misfortune, being at the same time involv'd in *Civil Wars* with his own *Subjects*. After all this, had he not Reason to prevent the like Mischiefs and Incurfions for the future, by transporting the War into his Enemies Countries, who had committed so many Hostilities and Ravages in his? It was certainly high Time for *France* to rouse up her Martial *Genius*, and leave off her dreaming *Theory*, when *Spain* was so busie with the *Practick*.

These are the Arguments that may be alledged, in Vindication of the King of *France's* Conduct toward *Spain*. And not much less is to be recriminated upon the *Emperor* of *Germany*, his seizing the *Dutchy* of *Cleves* and *Fuliers*, with many *Towns* and *Bishopricks* in the Counties of *Luxemburgh* and *La Marck*, as also in the Frontiers of *Suisseland* and *Lorrain*. His Conquest of the *Palatinate*, with the chiefest Cities, Forts, and passes of the *Grisons*; his reducing the Lives and Liberties of that People to their last Gasp and Period, was a sufficient Motive to the *French* King, to put a speedy Check to this encreasing Grandeur of the *House* of *Austria*.

I leave the Determination of these Matters to thy Sage Wisdom, Great *Arbiter* of *Justice*, and bowing my Head to the Dust, awfully retire.

Paris, 15th. of the 5th. Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of State.

THREE Days ago, *Lewis XIII.* King of France and Navarre, was arrested by the *King of Terrors*, and forc'd to pay the *Grand Debt*, to God and Nature; I will not say, before it was due, but sooner than the accustomed Time of Payment, being not full Forty Three Years old.

Yet Heaven was so Indulgent, as not to suffer the *Grim Messenger of Fate*, to snatch him hence without a previous Summons: His Distemper being a lingering Consumption, which gave him frequent Intimations of his fading Strength.

There are not wanting such as whisper, That he was hurried out of the World before his Time, by some unnatural Artifice. And, the Common Sort say, that *Mazarini's* Scarlet, looks of a more *Sanguine Hue*, than it did Four Days ago.

The Reason of this Jealousie, I suppose, is grounded on the Familiarity that has been observed between the now *Queen Regent* and the *Cardinal*; both also being Strangers to the French Blood, she a *Spaniard*, and he an *Italian*. I will not determine how far these Reflections are justifiable, because I know it is
I impossible

impossible for Persons in their Circumstances, to avoid the Censure of busie prying Minds, in such a Juncture as this : Yet some, who move in a Sphere above the Vulgar, cannot forget by whose Instigations his *Royal* Father, *Henry the Great*, was sent out of the World.

The known familiar Access which the *Marquess Spinola* gave to *Bavillac* at *Brussels*, the private Entertainments between them a little before that Murderer gave the fatal Blow, together with other Circumstances, amounted to more than a strong Presumption with the *French*, that *Spain* was the Principal Author of that Tragedy.

And, the sudden Exclamation of *Francesco Corvini*, an *Italian Astrologer*, the Night before the King was kill'd, made some Men cast an Eye of Suspicion beyond the *Alps*. For, he standing on the Leads of his House in *Florence*; as though he were observing the Stars, on a sudden stamp'd with his Foot, and said, *To Morrow the Most Potent Monarch of Europe will be kill'd*. But some curious Heads imagine, he had his Intelligence nearer Hand, than from the Heavens, and, that rather, some of the Great *Italian Stars* had made him thus Prophetick.

Hence, by comparing these Times with those, the present Regency of a *Spaniard*, and Superintendency of an *Italian*, creates a like Suspicion in the *French*, concerning the Death of *Lewis XIII.* who though he died in his Bed, yet might as well be murder'd by a Drug, as his Father was by a Knife. These
are

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are the secret Surmises of Cabals, not a little heightened by reflecting on the Time of both their Deaths; both dying in the same Month, the same Day of the Month, and much about the same Hour of the Day.

Yet, notwithstanding these Murmurs, when his Body was open'd, and his Intrails taken out and search'd, the *Physicians* gave their Sentence, That he died a Natural Death. His Bowels are carried to *St. Denis*, a Town above Three Leagues from *Paris*, there to be buried; and his Body is Embalmed in order to its Sepulture in the same Place; there being a Magnificent Church, where all the *Royal Blood* of *France* is commonly Interr'd.

Yesterday I was in Company with one of his *Physicians*, and entring into Discourse of the *King's* Death, (the common Theme of all Companies at present) he told us that the *King's* Wasting and Death proceeded from the Disproportion of his Moisture to his Heat, the latter being predominant in his Constitution; so that not meeting with a sufficient check from Natural Humidity, it kindled constant Fevers in his Body, which never left him till he left the World.

He was a very devout Man in his Religion, and free from Vice, at least, to outward Observation. A remarkable Instance of his Piety he gave in his Youth; when entring a certain Country Village, the better Sort of Inhabitants offered to attend him with a Canopy; he answer'd, *I bear you have no Church here, neither will I suffer a Canopy of State to*

be born over my Head in that Place, where God hath not a Consecrated Roof to dwell under, (For, these Nazarenes believe, that God dwells in their Temples.)

He was temperate to a Miracle, in the Midst of *Royal Dainties*; not suffering his *Palate* to betray his *Vertue*. He scorn'd those *Pleasures* which debase the *Mind*. And, took more delight in the noise of *Drums* and *Trumpets*, and the *Roaring* of *Cannon*, than in the soft *Blandishments* of *Love*. He was adorned with many other *Vertues*, which gained him the *Love* of all, and more especially, the *Favour* of *Heaven*. Yet, after all his *Victories*, *Successes* and *Triumphs*, all that can be now said of him is, *He is Dead*. Thus passes away the *Glory* of the *Greatest Potentates*.

God preserve our *Invincible Sultan*, ever *Glorious*, *Prosperous*, *Renowned* and *Immortal*.

Paris, 17th. of the 5th. Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To the Kaimacham.

I Am plac'd as an *Echo* in *Paris*, to remit to the *Ottoman Port*, the *Sanctuary* of the *World*, whatsoever makes a Noise in *Christendom*. I have sent a *Dispatch* to the *Venerable Musli*, as also to the *Principal Secretary of State*, containing the News of the Death of *Lewis XIII.* King of *France* and *Navarre*.

I need not repeat here, what I have said to them; Because I know, they will communicate to thee my Letters.

Yet suffer me to say something of this Great *Monarch*, who, had his Nature been more durable, would in all probability have exceeded all his *Royal Progenitors*, both in his Conquests abroad, and his Absolute Sway at Home. Of which he gave an early Presage, appearing at the Head of Armies, at those Years when other Princes are but learning the Rudiments of War in the *Academy*.

When he was little more than Twelve Years of Age, he began to discover his Valour and Conduct, in subduing the Rebels of *Poitou* and *Bretaigne*, leading an Army against them in his own Person.

Yet, that Success, did not discourage others of his Subjects, from attempting fresh Insurrections against him. Fate decreed, that

he should gather the Laurels which compos'd his Crown, from amongst Briars and Thorns; His whole Life being one continued Series of War, either at Home or Abroad, and sometimes both.

But, that which most exercis'd his Patience, was, the frequent *Intestine* Broils and Insurrections of his own Subjects, of which he saw no less than Ten during his Reign, some of them headed and abetted by the *Princes* of the *Blood*; Nay, as if Heaven had cut him out for the Toils of War, when all Things else were in a Posture of Peace, his own *Mother* and *Monseigneur* his *Brother*, several Times call'd him into the Field, by taking up Arms against him.

When Victory had erected *Obelisks* and other Monuments of Honour to him in *Italy* and *Spain*, and had cut Triumphal Arches through the *Alps* and *Pyrenean* Mountains, for the Conquerours Return; when he had made the *Rhine* to flow with *German* Blood, and had every where both by Sea and Land left Tokens of his matchless Fortune; coming to his own Country, instead of Trophies and Honours to welcome home their Sovereign, his Ears were always grated with the unwelcome News of *Civil Wars* in his own Kingdom.

Yet, he that considers, need not wonder at these Convulsions of the *State* in *France*, or any other Kingdom so populous as that is. In the *Oeconomy* of the *Universe*, though it be governed by an *Eternal Providence* which cannot

cannot err, yet we see the *Elements* at war with each other, and that perpetually; and out of this restless Strife and Quarrel, arises the Health and good Constitution of the *Natural World*. So is it in the *Political World*; No *Kingdom* or *Commonwealth* can subsist without Purgations of her peccant and superfluous Humours; which War effects, as the most Appropriate and Natural Remedy in such Cases.

Neither had *Lewis* any great Reason, to be angry at these Disorders, since through his Prudent Management, they furnish'd him both with the Opportunity and Means to reduce this Kingdom to an entire Obedience, which his *Predecessors* could never accomplish. Thus, they say, the Palm, the more it is oppress'd with Weights, shoots up the higher.

Kingdoms and *Empires*, like *Natural Bodies*, have their proper Time of Growth; and, the *Genius* of each Nation, stimulates it with a strong Desire and Appetite of enlarging its Dominions, which it never ceases to pursue, till it be arriv'd to the Meridian and Height of Grandeur; though it be often interrupted and retarded in its Course to Maturity, by *State Fevers* and other Maladies.

Thus *France*, during the Nonage of her growing *State*, felt various Shocks and Fits; often threatn'd with a Dissolution by the high-wrought Blood of potent Factions. Yet, in her Constitution, she had Antidotes as well as Poysons: And, her wise Kings, had skill

to check and curb a Popular Disease. But, none e'er rooted out the Cause, till this great *Lewis* took the Cure in Hand. He has awakned all the *Vital Powers of State*, and rowz'd the very Soul of *Government*. 'Tis he alone, has crush'd the last Head of that Faction'd *Hydra*, which for so many Reigns, had exercis'd the Arms of his *Royal Ancestors*.

Wouldst thou know, by what Methods he has accomplish'd this Great Work? I'll tell thee in a Word; by Rigour and Severity. He fleec'd the *Rich Plebeians* of their Gold, and kept the *Poor* in that Condition, by continual Taxes and Impositions.

Yet, he was a *Prince* of that admirable Temper in his Government, that he acquired the Epithet of *Just*.

His *Queen* is now *Regent*, according to the *Law of France*, the *Dauphin* being but Four Years of Age.

The *Sovereign Arbiter of Fate*, grant to the Glorious *Sultan*, Victory over all his Enemies, that so, these *Western Nations*, when their Course is run, may be subdued to the *Sacred Empire* of the *True Believers*.

Paris, 17th: of the 5th. Moon,
of the Year 1643.

.LETTER

LETTER XV.

*To the Venerable Musti, Successor
of the Prophets, and Messengers
of God.*

THY last Letter, has confirmed the Effects of the former ; and given me a fresh Testimony, of thy *Paternal* Affection and Friendship : It is an evident Sign, that thou takest Care of poor *Mahmut*, when with an Authority full of Tenderness, thou reprovest his Faults, without leaving him Occasion to despair. Such Reprehensions, are a Sovereign Balm to a wounded Spirit ; and, I hope, after an Application sweetned with so much Clemency, I shall never do any Thing which may merit or need the Discipline requisite to a Gangrene.

If I was negligent in performing the *Penance* thou before enjoynedst me, I will now endeavour to make reparation. If the Account I gave thee, of the *Religion* of these *Western* Parts, was too Superficial and Brief ; I will now enlarge, and present thee with the Chief Observations and Remarks I have made during my Residence here, and my Captivity in *Jeremo*.

I need not acquaint thee, with that which causes the Greatest Rupture between the *Roman* and *Greek* Churches ; *Cyril* the *Patriarch*,

has said enough to thee on that Subject. Thou knowest, that the Grand Quarrel between them is about the *Supremacy*, which the *Roman Prelate* claims over all the *Churches* in the World, by a *Divine Right*. But, neither *Cyril*, nor the *Friars of Jerusalem* with whom he contested, would inform thee, that this Supremacy where ever it resides, is only founded in *Right* of the *Empire*. They would make thee believe, That the *Christian Bishops* were, from the Beginning, *Sovereigns*, *Established by God*, *Princes Independent* of the *Imperial Sceptre*; concealing, that the First Founders of their pretended *Monarchy*, were poor Fishermen, who never dream'd of such a Grandure, as their Successors were afterwards invested with, by the *Liberality* of the *Roman* and *Gracian* Emperours. It would be a Reproach to themselves, if they should let thee know, how Holy and Harmless were the First *Patriarchs* of *Byzantium* and *Rome*, who refused the Honours and Dignities of the World, and were only Ambitious of Excelling one another in Vertue and a Pious Life. Their very Addresses to thee, are a Contradiction to the Examples of their Predecessors, each Party offering Treasures of Gold, thinking to bribe the Incorruptible Judge with the glittering Dirt. Assuredly, the Seeds of an Irreconcilable Discord are sown in these *Infidels*; they are settled upon the Lees of Error, till the *Day of Judgment*.

As to the State of Controversie between them, it is certain, that while *Rome* was the
Capital

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Capital Seat of the Empire, the Roman *Bishops* had the *Superiority* granted them; but, when the *Imperial Residence* was translated from thence to *Byzantium*, by *Constantine*, the Great (from whom it derives the Name it now bears of *Constantinople*) then the *Ecclesiastical Supremacy* was also transferr'd to the *Patriarch* of that City; who enjoys it to this Day, through the Favour of our *Munificent Sultans*, who succeed the *Ancient Emperours of Greece*. This *Superlative Power*, the *Popes of Rome* would not recognize in any other but themselves, being loath to part with the *Authority* they once possess'd; whence proceeded the *Schism* between the Two *Churches* of the *East* and *West*. And, while the *Patriarchs* of the *Grecians*, shelter'd their new acquir'd Honour, under the *Protection* of the *Emperours*; the *Popes*, partly by *Artifice* and partly by *Force*, made themselves *Lords* of *Rome* and the *Adjacent Territories*, taking Advantage of the *Absence* of the *Emperours*, the *Pusillanimity* of the *Senators*, and *Discord* of the *Citizens*. Supported with this *Princely Estate*, they *Excommunicate* all the *Churches* which did not submit to them, as the *Sovereign Prelates* of the *Christian World*; publishing severe *Edicts* against the *Greek Church*, and doing every Thing that might confirm the *World*, in the *Belief* of their *Authority* and *Grandure*. The *Potentates* of *Europe*, frightened with the *Thunder* which the *Roman Pontiffs* used, and induced by other *Reasons*, did *Homage* to them, acknowledging their

their *Sovereign Jurisdiction* in the *West*. In this State they have continued ever since, without yielding in any Thing to the *Patriarchs of Constantinople*.

There have been great Endeavours used on both Sides, to gain their respective Ends; and, several *General Councils* were called, that is, an Assembly of the Chief *Bishops* and *Doctors* of both Churches, to examine and decide the Difference. And, sometimes the *Fathers* of the *Greek Church*, have subscribed a Submission to the *Pope*; but, as soon as they return'd home, they have Recanted, and the Breach render'd as wide as ever. They accuse the *Romans* of Partiality, and say, That the *Councils* were pack'd; yet, both Parties seem to give an extraordinary Deference to these *General Councils*, believing, That the *Holy Ghost* is there present, and guides them into all Truth. The *Councils* which they esteem *Infallible*, have contradicted each other: This Repealing what That had Decreed, and a Third Disannulling that Repeal. The *Councils* believe themselves above the *Pope*, and the *Pope* exalts himself above the *Councils*. Sometimes they have Two or Three *Popes* together, all claiming that, which can be the Right but of One. In fine, they have involved themselves in such a Labyrinth of Disputes and Cavils, and are entangl'd in such a Circle of Absurdities, that the soberer part of *Christians*, begin to question the Authority both of *Popes* and *Councils*: Insomuch, as it being generally known, that the last Assembly of
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this Kind, was manifestly over-ruled by the Agents of the *Court of Rome*, people spar'd not to pass this Jest on it, and say, *That the Holy Ghost was sent from Rome to the Council of Trent in a Cloak-bag*; intimating thereby, the many Instructions and Advices which were continually transmitted from *Rome* by the Post, to the *Fathers* sitting in that *Council*, whereby all things were determined according to the *Pope's* Pleasure, and to the Advantage of the *Roman Court*.

'Tis certain, the *Christians* now a-days, have abated much of that *Blind Obedience*, which they formerly paid to the *Roman Pontiffs*: they begin to see with their own Eyes, and not with those of their *Priests*. There was a Time, when many Kings were made to hold their *Crowns* in Fee of the *Roman Prelate*, who pretended a Right to dispose of all the *Kingdoms* and *Empires* of the Earth, as *Vicar of God*. But, the *Kings of England, Suedeland, and Denmark*, with some *Princes* of the *German Empire* and the *States of Holland*, have taught others the Way to stand upon their Guard; so that, though the *Emperour of Germany, Kings of France, Spain and Poland*, with the *Princes of Italy*, profess an Obedience to the *Holy Father*, yet 'tis rather out of a *Maxim of Policy*, than any real Perswasion of Religion.

The *Spaniards* seem the most superstitiously Devoted to the *See of Rome*; yet, they will not endure the *Excommunication*, which the *Pope* pronounces against their King, above
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The Space of one Day: It seems, upon some old Difference between them, it is usual for the *Holy Father* to *Excommunicate* this *Sovereign* once a Year, that is, on the *Thursday* before *Easter*. which is the same as our *Feast of Beiram*. Now, as I am told, the *Spanish Ambassador* next Day, presents the *Pope* with a *Gennet* or *Horse*, upon which the *Censure* is taken off. This is an *Ecclesiastick* Juggle; and the *Court of Rome*, use a great deal of such *Holy Legerdemain*, to keep the *Sons of the Church* in their *Obedience*.

The *French Church*, though in all Things agreeing and professing an entire *Obedience* to the *Roman*, yet claims to her self some *Immunities* and *Privileges*, which the *Court of Rome* is very loath to grant. Hence it comes to pass, that there arise frequent *Contests* between the *Popes* and the *Kings of France*, which are generally accommodated to the *Advantage* of the *Latter*; the *Pope* not being willing to try the *Force*, of **THE LAST REASON OF KINGS**: This is a *Motto*, engraven on the *French King's Cannon*, which he has threatned to carry to the *Walls of Rome*, if the *Pope* should entrench on the *Gallican Rights*.

But, though they thus disagree in some *Niceties of State*, yet they and all the *Rest of the Nations*, within the *Roman Communion*, have but one *Form of Divine Service*, which they call the *Mass*, and it is the same with the *Gracian Liturgy*. On *Festival Days*,
is

is solemnized with Variety of Choice *Musick* and *Singing*; with Innumerable Wax-Tapers, burning at Noon-day. I have seen at such a Time, Sixteen *Priests* before the *Altar*, all Vested in most costly Silks, embroidered with Gold and Pearls.

They have also many *Chapels* and *Altars* in the same *Church*, and sometimes they Celebrate *Mass* on all the *Altars* together: differing herein from those of the *Greek Communion*, who have but one *Altar* in a *Temple*: For which they plead Antiquity, -it never having been known, that the *Primitive Christians* had any more. On the other side, the *Romans* plead Conveniency, for the Multitude of their *Altars*; that the *Pope* has a power to dispense with the Ancient Rites and Traditions in such Cases; and, that nothing was more reasonable, than that their *Altars* should be multiplied, as the Number of their *Proselytes* and *Priests* increas'd.

I will not pretend to decide this Controversie; permit me only to say, that the *Faithful Mussulmans*, have more reason to require several *Preachers* at the same time in our *Magnificent Mosques*, where it is impossible for all the Auditors in so vast an Assembly, to hear and understand the *Law* Expounded by one Man, though it be performed in the *Vulgar Tongue*: Whereas, their Service is celebrated in a *Language*, whereof the Multitude are utterly ignorant. It matters not much, whether they are near the *Priest* at the *Altar*, or afar off, since they understand not a Word
he

he says; and, the *Gracians* judge it sufficient to be present at this their Daily *Sacrifice*, tho' it be at the very Porch of the Temple.

Another Difference there is also between these Two *Churches*; the *Roman* allows not a *Married Priest*, unless in some extraordinary Cases, and then the *Pope's Dispensation* must be procured. But, *Concubinage* is connived at, though forbidden by the *Canons* of the *Church*: Whereas thou knowest, that all the *Gracian Papa's*, marry and get Children.

The *Spaniards*, among all the Nations within the *Roman Pale*, are reckon'd the *Best Catholics*, but the *Worst Christians*; the *French* are said to be, the *Best Christians*, but the *Worst Catholics*; and, the *Italians*, are accounted neither *Catholics* nor *Christians*.

I know not what reason they have to state the Difference so between the Two Former; but, the Character of the Latter, suits in one Respect with the usual *Proverb* of that Country; it being common in the Mouths of *Italian Gallants*, to say, *He that is a Christian is a Fool*.

The Devouter sort of *Catholics*, pay a great Reverence and Devotion to the *Reliques* of their *Saints*. I could not reprehend them for this, if I were sure of Two Things, That all those whom they esteem as *Saints* were really such; and, That all the *Reliques* they keep with so much Veneration in their *Churches*, did really appertain to the Persons under whose Names they go. For, then it would

would be no more, than what the *True Believers* practise throughout the World; and it is well known, That when a piece of the Garment of our *Holy Prophet*, was dipt in the Water which they cast on the Flames of *Constantinople*, the Fire immediately ceased, to which before no Stop could be given by all the Industry and Endeavours of Men. Assuredly, the Bodies of the *Prophets* and *Messengers* of God, are *Holy*, and have a Power of Sanctifying whatever they touch, producing often Miraculous Effects; but, the Avarice of Men may abuse this Truth to their own private Ends; and, the *Christians* themselves will not believe all to be *true Reliques* of *Saints*, which their Crafty *Priests* shew for such.

There be innumerable other *Sects* of *Christians*, which are neither in *Communion* with the *Roman* nor the *Gracian Churches*; but, accusing them of *Idolatry*, separate themselves from their Society, and form *Distinct Congregations*. These are not known in *France*, saving only the *Hugonots*, otherwise called *Protestants*: Which last, is a *Term* comprehending all that have Revolted from the *Roman Church*, and was first assumed by the *Lutherans* at *Ausburg* in *Germany*.

In *England* and *Holland*, there are abundance of these *Sects*, some of them newly sprung up, others of longer Date. And, all thus far agree with the *Mussulmans*, that they use not *Pictures* or *Images* in their *Temples*; so; that were they rightly instructed in the

Holy

Holy Alcoran, it would not be a Thing altogether impracticable, to perswade them to *Circumcision*. There is a *Sett* which they call *Socinians*, who seem to preach out of the very *Book of Glory*, denying the *Divinity* of *Jesus*, the Son of *Mary*, the *Christians Messiah*; even as our *Divine Law giver* does in several *Chapters* and *Versicles* of the *Alcoran*.

The *Christian Church*, seems to be a stately Building, whereof *Prelacy* is the Corner-Stone; if this were removed, all would fall to the Ground. That which they call the *Hierarchy*, if it could once be dissolv'd or pull'd down, we should soon see all *Christendom* laid in Ruines. This *Hierarchy* is a Gradual Subordination of *Arch-Bishops*, *Bishops* and *Priests*; the Inferiour depending on the Superiour, and all deriving their Orders and Dignities from their Chief *Patriarchs*. These are the Links which compose that Chain, that fastens *Christendom* together; were this but once broke, the United Interest of *Europe* would soon fall into pieces. The Way must be, by beginning at the lowermost Link: Could but the *Priests* be render'd Independent on the *Bishops*, and on each other, it would be a fair step toward the dismantling of the Out-works, these *Priests* drawing infinite Numbers of People after them; as it is apparent in *Geneva*, *Holland*, *Suisseland* and other Places, where they have quite abolish'd the Order and Authority of *Bishops*: And it is observable that none of these forementioned Countries since that Time, have ever been

been Instrumental in opposing the Victorious Arms of the *Ottoman Empire*: As, if, with the Downfal of *Episcopacy*, the Charm were dissipated, which had for some Ages precipitated these Nations (among others) to a rash and Obstinate Resistance of that Force, which is destin'd by *Fate*, to Conquer and Reform the World.

Weigh this Thought well, and thou wilt find, that the *Order of Bishops*, is Essential and Necessary to the Good Estate of *Christendom*; and, that the only Way for the *Mus-sulmans* to undermine all *Europe*, will be, to supplant this *Order*, and Introduce an *Ecclesiastick* Independency among the *Priests*; by which means, every one shall assume to himself, not only his proper Fragment of the torn Dignity, but the whole Fundamental Power of a *Bishop*; taking upon him to do those Offices, which before it was not accounted Lawful for any but a *Mitred Head* to perform. Hence, in Time, will follow innumerable Inconveniences, Distastes, and Broils; and, perhaps, as many *Schisms*, as there are particular *Priests* to head them: Since, every one will be apt to think himself capable of dictating to all the Rest, and judge it below him to receive the Law from any. Thus, will there be a clear Stage, for Ambition, Avarice and Lust, to act their Parts on; and when, by the Craft of designing Men, the Superstition of Bigots, and the Easiness of the Credulous, the greatest Part shall be so divided, that it will be difficult to find Two Men of the same

same Mind in *Articles of Faith*; It will then be easie, either by the Intelligible Reasons in the *Alcoran*, or the more Cogent Arguments of the Sword, to plant the *True and Undeiled Faith* in these Countries. The *Creator* of all Things hasten his *Holy Prophet's* Return, that all Nations may embrace his *Law*, assert his *Unity*, and be incorporated into the *Glorious Empire* of the *Ozmans*.

Paris, 10th. of the 6th. Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XVI.

To the Kaimacham.

SINCE the Death of King *Lewis*, all Men's Eyes and Hearts are fix'd upon the *Dauphin*; who, though he is very Young, yet is he a *Prince* of a forward *Genius*, and promising Aspect, giving signal Proofs of a *Martial Spirit*.

One Day, seeing the Guards, as they were exercising their Arms, he discovered an extraordinary Complacency, and said to those that stood by; *I had rather be a Souldier, than a King*: Imagining, from the Softnesses he is accustomed to in these Infant Years, that the Life of a *Soldier*, is incompatible with that of a *King*.

Since that Time, he harasses his Tutor and Attendants.

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Attendants, with perpetual Tattle about Guns and Swords. And, *Cardinal Mazarini*, not to baffle or check such Generous Inclinations, has cull'd out a Companion for him, agreeable in Temper, only a Year or Two elder.

These Young Sons of *Mars*; bestow their Time partly in shooting with little harmless Engines, made on purpose for the *Dauphin's* Recreation, in Imitation of Guns; sometimes with Bows and Arrows; at other Times, they fence with Files adapted to their tender Arms, and childish Skill. In these Kind of Exercises, the *Dauphin* grows a great Proficient; and it is look'd upon, as an *Omen* of his future Warlike Deeds.

A *Spanish Astrologer*, has calculated his Nativity. He Prophesies strange Things of this Young Prince; As, that he shall excel all his *Royal Ancestors* in Feats of Arms; That he shall make the Crown of *France Imperial*, having subdued *Spain, Italy and Germany*; That he shall shake the *Ottoman Empire*, but, in the End, shall be deposed by his own Subjects.

I know not what Credit may be given to the *Professors* of this *Science*, in regard the Ancient Rules of *Astrology*, on which the *Chaldeans*, and other *Eastern Sages*, grounded their Predictions, are now either wholly lost, or so corrupted and obscured by the Comments and Glosses of later Authors, that there are hardly any Footsteps of the Original *Maxims* to be trac'd. Yet, without troubling

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bling *Astrologers, Prophets, or Wizards*, one may preface from the *Natural Genius* of the *Dauphin*, that when he comes to feel his Strength, he will not be idle, but follow his Father's Steps, who, before he was Thirteen Years of Age, appear'd at the Head of Armies.

The *Omnipotent* guard our Glorious *Sultan*, and the *Empire* Established by his own Hands, and, may his Blessing descend on the *Royal Offspring*; that the Young *Sultan Mahomet*, may perform greater Things, than are prophesied of the *French Dauphin*.

Paris, 6th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XVII.

To the Vizir Azem, at the Port.

I Remember, I promised to send thee farther Advices of the War between *Spain* and *Portugal*, since the late Revolution in those Parts.

The *Island* of *Tercera*, was the only Place that held out against the *New King*, when all others, with Expressions of extraordinary Joy for their Deliverance from the *Castilian Yoke*, submitted to and acknowledg'd *D. Juan de Braganza*, as the *Lawful Heir* of that *Crown*.

The

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The Resistance which the *Governor* of this *Island* made, obliged the King to send thither a certain Number of Ships of War, to block up the Place, and hinder the Importance of any Provisions. And, this course prov'd successful; for, though the *Spaniards* attempted several Times to relieve it, yet their Vessels were either taken by the *Portuguese* Fleet, or sent back again without doing their Errand. So that at length, *Don Alvaro de Viveiros*, the *Governor*, finding himself reduced to great Streights for want of Necessaries, without any Hopes of being relieved, was forced to Capitulate and Surrender.

The *New King* has made an *Alliance* with the *Suedes*, which is of no small Advantage to him; having thereby established a Commerce with that Country, and furnishing himself from thence with Powder, Horses, Arms and all other Provisions of War.

He has also made a *Treaty* with the *Hollanders*, but not with so good Success as the former. Thou hast heard what Possessions the Kings of *Spain* and *Portugal* have acquired in *America*, they being the first Discoverers of that *New World*. It happened, that about the Time of the late Revolution in *Portugal*, the *Hollanders* of *Brasil* took from the *Portuguese* the Towns of *Angola*, *St. Thomas*, *Maragnon* and other Places belonging to *D. Juan de Braganza* in those Parts. The Knowledge of this coming to the *Portuguese* Court, caused the King to send his *Ambassador* to demand of the *States* the Reason of this Breach. They

They answer, It was done before the News of the *Revolution* had reached the *West-Indies*. This, with some Acts of Hostility in the *Oriental* Parts, has lessen'd the good Understanding which was between them.

In the mean Time, the Spight and Hatred of the *Castilians*, encreased daily; much Blood was spilt on the Frontiers of *Portugal*, which obliged *D. Juan* to establish Six Places of Strength, quartering in them an Army of Thirty Thousand Men. The *Spaniards* to oppose these Forces, had likewise Four or Five Armies in *Castile*. There were many Skirmishes and Encounters, Stratagems and Ambuscades on both Sides; and, it was hard to determine who had got the Advantage, till Fortune seem'd to favour the Cause of the *Portuguezs*.

They had a Valiant and Expert Commander, who was *Governour* of one of their Frontier *Provinces*; His Name is, *Fernand Telles de Menezes*. This Hero animated by the Justice of his Cause, and spurr'd on by the Natural Ardour of his Spirit, pierc'd into the Bowels of *Old Castile*, took the Towns of *St. Martin* and *Elge*, demolishing the Castle belonging to the latter, which also commanded all the Country thereabouts; and, being encounter'd by Two Thousand Five Hundred *Spaniards*, he fell upon them and cut them all in Pieces. He also render'd himself Master of a strong Place call'd *Valverde*, which he stor'd with all sorts of Ammunition, and left a *Portuguezs* Garrison in it.

They

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They were no less Victorious in another Province, from whence the Portuguese Armies rush'd into the Adjacent Territories of Spain, taking the Towns of *Aroches*, *Villar de Rey*, *Codicere*, *Anzinasola*, and other Places of Note, without any Resistance, save that of a few Castilian Troops, most of which they took Prisoners, with a Booty of three Hundred Spanish Gennets. After this, they took *Gbelles* by Storm, one of the most considerable Towns in that Part of Spain. Nor was the King of Portugal only thus successful near Home, but his Affairs prosper'd also abroad. The Kings of *Gos* and *Marroc* sought his Alliance, with other Princes in the *East-Indies*; and, in General, all the Potentates in Christendom, excepting only Spain, made Friendship with *D. Juan de Braganza*, and espoused his Interests.

There has been a General Assembly of all the Estates of Portugal; wherein, the People have testified their Joy and Satisfaction in their New King, by offering him, together with their Lives, the Disposal of their Fortunes, to be employed for the Service of the Crown, and the Release of his Royal Brother *Dom Duarte*, of whom I formerly made Mention in one of my Letters.

Thou wilt not perhaps think me troublesome, if I relate to thee how the Spaniards used this unfortunate Prince after they had Imprison'd him: Neither is it altogether impertinent, to let thee see, how spightful this Nation is in their Revenges, and now Cruel in the Execution of their Resentments.

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After *Dom Duartus* was delivered into the Hands of the *Marquis's Castel Rodrigo*, the *Spaniards* gave him not the Entertainment and Respect due to a Prince, but used him like a Slave or Malefactor, causing him to be lodged in a mean dark Chamber, his Hands to be chained every Night, his Robes to be taken from him, none of his Domesticks suffered to come near him, and doing all the Indignities to him that their Malice could suggest, as proper means to render his Imprisonment intolerable, and his Life a Burden. If thou askest me, for what Crime it was they thus punished him, I can tell thee of none, unless it were one, to be so nearly related to the King of *Portugal*.

But, this is not the only Example of the *Spanish* Cruelty; they executed their Revenge on poor unarm'd Peasants in the Field; the *Duke d'Alva* causing Three Hundred *Portuguese* Husbandmen, as they were labouring in the Vineyards, to be murdered in cold Blood, sacrificing them, as he said, to the Ghosts of the slaughter'd *Castilians*. And, it was attributed to their under-hand Insinuations, that four *Portuguese* Ambassadors, with Three and Fifty of their Train, were barbarously put to Death by the *Japoneses*, against the Law of Nature, and the Sanction of all Nations. Such Violences have never been practis'd in the *Ottoman Empire*; the Sanctuary of the Earth, has not been profan'd by an Injustice of so deep a Die.

There has been lately discover'd, a Second Conspiracy against *Dom Juan de Braganza*, wherein were concerned *Dom Joseph de Mene-*

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222, *Governour of St. Julien*, the most Important Fortrefs of all the Kingdom, and *Dom Francisco de Lucena*, *Secretary of State*. These held a private Correspondence with the *Duke d' Olivarez*; and, it was agreed between them, that the *Governour of Badajoz*, a Subject of the King of Spain, should be put in Possession of *St. Julien's Fort*, which is the very Key of *Lisbon*, and that other Places of Strength should be delivered up to such *Spanish Officers* as *Olivarez* appointed. But, a Letter which was sent from *Dom Juan de Garay*, *Governour of Badajoz*, to the *Governour of St. Lucies-Fort* in *Portugal*, being by Mistake carried to the Hands of the *Count d' Obidos*, a *Portuguese General*, and a faithful Friend to the King, discovered the Intrigue, and the Traytors were seized and brought to Condign Punishment.

I cannot at present send thee any more News of the *Portuguese Affairs*. God grant thee a long and happy Life in the Favour of the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 20th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1643.

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LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THOU wilt wonder when I tell thee, I am melancholy for want of Solitude. That which administers Occasion of Sadness to others, is the only Cure of my Grief. Yet, this will not seem a *Paradox*, when thou considerest, that Conversation is the Air of the Soul, and that he who values the Health and Ease of his Mind, ought to chuse such an Element for it to breathe in, as is pure and serene, which is very Difficult to find in any Society. This is the Reason, that I never think my self more alone, than when I am confin'd to some Kind of Company.

Thou hast observed, that most Men will engross all the Talk to themselves; this is very Irksom. Yet, I should not grudge them the Monopoly, were their Discourse pertinent and agreeable; but, to be forc'd to hearken to all their empty Tattle of Hawks and Hounds, Garbs and Fashions, with an endless Jargon of Things less to the Purpose than the former, which will keep their Tongues employ'd sometimes two or three Hours together; renders their Converse more troublesome, than that of the Spark, who pick'd up *Horace* in the Streets of *Rome*.

Others are of a quite contrary Humour; and, thou mayst as soon get a Word from
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the *Musli*, as from them. They sit like Statues, as if they emulated the Character of *Griuli Eben Sagan*, one of the *Vizirs* of the *Bench*, who in ten Years that he had sat in the *Divan*, was never observed to speak a Syllable.

Yet, this sort is more tolerable than the other, who with their Everlasting Chat, rock the Company asleep, and take from them the very Power of Thinking.

However, I prefer the Retirement of my Chamber, to both these Inconveniences. There I can enter into my self, and by retreating from all Commerce with my Senses, I find a private Back Way to converse with the whole Universe. Think not this a *Chimera*, or that *Mahmut* pretends to extraordinary Illuminations; 'tis nothing but what every Man may experience, who will but take the Pains to be thoroughly acquainted with Himself. If he can but gain a familiar Access to the inward Apartments of his own Breast, he will soon find a Postern there, which will readily open and let him into the most retired Closets of Nature. From thence he may sally forth, and take a better Survey of the World, than he can by his Eyes. Here he will behold all Things undisguised, and in their true Quantities and Qualities. And, which is more admirable, he will be able, without the Help of *Opticks*, to see himself enjoying this Felicity, and to know that he sees it, which is a sufficient Conviction, that he is not in a Dream.

Wouldst thou improve thy Knowledge,
K 3 affect

affect not a Multitude of Books; there are but few worth the Reading. What is the whole Creation, but one Great Library; every Volume in which, and every Page in those Volumes, are impress'd with Radiant Characters of infinite Wisdom? And, all the Perfections of the Universe, are contracted with such unimitable Art in Man, that he needs no other Book but himself, to make him a complete *Philosopher*. Thou wilt say, that this requires too great an Abstractedness of Mind, and is very painful. I tell thee, my dear Friend, I am extremely subject to Melancholy; whose Effect, thou knowest, is to render one very thoughtful, and those Thoughts rack the Soul with intolerable Anguish. Yet I do not fly from them, as generally Men are accustomed, neither do I seek to drown them in Wine, or chase them away with any Sociable Divertisements. My usual Way is, to bid them Battel, oppose Thoughts against Thoughts; and, with the Dint of Reason, to subdue this peevish Humour. To this End, I hunt up and down for my Enemy, and rummage every Corner of my Soul, pursuing the Cause of my Sadness, with such Arguments as these: Why should I be melancholy, who possess Nothing that I fear to lose, and yet enjoy all that I could wish for, were I without what I now Possess? I am a *Musfulman*, and therefore under the Protection of God: I serve his *Vicegerent*, the *Grand Signior*, faithfully, and find Acceptance with the *Bassas* of the Port: I am in *France*, yet cannot call

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it a *Foreign Country*, since Innocence and Vertue naturalize a Man in all Parts of the World. I cannot say I am unfortunate, so long as I have no Vice, for which I need either to Blush, or grow Pale. If I am slander'd, this ought to be an Occasion of Joy, since it ranks me with Men of the Greatest Merit, who could never escape the Calumnies of the Envious. And, I have reason to Triumph, in that I find no Inclination to revenge my self, but rather to pity my Traducers. If any Man should play the *Satyrifist* with my Deformity, and rudely descant on my Ugly Countenance, or the Disproportion of my Limbs; there is no more Reason to be grieved at this, than to be affronted at the Wind for blowing off my Hat, or the Rain for wetting my Cloaths, or a Dog for barking at me as I go along the Streets, the one being as Natural as the other.

Thus I argue with my self, Dear *Oglou*, when assaulted with Melancholy; these are the Remedies which I apply to that black Distemper of the Mind: And sometimes I go farther, if these will do no good: I then ask my self, whether it be the fear of Death that thus perplexes me? And here begins my Cure. This kindles the Brightest Spark of Reason, which in a Moment disperses all the Mists. The dismal Pageantry of *Chimera's* vanishes, and all the Tragick Pomp of Grief streight disappears. Not, that I would have thee think I am fond of dying, but I consider *Death* as the *unavoidable Fate* of all Men;

and, that therefore it is reasonable to be chearful, since that which no Man can escape, will one Time or other, release me and every Man from the Miseries of this Life. This Thought recovers me from the worst Effects of Melancholy; and, I believe, the *Damned* themselves would sometimes be in a good Humour, if they had but the least Glimpse of Hope, that they should one Day be deliver'd from their Torments. For, whatsoever sorts of Men there are in this Life, I cannot think, *there be any Sticks in Hell.*

And now I have entertained thee with Company and Solitude, with Books and Men, with Life and Death, with Earth and Hell; let us take one Step farther, and refresh our selves with the Remembrance of Heaven, the Joys of the Bless'd in *Paradise*; which, certainly is the best Relief of Anxious Thoughts, the most perfect Cure of Melancholy, the Guide of Life, and the Comfort of Death.

— God grant, that thou and I may see each other, and drink together in the *Arbours of Eden*, and kiss the *Daughters of Paradise*.

Paris, 14th. of the 8th. Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

To the Testerdar, or Lord Treasurer.

Kingdoms and Empires (like Men) have their Lucky and Unlucky Seasons. *Spain* seems for a considerable Time to have been under a Cloud, as if her *Guardian Fate* began to droop, and were not strong enough to check the rising Grandure of *France*.

It has been an old Observation, That those whom God consigns over to Ruine, he first infatuates. It was a Grand Oversight in *Don Francisco de Melo*, to constitute the Duke of *Albuquerque*, General of his Horse. For, he thereby so disgusted the *Spanish* Officers in his Army, that emulating the Honour of this young *Portuguese*, the greatest Part of them deserted, in the very Nick of Time, when their Presence was most necessary to confirm the *Battalions*, already shrinking from the furious Onset of the *French*.

This gave the young Duke of *Anguien*, an intire Victory, and has crowned him with glorious Laurels; while *Don Francisco de Melo*, by this ill Conduct, has quite lost his Reputation, and is forced to resign up his Commission to another.

This *Battel* was fought before *Rocroy*, and may be reckoned as a Parallel with that Bloody *Battel* of *Leipsick*, between the *Imperialists* and *Suedes*, on the 7th. of the 9th.

K. 5.

Adoon,

Moon, of the Year 1631. A Day which was remarkable at *Constantinople*, on the Account of that terrible Lightning, which surprized the late Sultan *Amurath* in his Bed. Many other extraordinary Events signalized this Day in *England*, *France*, *Germany*, and other places, which occasioned the great *Astrologer Herlicius*, to call it, a Day of Blood.

Such another was this Unfortunate Day to the *Spaniards*, at the forementioned Battel of *Rocroy*; where they lost an infinite Number of Men, with all their Field-pieces and a Hundred and Fifty Colours.

He that created the *Moon* and the *Constellations* in *Heaven*, to distinguish the Times and Seasons, guard thee from the Influence of Malignant Stars, and from the Destroyer, who ranges the World on certain *Critical Days*.

Paris, 12th. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To the Vizir Azem, at the Port.

IT is Time, it is high time, most Sage Minister, for the Ottoman Sword, the Sword of Justice to be unsheathed, not against an open Enemy, but against its professed Friends and Subjects. The Head of the *Bass* of Cyprus, is become a Burden to him; as likewise, those of *Mitylene*, *Sio* and *Lemnos*. They plot Mischief against the Throne that is established in Equity; they are ungrateful to their Sovereign, who hath exalted them; they are become unworthy of the Honours, with which they are dignified.

I could hardly believe the first Reports of this Treason, till I were at length fully convinced by undeniable Testimonies, that it was too true.

Yet, it is a Secret even in the *French Court*. I alone have discover'd this Mystery, by the Means of a *Few* and a *Gracian*, both my Agents in those Parts, and Men whom I can confide in.

The Business is this. The *Bass*'s and *Governours* of the *Isles* before mentioned, have conspired together to divide themselves from the Body of the *Ottoman Empire*, and to make the *Islands* of the *Aegean Sea*, a *Commonwealth* Independent on the Throne which governs the *World*. The *Bass* of *Cyprus*, is the Ring-leader

leader of this Conspiracy, and that *Island* is to be the *Capital Seat* of their *New Republick*.

The *Governours* of the Five Greater *Isles*, are to be called, the *Sovereign Counsellors of State*. By these, all the *Affairs* of the *Archipelago* are to be managed. Only the *Bassa* of *Cyprus* shall be supreme, and have the casting Voice in all Cases of Dispute.

The enclosed Papers, contain the perfect Model of their New Government, the Articles and Propositions on which this *Rebellious* designed *Commonwealth* is to be built, with the Names of the Chief Conspirators subscribed.

Permit me, Sage *Minister*, to set before thy Eyes, the Occasions of these Treacherous Designs.

It has been the Custom of the *Port*, to connive for a considerable time at the Oppressions, Rapines, and Exactions of the *Bassa's* and *Governours* of *Provinces*; to suffer them to harass the People under their Jurisdiction; to pillage and spoil them of their Moneys, Goods and Estates, till they have amass'd together vast Sums of Money. And then, it has been as usual for the *Sultans*, upon the least Complaint, to send the Bow-String to the Criminal *Bassa*.

Whatever may be pleaded in Defence of this Method in former Times, my Opinion is, that it may prove dangerous now. And, if I may be permitted to speak freely, I have Reason to think, that this was one Ground of the designed Treason in the *Isles* of the *Aegean Sea*.

Formerly,

Formerly, those who were removed to these Commands, were not so well versed in the *Maxims of Policy*, nor so apprehensive of the *Cabinet Secrets of State*. But now the Age is refined, Men are more subtle, jealous and selfish than they were. Nature teaches all Men to preserve their Lives with utmost Diligence.

The *Bassa of Cyprus*, who is the Ring-leader of this Conspiracy, has been let alone in a long Course of Tyranny and Oppression over his Subjects; by which means, he has heap'd to himself prodigious Treasures. His guilty Mind told him, that Complaints would be made against him, and that one time or other he must be strangled. He knew, that his Gold would be thought better to become the *Sultan's Seraglio* than his own; and, that he had been long enough in his Office, to serve the Politick Ends of State.

Revolving these things in his Mind, he quickly concluded, that the Crimes he had been guilty of in his Government, would draw upon him inevitable Ruine, unless he prevented it by committing greater. And that, as Oppression of his Subjects had made him Rich, so Treason against his Sovereign must make him Safe. He communicates his thoughts to some of his trusty Friends and Confidants. They encourage him to proceed, representing to him the Natural Strength of the *Island*, seconded by Abundance of strong Forts and Castles. That the Soldiers might easily be won to his Party by Money, and the Inhabitants might

might be pacified by some Publick Restitutions, and other Acts of Indulgence.

Thus was the Foundation laid of this formidable Treason, which soon gathered Strength by the Accession of more Conspirators, till at length all the *Ishes* aforesaid were engaged in the Disloyal League.

I will not presume to dictate what is to be done in this Case. I leave that to thy Oraculous Sentence. But, permit me to suggest my Thoughts, of a proper means to prevent the like Miscarriages for the future. And that is by executing timely and Impartial Justice. It seems to me, not only a Reflection on the *Justice* of the Imperial Sword, but also on the *Politicks* of the Royal Cabinet, to suffer a *Bassa* to grow Rich by Oppression of the People under his Command. For, when he has thus plunder'd his Subjects to fill his own Coffers, he has armed himself with the very Sinews and Nerves of Rebellion; Money being that, which gives Life and Motion to all great and bold Undertakings.

Therefore, it will be better, not to countenance the least Oppression in these Great Men, whereby they may at once be tempted, through the Conscientiousness of their Crimes, and strengthen'd by their ill gotten Wealth, to Rebel against their Lawful Sovereign. Let *Aleppo*, *Sidon*, *Algiers*, *Tunis* and *Tripoly*, be Precedents of this Kind. By *Justice* the Throne is best and most securely established: nothing unjust and violent is permanent.

God overthrow the Devices of these Traytors,

tors, and crown our *Glorious Sultan* with Success.

Paris, 26th. of the 9th. Mon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XXI.

To Chiurgi Muhammet Bassa.

I Have been in this City very near Six Years, and it will be expected, that in all this Time I have made some profitable Remarks, on the *Nature of the French*, the *Intrigues of the Court*, the *Policy of the State*, the *Discipline of their Armies*, and the *Strength of the Kingdom*.

Some Observations I have already communicated to the *Ministers of the Divan*, and to others of my Friends at the *Sublime Port*. All my Letters are made common to the *Happy Slaves of him who rules the World*. Thou hast heard of the Death of a Potent King, a Great Queen, and a Mighty Favourite: Now let us change the Scene, and pass from the Melancholy Themes of Death, the Unavoidable Fate of *Mortals*, to the sprightly Joys of Life, the blooming Years of an Infant King, who takes an early Leap from his Cradle to a Throne. Thou wilt not expect I should speak much of him, who as yet can say but little of himself.

himself. However, in passing by this *Little Great one*, it would be ill Manners not to pay him a Salute or *Congè*; who, though Young, seems no Novice in *Punctilio's* of *Courtskip*, as appears by his Address to the *Bishop* who Baptized him; (if thou knowest not what that means, it is the *first Ceremony* whereby they are made *Christians*, and, it answers to our *Circumcision*.) As soon as the *Mystery* was performed, this Young Prince, with an assured Countenance, and becoming Gravity, spoke thus to the *Prelate*: *My Father, I humbly thank you, and shall be eternally obliged to you: My Parents gave me only an Earthly Crown, but you have made me Heir of the Kingdom of Heaven.*

There were present, the *Queen*, the *Princess* of *Conde*, *Cardinal Mazarini*, with Divers other Persons of *Quality*. The whole Assembly were astonish'd at the Child's Expression (being but about Four Years of Age;) taking it for an *Omen* of his Future Piety and extraordinary Actions. He discovers a prompt Wit in all his Discourse; using but few Words, and those very apposite. His whole Deportment is graceful, and surprizingly regular; attended with a Discretion, which is not look'd for, but from those of Riper Years. In fine, *Nature* seems to have fitted him for the *Empire* to which he is born.

In the mean Time, as if *Infant Governours* were now become fashionable; there are several made *Bishops* and *Abbots*, while they are yet in the *Cradle*. This the *Inferior* Cla-

gy stomach, and the *Lainy* grumble, saying, That there are like to be good Times in *France*, when those who are styled the *Fathers* of the *Church* are *Babies*. This is *Cardinal Mazarini's* Policy, to fasten the *Nobility* to the Interests of the *Crown*, by thus honouring their Children with the Principal Dignities of the *Church*. And, thou wilt say, he is a Wise Man in so doing, when thou considerest, how great a share the *Bishops* and other *Ecclesiasticks* have, in the Wealth of the Land. And that he could not do the King a better Service, than by disposing of these Preferments, to such as would not only thereby be obliged to Loyalty themselves, but would also link the *Families* to which they belong, to the *Royal Cause*.

Thou wilt better comprehend the Policy of this *Minister*, in thus endeavouring to secure the *Dignified Clergy*, when thou weighest their Strength, and considerest their Numbers.

There are in *France* 12 *Archbishopricks*, 104 *Bishopricks*, *Convents* of the *Greater Order* 540, *Convents* of the *Lesser Order* 12320, *Abbies* 1450, *Nunneries* 67; 700 *Friaries*, 259 *Seminaries* of the *Order* of the *Knights of Malta*, 27400 *Parish-Churches*, *Hospitals* 540, *Private Chapels* or *Oratories* 9000. To fill all these, they reckon 226000 *Religious*, or *Dervises*, besides 130000 *Parish-Priests*.

It has been usual, to take an Estimate of the Glory and Riches of a *Prince*, from the Number of his People, but, I would not have thee think the *French King* the Wealthier, for

for this Prodigious Number of *Devotees*; The greatest part of which, he has more reason to look upon, as an Army of Enemies, than Subjects. Indeed, the Interest of the *Arch-Bishops, Bishops* and *Parish Priests*, is twisted with that of the *Crown*; but, the *Monks* and *Friars* are the Creatures of the *Pope*, and all of them together are not maintained with less Cost, than the Fourth Part of the *Revenues* of *France*, out of which in former Times, there went Yearly a Million of Crowns to the *Court of Rome*.

I cannot perceive, wherein consists the Policy of cherishing so many Nests of Spiritual Leeches, who suck the very Blood and Vitals of the Nation: One would think, it were sufficiently dreined by the *Royal Customs, Taxes*, and *Imposts*.

These Kings have Monopoliz'd all the Salt of the Kingdom into their own Hands, which they compel their Subjects to buy of them at their own Rates. To this End, they have Officers in all Parts, who vend it for them. It looks, as if they took care to preserve their Subjects from Corruption, and were afraid, lest they should putrefie alive; there being not a Man in all their Dominions, who is not obliged to take the Quantity which the Officers Impose on him, except in some particular Provinces, which for reasons of State, or by Treaty, are exempted. The Reveque which arises to the King from this Commodity, amounts to near Three Millions of Crowns Yearly. He hath Eight Millions more coming

coming in by Subsidies, from the Peasants ; besides many particular Imposts on Flesh, Wine and other Commodities. Yet, he loses a considerable Part of his Revenues, by Farming them out to his Subjects, or Mortgaging them in Time of War for ready Money. He has no less than Thirty Thousand Officers, that are wholly employed in collecting his Revenues, whose Pensions and Salaries lessen the King's Income by above half ; so that, out of Four-score Millions of Crowns, which are Yearly squeez'd from the People, scarce Thirty Millions come entire into the King's Coffers.

Thou wilt wonder at the Improvidence of these *Infidel* Kings, and at the same time condemn their Tyranny and Injustice, who oppress, plunder and ruine those that furnish them with all Necessaries for Humane Sustenance, to enrich (not themselves, but) a Company of greedy Caterpillars ; for, such, and no better, are those who gather their Revenues. It is not so in the *Sacred Empire* of the *Ozmans*, where *Justice* has erected her *Throne*, and *Oppression* dares not shew her *Face*.

But, the *French* seem born for Slavery, they bear it so patiently, without ever aspiring after a Redemption. The *Christians* exclaim against our *Fanizaries*, accusing them of Insolence, Oppression, Rapine, and all the Vices to which a Licentious Souldiery are usually addicted ; but, these are Trifles, to what the *French Dragoons* commit, when quarter'd upon the poor Country-people : they Rob them of

of all they have, practising a Thousand Villainies, to which the *Fanizaries* are wholly Strangers; Adulteries pass for Gallantry with them, and Rapes are counted but the Excesses of an Immoderate Passion; the Husband must stand quietly, whilst his Wife is in the Arms of a Domineering *Hellor*; the Father must behold his Daughter deflowr'd, without discovering the least Regret. These are the Methods by which this People are mortified, and they seem to be stupid under their Calamities, not having Courage enough left to meditate a Redress, unless it be by becoming Soldiers themselves; for, of such as these, is the *Infantry* of *France* composed. Hence, it is not to be admired, that they are esteemed the feeblest, basest and most despicable Soldiers of any in *Europe*; since, not the pursuit of Honour, nor Love to their Country, induces them to take up Arms, but despair of living otherwise, being reduced to the most rigorous Extremities on this side Famine.

Live thou in the Honour with which *God* and our *Emperour* have invested thee, and conserve thy Vertue; which will raise thee yet Higher. Forget not to have *Mahmut* sometimes in thy Thoughts, who loves thee with a true Heart, and serves thee with Alacrity.

Paris, 15th. of the 10th. Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

To Egry Boinou, a White Eunuch.

THE French Kings steer their Course by other *Maxims* of Policy, than those which are practis'd at the *Sublime Port*. It seems, they are not apprehensive of any Ambitious Designs in the *Princes* of the *Blood*; since, they not only allow them *Liberty*, but also load them with *Honours*.

Thou hast formerly heard me speak of *Henry* the IV. this King's Grandfather, and of the passionate Love he bore to Ladies. Among the Rest of his Mistresses, none possess'd a larger share of his Affections, than the *Dutchess* of *Beaufort*; by her he had two Sons, the Eldest is called *Alexander*, the other, *Cesar*. They are both now Living, and enjoy Great Preferments; the First, being made *Grand Prior* of the *French Knights* of *Malta*, which is a Dignity next to that of *Master* of the *Order*, who commands the whole *Island*. It is observable, that this *Alexander*, during his Father's Life-Time, had attained no higher than to be made a *Knight*; but, as soon as his Brother *Lewis* XIII, came to the *Crown*, he procured him the Honour he now has. The Second Brother also, is made Governour of *Bretagne*, and married to the *Duke* of *Mercur*'s Daughter. By which means, he is become one of the Richest *Peers* in *France*.
King

King *Henry* had also two other Sons, one of his own Name, whom he got on the *Marchioness* of *Verneville*; He is now a *Bishop* and *Abbat*, which are considerable *Dignities* in the *Church*. The other Son they call *Antoine*, whose Mother was the *Countess* of *Morret*. He also is invested with the like *Ecclesiastical* Honours as his Brother *Henry*. These Four Brothers, though by the *French* esteem'd as Bastards (because born of the Kings *Concubines*) are nevertheless intrusted with the Offices and Preferments already mention'd, without any Jealousie that they will be guilty of sinister Practices to embroil the *State*, or gain the *Crown*. And, if I may speak freely, there seems to be more of Humanity and Justice in this Course, than in that cruel Custom of our *Sultans*, who no sooner ascend the Throne, but all their Brethren are immediately Sacrific'd to their Suspicion and the Ends of *State*; or, if they chance to escape the *Bow-String*, are detain'd their whole Lifetime in a close Imprisonment, which is worse than Death.

Lewis XIII. has also left another Brother behind him, born of the same Mother as himself. They call him, the *Duke of Orleans*; a Man of a daring Spirit, and great Resolution. He is but newly come to the *Court*, having been banished for some Enterprises against his Brother.

It was the Opinion of the *French*, that this Prince would have a share in the *Regency*; but, *Lewis* would by no Means consent to it,

to the Prejudice of his Queen, whom he left entirely possess'd of the *Sovereign Power*, till the Young King comes of Age. However, as yet, she holds a seeming Correspondence with the *Duke of Orleans*, and the *Prince of Conde*; by whose Mediations, several *Grandeess*, who were Prisoners of *State*, are now released, and make their Appearance at the *Court*.

From hence thou may'st gather, that Things are not managed here with such Rigour and Severity, as at *Constantinople*, where the Commands of our *Invincible Emperours* are impetuous, and Execution swift.

There is a *Bishop* to whom the *Queen-Regent* seems to be inclined. He has the Character of a very good Man, but they say, he is too simply Honest for a *Courtier*, and that *Cardinal Mazarini* will over-reach him. However, that *Prelate* has the *Queen's* Ear at Present, and his Creatures extol him for a Man of great Abilities. 'Tis said, the *Queen* has writ to the *Pope*, desiring a *Cardinal's* Hat for him: And some whisper, that he will be made the *Prime Minister*, in the Room of *Mazarini*. To speak my Sentiment, I wish he were; for there seems not so much Reason to apprehend from his Counsels any notable Design against the *Ottoman Port*, as from those of the *Cardinal*, whom I look upon as a *Second Richlieu*. Here are several Interests on Foot; the whole *Court* is divided into Factions, striving to undermine and supplant each other.

It is not here as in *Turkey*, where the greatest
Bassas

Bassa's are but the *Sultan's* Slaves. The *Princes* of *France*, are equal to some *Sovereign Kings*; and upon the least Grudge, will raise Armies, and give the King Battel, if he does not come to their Terms, and make a satisfactory Composition. Neither dares the King put any of them to Death, for fear of the People, who generally take their Part, being greedy of Novelties and prone to rebel.

Wouldst thou know, by what Means the Nobility of *France* arrive to such a dangerous Power? I tell thee, in a Word, the Kings themselves have put a Sword into their Hands, which they spare not to draw, when their Ambition or Discontent prompts them to it. They are freed from all Tribute and Homage; have the Command of whole *Provinces* committed to them, in which are great Numbers of Walled Towns, Forts and Castles. These great Charges, procure them the Esteem and Veneration of the People living under their Government; who honour them as Kings, and readily take up Arms in their Vindication.

The *Queen-Regent* is fearful, lest they should take Advantage of her Son's Minority; and, under Pretence of Reforming the *State*, or serving the King's Interest, they should involve the Kingdom in *Civil Wars*. She keeps a strict Watch over the *Duke of Orleans*, and observes the *Prince of Conde's* Motions: Her Guards are doubled, and she neglects nothing that may assure the Interests of the *Crown*.

Thou, who standest by the *Silent Fountain*, and art near the Person of the *Grand Signior*, think

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think of doing *Mahmut* some good Office, who loves cordially, serves faithfully, and prays fervently for the Health and Long Life of our *Glorious Sultan*, and wishes thee thy Fill of Happiness.

Paris, 27th. of the 10th. Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Captain Bassa.

HERE are arrived several Hundreds of *Slaves*, who have Manumitted themselves by a Bold Adventure; an Exploit, which, to give them their due, has something in it of Bravery. The Place of their *Captivity*, was *Alexandria*; thou knowest the Circumstances of that *Haven*: What Hazards will not the desire of Liberty put Men upon? There were several Thousands of *Franks* in the City, whom the Restraint and Rigors of Servitude, had made weary of their Lives. Among the Rest, a Native of *Brabant*, who having been bred up in the Art of distilling *Strong Waters*, his *Patron* hired him a Shop, furnishing him with all Materials and Necessaries to prosecute his Calling, in hopes of very profitable Returns To this Man's Shop, there was a great Resort of all the *Franks* in the City, by

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which

which Means he improv'd his Trade, and thriv'd mightily. He was a Bold Fellow, and took a particular Pride in great Attempts; and though he might have lived very happily, and enrich'd himself by his own Occupation, yet he had another sort of *Chymistry* to practise; being resolved, to draw his Fellow-Slaves, (who were now become his Customers) off from the Lees of Despair, and elevate them to a Resolution of seeking their Freedom. He often harangu'd them on this Subject, and a strict Intelligence was held between all the *European* Slaves in that City. At length, it was agreed amongst them, to seize a certain Vessel, that lay in the Harbour, and commit themselves to the Winds and Waves. This was carried on with so much secrecy, and so dextrous a Conduct, that unsuspected, above two Thousand of them got aboard, and put out to Sea. The Wind favouring them, they first arrived at *Candia*, where they Landed some Hundreds of their Crew; after this, they touch'd at *Malta*, where they disposed of others; then, at *Livorno* in *Italy*; and lastly, came safe to *Marselles*, where the Remainder came ashore. These are Natives of *France*, *England*, *Brabant*, and *Holland*, with Two *Spanish* Priests.

The Inhabitants of *Paris*, are very Charitable to them, especially the Merchants, who traffick in the *Levant*, of which there are great Numbers in this City. The *Clergy* also, have made a Collection for them; and, 'tis said, the *Queen Regent* has ordered her *Almoner*, to distribute three Thousand Crowns among them. They inveigh bitterly against the *Mussulmans*, cursing

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cursing our *Holy Prophet*, and thanking their good Stars, for thus fortunately redeeming them from an *Insupportable Slavery*. I cannot see, wherein they merit Blame in all this ; it being Natural for all Men, to covet Liberty ; and to rejoice when they have escaped any Misfortune. I protest, I cannot be angry with them in my Heart for any Thing, but the *Blasphemies* they vomit against the *Messenger of God*. The rest, are Actions as Natural, as to Eat and Drink. *Self-Preservation* being common to all Animals, there seems as much Reason to condemn a Bird that chirps and triumphs, when she feels her self upon the Wing, ranging the Balmey Air, being newly released from the Cage ; as, to find fault with these Fellows, for rejoicing that they have escaped the Confinement and Hardships of *Captivity*.

However, it was an unpardonable Neglect of the Guards who belong to that City, to suffer these *Infidels* thus to give them the slip. So culpable a Remissness, may cost some of them their Heads.

The Great God, whose Power is manifested in the *Ocean* as well as on the *dry Land*, furnish thee with as favourable Winds as these *Fugitives* had, when thou failest to execute the *Orders* of the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 20th. of the 11th, Moon,
of the Year 1643.

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LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

To Mustapha Guir, an Eunuch Page.

THIS Court has within these Three Days put on another Face, than it had ever since the *Royal Obsequies* were perform'd. One would hardly think it the same, were it not for the *Mourning* they still wear, on the Account of the late *King's* Death. This is a Formality used all over *Christendom* in such Cases, and serves for a *Disguise* to *Hypocrites*. The *French Grantees*, make use of it to masque their several *Politick* Designs. They wear *Black*, the Emblem of *Sadness*, to denote their Grief for the *Dead Monarch*, and yet they feast and revel, to the end they may send more of the *Royal Blood* after him. The Matter I am going to inform thee of, is *Tragical* in it self; and had been worse, but for the Prevention of *Providence*.

Three Days ago, the *Princes* of the *Blood*, with divers of the *Prime Nobility*, were invited to a Feast by the *Queen's* Order. The Place where 'twas kept, is called the *New Castle*. It is needless for me to describe the Magnificent Entertainment; thou mayst conclude, all Things were performed with Great Cost and Majesty. They Banquetted with Wine to Excess; insomuch, as the *Duke of Orleans*, about Midnight, walking through a Gallery, was so inebriated with the Juice of the Grape,

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that he fell asleep on a Couch, which stood about the middle of the Walk ; he was wrapt in his Cloak, a Garment well known in the Court, by the large Diamond that button'd it before ; but no Body came by that way, till two Hours afterwards, a certain *French Lord* passing to his Lodging, took Notice of a Man asleep on the Couch, and drawing nearer, knew it to be the *Duke*. Wondering what should be the meaning of it, he inquired of the *Duke's Page*, that stood not far off, who told him, *His Master was overcome with Wine*. The *Lord* not thinking it convenient to leave a *Prince of the Blood*, in such a Place at that Time of the Night, caused his Servants to take him up and carry him to his own Lodgings, who for the greater Conveniency, left his Cloak behind upon the Couch. As soon as they were gone, the *Duke's Page* puts on the Cloak, and being also tyred with watching, laid himself down to sleep. The *Duke* not long after awakes, and call'd for his *Page*, not knowing where he was. The Servants of the *French Lord*, immediately ran to the *Page*, but found him dead upon the Couch, being stabb'd through the Heart. Thou may'st imagine what a Surprize the whole Court was in, when this Accident was known. Next Morning, strict Inquisition was made into this Affair, but nothing brought to light ; only 'twas observ'd, that about Three a-Clock in the Morning, an unknown Person was seen by the *Centinels*, to be let into *Cardinal Mazarini's Apartment*. The Business is hush'd

up; yet People spare not to whisper, that the *Cardinal* was privy to the Murder; adding, that the Blow was given by Mistake, the *Page* being supposed to be the *Duke*, as he lay wrapt up in that Remarkable Cloak. It is common in these *Infidel* Countries, for great Men to hire *Ruffians* to execute their Revenge. And these Fellows are as prompt and dextrous at a private Murder, as our *Mutes* are to execute the Pleasure of the *Grand Signior*, when he commands them to strangle any Offending *Bassa*. But they will have half the-Price of their Villainy before-hand, and the Residue when 'tis accomplish'd. Thus is innocent Blood become a Merchandice: They Traffick for Assassinations; and, a Man cannot call his Life his own, since at that very Instant, it may be bought by another. I have not heard that such a detestable Wickedness has ever been practis'd in the *Empire* of the *Mussulmans*, much less in the *Seraglio's* of our *Sultans*, which are the Mansions of Justice and Vertue.

One of the *Grandeets* of *France*, (whom they call the *Duke* of *Beaufort*) takes incessant Pains to find out the Author of this Murder. He is a mortal Enemy of *Cardinal Mazarini*, and would give half the Revenue of his Dukedom, could he remove him out of the Kingdom. He insinuates very plausible suspicions into the Minds of the *Courtiers*, to render him odious. He dares not openly accuse him of being Accessary to the *Page's* Death, having no Evident Proofs against him,
but

but he endeavours to create in all Men a Belief, that he had a hand in it. He has consulted a *Magician*, who has shew'd him the Figure of the Murderer in a Glass, and by another Effect of his Enchantments, has presented him with a Picture drawn from the *Magical* Portraiture in the Glass, which the *Duke* has caused to be imitated by the Skilfullest Masters in *France*, sending the Copies in great Numbers to all Parts of the Kingdom, with Orders to the Governours of Towns and Cities, especially such as are on the Frontiers and Sea-Coasts, to cause all Travellers to be brought before them, and confronted with the Picture; that so (if possible) the Murderer may be discover'd, who will not fail to be put to all the Tortures they can invent, to draw a Confession from him, *That Cardinal Mazari- ni had contrived the Murder of the Duke of Orleans, though by Mistake 'twas executed on his Page.* But the *Cardinal* is even with him, having accused him to the *Queen*, of designing to Murder him; whereupon, the *Duke* is sent Prisoner to the *Castle* of the *Wood of Vincennes*. This makes the Creatures of *Beau- fort*, to murmur and say, There is a higher Hand than the *Cardinal's* alone, in the Contrivance of this Murder. Libels are scatter'd up and down the Streets, and 'tis said, that the *Ghost* of the *Page* has been often seen to walk in the Royal Apartments.

In the mean Time, I wait all Opportunities to do the *Grand Signior* some effectua Service, snatching every Contingency which

may advance the *Ottoman* Interest. Neither am I forgetful to oblige my Friends.

The *Great God*, preserve thee from untimely Death, and give thee Favour with the *Sultan*.

Paris, 30th. of the 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XXV.

To Pestelihali, his Brother.

WHEN I wrote last to thee, I thought I should have taken a farther Journey than thou: *Asia* was the designed Stage of thy Travels: but I look'd on my self at that time, as bound for another World: And therefore, having no hopes of ever seeing thee again in this, I gave thee a solemn Adieu. It is now Four Years since that Letter was writ, during which, thou hast seen many strange Things in the *East*, while I have observ'd some Remarkables in the *West*. Thou art return'd safe to *Constantinople*, and I am still aliye in *Paris*. I am overjoy'd to hear I have a Brother living; I hope thou wilt not be sorry, that I have hitherto escaped the Stroke of Death. We two are the only surviving of all our Race; let us love one another, as though there were Nothing else in the World for us to love. As for our Mother, I know not whether she be on Earth or in *Paradise*. The last Letter she sent me, express'd her Grief for the Death
of

of her second Husband, since which, Eighteen *Moons* are elaps'd, and I have heard Nothing of her. I desire thee, if thou hast any Tender-ness for *Mahmut*, to satisfy me whether she be living or dead? Perhaps she is married again, and may be removed into some unknown Country. I am perplex'd with a Thousand Anxieties about her.

Remember, That the *Tribe* to which we belong, was none of the most Obscure in *Arabia*. Let us imitate the *Virtues* of our *Kin-dred*, without meddling with their *Vices*; In such a *Family*, it will not be difficult to find some good Examples, and such as are worthy to be follow'd. Let us learn Temperance from One; Prudence from Another, Magnanimity from a Third, and the Rules of Piety and Justice from them all. This I take to be a proper Method to acquire an Excellency in Vertue, and to root good Habits in us; it being certain, that Practical Examples have more Influence on Men, than the most pithy and sage Instructions. Who can reflect on the Incomparable Modesty of *Useph*, my Father's Brother, and not be charm'd; Thou may'st remember, with how sweet a Grace of Mildness and Condescension, all his Actions were adorn'd. He was esteem'd the most Polite Man in those Parts. From him we may learn, to bear Injuries patiently, and not to grow peevish at the Impertinences of the Vulgar; not to be of a rugged Temper, Fierce or Revengeful, but to be always of an even Deportment, pursuing all Men with Civilities and good Offices;

the very Nature of which, brings its own Reward along with it (if there were no other) the Mind being fed with an inexpressible Complacency, after such Generous Performances.

Mehmet Ali, our Kinsman, was a Man of singular Government and Moderation. He was neither vainly fond of his Friend, nor Humorous or Cold. He rejected Flatterers, and was not concern'd at Slanderers. He was neither Superstitious, nor Profane; Liberal without Pride, Frugal without Avarice, and in all Things he carried himself with exquisite Sobriety and Reason.

Such Men as these, we ought to set before us, as Patterns of a good Life; and, in following their Steps, we shall honour the *Family* from which we descend.

In perusing thy Letter, I find thou hast made some profitable Remarks in thy *Travels*. Thou hast been at the *Courts* of several Great and illustrious *Princes*, and returnest Home enrich'd with a Treasury of Jewels, of a far higher Price than Rubies and Diamonds. The Knowledge which thou hast purchased, is a Merchandice for Kings, and will render thee acceptable to the Sovereigns of the Earth. Thou hast improv'd much in a little Time, and shalt reap the Honour and Profit of thy Experience all the Days of thy Life.

It will be a kind Office, if thou wilt gratifie thy Brother with some of those choice Observations thou hast made. I have a particular Desire, to be inform'd of many Things in the *Indies*. Our Cousin *Isouf*, is covetous of his
Memoirs;

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Memoirs; he will not impart any thing to me, though he has likewise travers'd all the *East*. I would fain know the Age and Character of the present *Mogol*. Here is a *Portuguese* in the City, with whom I sometimes converse. He has been at *Indostan*, and says, That the present *Emperour* of that Country, is a Man of no great Abilities, suffering his Affairs to be managed by the Conduct of Women; That he has more than ordinary Familiarity with one of his Daughters; That he has Four Sons, whom he has made *Sovereigns* of *Provinces*: They are Princes of Active Spirits; and, he says, 'tis fear'd, they will one Day depose their Father.

He tells a Remarkable Story of the *Grand Mogol's* being once in Danger of his Life; which, because it has something in it very extraordinary, I will in Brief relate it to thee.

It happened, that this Prince was riding on one of his *Elephants* in the Province of *Cashemire*, when suddenly the Beast grew raging mad; (it seems it is the Nature of these Animals, when they are stung with Lust, at certain times of the Year, to fall into a kind of Phrenzy, which, if not timely obviated, will last Forty Days.) He, whose Office it was to manage the *Elephant*, perceiving that the King's Life was in apparent Danger, through the Furious Humour of the Beast, had not time to say any more to the King, but only these Words; *There is but this only way to save your Life, that I sacrifice mine to the Elephant, which I freely do, as an unfeigned Testimony of my Loyalty.* With that;

that he cast himself at the *Elephant's* Feet, which immediately took him up with his Trunk and kill'd him, and so became pacified. The King astonished at so surprizing an Accident, and to testifie his Gratitude for so unparallel'd a Fidelity, sent for this Man's Sons, and having ask'd them, whether they could have Resolution enough to follow their Fathers Example in such a Case, to which they all answering, *That his Majesty might see it immediately, if he pleas'd to give but the Word*; the King caus'd Rich Vests to be bestowed on every one of them, with other Presents, and made them the *Chief Masters* of his *Elephants*, throughout the *Empire*. The *Portuguese* added, That in token of Thankfulness to Heaven for so signal a Preservation, the *Emperor* gave Royal and Munificent Alms to all the Poor in that *Province*, vowing, never to ride again on an *Elephant*, since it had cost him the Life of one of his most Faithful Servants.

If thou hast met with any Instances of so Remarkable a Vertue, Insert them in thy Letter; for, whatever may be in the *East*, a Man may live whole Ages, in these *Western* Parts, before he shall find such unshaken Fidelity in a Servant. The *King Eternal* cast an Eye of favour on thee, and reward thee for the Love thou bearest to our Glorious *Sultan*.

Paris, 16th. of the 12th. Moon,
of the Year 1643.

The End of the Second Book.

LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY at PARIS.

VOL. II.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Ibrahim Haly Cheik, a Man of
the Law.

HERE is a Man come to this City, if he may be called a Man, who pretends to have lived above these Sixteen Hundred Years. They call him the *Wandering Jew*. But some say, he is an *Impostor*. He says of himself, that he was *Usher* of the *Divan* in *Jerusalem*, (the *Jews* call it the *Court of Judgment*) where all *Criminal Causes* were tried,

tryed, at the Time when *Jefus*, the Son of *Mary*, the *Chriftians* *Meffias*, was Condemned by *Pontius Pilate*, the Roman Prefident. That his Name was *Michob Ader*; and that, for thrusting *Jefus* out of the Hall with thefe words, *Go, why tarriest thou?* The *Meffias* answered him again; *I go, but tarry thou till I come*; thereby condemning him, to live till the *Day of Judgment*. He pretends to remember the *Apostles* that lived in thofe Days, and that he himfelf was *Baptized* by one of them; that he has travelled through all the *Regions* of the *World*, and fo muft continue to be a Vagabond till the *Meffias* fhall return again. They fay, that he heals Difeaſes, by touching the Party affected. Divers other *Miracles*, are aſcribed to him by the *Ignorant* and *Superſtitious*. But the *Learned*, the *Noble*, and the *Great*, cenſure him as a Counterfeit or a Madman. Yet there are, who affirm, that 'tis one convincing Argument of the Reality of his Pretence, that he has hitherto eſcaped a Priſon, eſpecially in theſe Countries, where the Authors of all Innovations are ſeverely puniſhed. He has eſcaped the *Inquiſitions* at *Rome*, in *Spain*, and in *Portugal*, which the Vulgar will have to be an evident *Miracle*.

One Day I had the Curioſity to Diſcourſe with him in ſeveral Languages; and, I found him Maſter of all thoſe that I could ſpeak. I converſed with him Five or Six Hours together in *Arabick*. He told me, that there was ſcarce a true Hiſtory to be found. I asked him.

him, what he thought of *Mahomet*, the Prophet and *Lawgiver* of the *Mussulmans*? He answered, That he knew his Father very well, and had been often in his Company at *Ormus* in *Persia*; That *Mahomet*, was a Man full of Light and a Divine Spirit, but had his Errors as well as other Mortals, and that his chiefest was, in denying the *Crucifixion* of the *Messias*; for, said he, *I was then present, and saw him hang on the Cross with these Eyes of mine.* He accus'd the *Mussulmans* of *Imposture*, in making the World believe, That the Tomb of their Prophet, hangs miraculously between Heaven and Earth, saying, That he himself had seen it, and that it was built after the manner of other Sepulchres. Thou who hast been at the *Holy Place*, knowest whether this be true or false. He upbraids the *Persian Mahometans* with *Luxury*, the *Ottomans* with *Tyranny*, the *Arabians* with *Robbery*, the *Moors* with *Cruelty*, and the *Mussulmans* of the *Indies* with *Atheism*: Nor does he spare to reproach the *Christian Churches*: He taxes the *Roman* and *Græcian* with the *Pompous Idolatry* of the *Heathens*. He accuses the *Æthiopian* of *Judaism*, the *Armenian* of *Heretic*; and says, that the *Protestants*, if they would live according to their Profession, would be the best *Christians*.

He told me, he was in *Rome*, when *Nero* set Fire to the City, and stood triumphing on the Top of a Hill to behold its Flames. That he saw *Saladine's* Return from his Conquests in the *East*, when he caused his Shirt to be carried

carried on the Top of a Spear, with this Proclamation, *Saladine*, Lord of many rich Countries, Conquerour of the East, ever Victorious and happy, when he dies shall have no other Memorial left of all his Glories, but only this poor Skirt.

He relates many remarkable Passages of *Solyman the Magnificent*, whereof our Histories are silent, and says, he was in *Constantinople*, when *Solyman* built that Royal Mosque, which goes by his Name. He knew *Tamerlain* the *Scythian*, and told me, that he was so call'd, because he halted with one Leg. He pretends also to have been acquainted with *Scanderbeg*, the Valiant and Fortunate Prince of *Epirus*. He seem'd to pity the insupportable Calamity of *Bajazet*, whom he had seen carried about in a Cage by *Tamerlain's* Order. He accuses the *Scythian*, of too Barbarous an Insult on the Unfortunate Sultan. He remembers the Ancient Caliphs of *Babylon* and *Agypt*; the Empire of the *Sarazens*; and, the Wars in the Holy Land. He highly extols the Valour and Conduct of the Renowned *Godfrey of Bulloigne*. He gives an accurate Account of the Rise, Progress, Establishment, and Subversion of the *Mamalukes* in *Agypt*. — He says, he has washed himself in the Two Head-springs of the River *Nile*, which arise in the most Southern Part of *Aethiopia*. That its Encrease is occasion'd by the great Rains in *Aethiopia*, which swell all the Rivers that fall into the *Nile*, and cause that vast Inundation, which has so much puzzled

puzzled *Philosophy*, to find out the Origin. He says, that the River *Ganges* in *India*, is broader and deeper than the *Nile*; that the River *Niger* in *Africa* is longer by some Hundreds of Miles. And, that he can remember a time, when the River *Nile* overflowed not till Three Months after the usual Season.

Having professed himself an Universal Traveller, and that there was no Corner of the Earth, where he had not been present, I began to comfort my self with the hopes of some News from the *Ten Tribes* of *Israel*, that were carried into Captivity by *Salmanasser* King of *Assyria*, and could never be heard of since. I asked him several Questions concerning them, but found no satisfactory Answer. Only he told me, that both in *Asia*, *Africk*, and *Europe*, he had taken Notice of a Sort of People, who (though not *Jews* in Profession) yet retained some *Characteristicks*, whereby one might discover them to be descended of that Nation.

In *Livonia*, *Russia*, and *Finland*, he had met with People of distinct Languages from that of the Country, having a great mixture of *Hebrew* Words; that these abstained from Swines Flesh, Blood, and Things strangled. That in their Lamentations for the Dead, they always used these Words [*Feru-Feru Masco Salem.*] By which he thought, they called to Remembrance *Jerusalem* and *Damascus*, those two Famous Cities of *Palestine* and *Syria*. In the *Circassians* also, he had traced

traced some Footsteps of *Judaism*; their Customs, Manner of Life, Feasts, Marriages, and Sacrifices, being not far removed from the Institutions of the *Mosaick Law*. But what is most remarkable, he said, that he had conversed with professed *Jews* in the North Parts of *Asia*, who never so much as heard of *Jesus*, the Son of *Mary*, or of the Revolutions in *Judea* after his Death, the Siege and Destruction of *Jerusalem*, or any other Matters wherewith all Histories abound concerning that Nation. He said moreover, that these *Jews* had only the *Pentateuch*, not having heard of the rest of those Books which compose the greatest Part of the *Old Testament*; and, that this *Pentateuch*, was written in a sort of *Hebrew*, far different from that which is now commonly spoken, by the rest of the dispersed *Jews* throughout the World. That the number of these *Jews* was Infinite. And finally, he thought, that these (if any) were the true Posterity of those *Ten Captive Tribes*.

Having mentioned the Destruction of *Jerusalem*, I ask'd him where he was at that time? He told me, in the Court of *Vespasian* at *Rome*, and that he had heard the Emperor say, when he understood the Temple of *Solomon* was burnt to Ashes, He had rather all *Rome* had been set on Fire. Here the Old Man fell a weeping himself, lamenting the Ruines of that Noble Structure, which he described to me as familiarly, as if he had seen it but Yesterday. He says, that *Josephus* wrote

wrote partially of the *Seditious* in the City, being related to one of the *Chief Ring-leaders*, whom therefore he spar'd, being loath to stain the Reputation of his own *Family* to all Posterity.

I tell thee, Sage *Cheik*, if this Man's Pretences be true, he is so full of Choice *Memoirs*, and has been Witness to so many Grand Transactions for the space of Sixteen Centuries of Years; that he may not unfitly be called, *A Living Chronology*, the *Proto-Notary* of the *Christians Hegira*, or *Principal Recorder* of that which they esteem the *Last Epocha* of the *World's Duration*.

By his Looks, one would take him for a *Relick* of the *Old World*, or one of the *Long-liv'd Fathers* before the *Flood*. To speak modestly, he may pass for the *Younger Brother* of *Time*.

It would be endless to tell thee how many other Discourses we had of his Travels and Memoirs; till tired with his Company, and judging all to be a Cheat, I took my Leave.

I tell thee, he seems to be a Man well vers'd in all Histories, a Great Traveller, and one that affects to be counted an Extraordinary Person. The Common People are ready to adore him; and, the very Fear of the Multitude, restrains the *Magistrates* from offering any Violence to this *Impostor*.

Live thou in the Exercise of thy Reason, which will not permit thee to be seduced into Errors, by the subtle Insinuations of Men.

Continue

Continue to love *Mahmut*, who Honours thee without à Fiction.

Paris, 4th. of the 1st. Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER II.

To the Selictar Aga, or Sword-Bearer.

Jealousie, the Bane of Publick Alliances, as well as of Private Friendships, has carried the Arms of *Suedeland* into *Denmark*, at a Time when least expected.

All *Europe* was alarmed at the News of this *Surprizing Invasion*; it being thought, that the *Suedes* had Work enough cut out for them in *Germany*.

However, few could penetrate into the Reasons which induced them to respite the *Imperialists*, and at the same Time carry the War into the Dominions of King *Christian*; who, by his Mediation, and other good Offices between the *German Emperour* and that Crown, merited another kind of Return, than an *Hostile Invasion*.

But the Peace-maker has most Times a thankless Office. I have seen a Gentleman, endeavouring to part or pacify Two of his Friends, encountring in the Streets of *Paris*,
and

and has received the Point of one of the Rapiers in his Heart for his Kindness. So far'd it with the King of *Denmark*, who was accepted of by both Parties, as Umpire of the Quarrel; and had sent his *Ambassador* to *Munster*, where he treated so successfully with the *Imperialists*, that he brought them to Terms very advantageous to the *Suedes*; yet, the first Overtures of his Mediation, gave so great a suspicion to that Nation, that while the *Danish Ambassador* was actually concluding a Peace for them, they commence a War, or rather translate it from the *Provinces* of the *Empire* to *Scania*, entering that Country with Twelve Thousand Men: And, to shew the World they were in Earnest, they privately treat with the *Hollanders*, to assist them with a *Fleet* and *Men*, which was granted them under the Command of *Admiral Martin Tyes*.

At the same Time, *General Torstenson* entered *Holstein*, where he advanced with admirable Success; took *Kiel* by surprize; and, passing forward, possessed himself of *Futland*, driving King *Christian* into a Corner of his Dominions; for, now he had only *Zealand* and *Fionia* left, which are Two Islands; the former whereof, commands the Passage into the *Baltick Sea*.

Here, the King of *Denmark* finds himself beset with Difficulties and Dangers, by Sea and Land; yet, in regard his greatest Strength lay in his Shipping, he wholly applies himself to rig and man out a good *Fleet*. At the

the same Time, he informs his *Allies* of this Unjust War, and made passionate Complaints to the *Emperour*, for whose Sake all this befell him, imploring his Friendship and Aid in so great a Calamity. The *Emperour* sends *Gallasio* with Forces, who entring the Territories of *Hamburg* and *Lubeck*, a League was Negotiated between the *Emperour* and the *Danish* King. But by the Artifices of the *French* and *Holland Ambassadors* at *Copenhagen*, the King was dissuaded from making an Alliance with the *House of Austria*.

However, the *Dunkirkers* offered King *Christian*, to maintain a Considerable Fleet in the Sound, at their own Charge, which he seemed to accept of.

All the *Ministers* endeavour to play their own Game, and abuse the Goodness of the Unfortunate King. Whilst in the mean Time, he loses Ground in *Holstein*; General *Torstenson* having taken *Christianpury*, a very strong Place.

What will be the Issue of these Transactions, Time will manifest; but, were not this King Master of an Extraordinary Vertue, he would sink under so many pressures, being a Man of a Great Age. But, God supports whom He pleases.

Paris, 20th. of the 1st. Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To Cara Haly, the Physician at Constantinople.

THOU hast seen many in the Arms of Death, wraſtling with the *Grim March* of *Shadows*, who by the Privilege of an excellent Conſtitution, have diſengaged themſelves from his Clutches, and ſtood at open Deſiance with him for ſome Years afterwards. But I queſtion, whether thou haſt ever known any, whom that Conquerour has once laid in the Duſt, that recover'd again.

In a Village about half a League from this City, there died a Man (or at leaſt he ſeem'd to die) about a Week ago. He was ſtretch'd forth into the Poſture fitteſt for his Coffin, by the Hands of two old Women. His Relations and Friends, flock'd about the Body, to pray for his Soul, as is the Cuſtom of the *Chriſtians*. The Houſe was fill'd with Tears and Sighs, and a mournful Cloud ſat on every Brow. He lay thus for the ſpace of Thirty five Hours, Dead in the Suppoſition of all his Family. When the Watchers who ſate by, were ſuddenly aſtoniſhed to hear him ſneeze; they ran away at firſt, as People affrighted at ſome Ghafly Viſion, and alarm'd the whole Neighbourhood with the News. *Physicians* were ſent for, who cauſing him to be laid in
a Warm

a Warm Bed, and using proper Applications, he recover'd his Senses, and by Degrees his Speech: they are in Hopes to restore him to perfect Health again. He relates to his Visitors, many strange Things, that he has seen and heard during the Five and Thirty Hours that he was thought to be Dead. He says, he has been before the *Throne of God*, and has seen all the *Orders of Angels*; that he was commanded to return back again to his Body, to warn Men of the approaching *Day of Judgement*. He preaches Repentance and good Works, to all that come near him. Hence it is, that the devouter sort of People resort to his House in *Pilgrimage*, esteeming him a *Saint*. They say, he has anticipated the *General Resurrection*, to give a fresh proof of it to this unbelieving Age, and to evince, that it will come to pass before he shall quit his Body. He Prophesies, the Conversion of the *Jews* to be near at Hand, and, that the *Mussulmans* shall embrace the *Christian Faith*.

Such as are fond of Novelties, and superstitiously inclined, believe what he says, to be as true as the *Alcoran*; but, the *Learned* impute it all to the Fumes of Melancholy, to which he was always naturally prone. For my Part, who believe that *Mahomet*, the *Messenger of God*, was the last, and *Seal* of all the *Prophets*, look for none after him; nor am I credulous of every one, who pretends to a *Divine Commission*. Yet, when I am in Company with such as are this Man's Admirers, I talk as they do, and seem what I am not, that

I may the better acquit my self what I really am. Besides, it is not Prudence, to provoke the Fury of Bigots, by opposing their Sentiments.

They relate a Story, of a Man who died in this City, some Hundreds of Years ago; and 'tis upon Record, That this Person during his Life Time, was esteemed a *very Holy Man*, but after his Death, while they were performing his Funeral Obsequies, and carrying the Body round the Church in Procession, he suddenly started up from the Bier on which he was carried, pronouncing these Words with an Audible Voice, *I am arraigned before the Judgment Seat of God.* All that heard him speak, were astonished at so surprizing an Event; and the Priests who sang the Hymn of *Rest* to his Soul, for a while desisted. But again going on with their Procession and Hymn, he arose the Second Time, and said aloud, *I am tryed at God's Tribunal.* This put another stop to the Solemnity, till after some Deliberations, they resolved to proceed a Third Time, when he started up again, and said, *I am condemned by the just Sentence of God.* This put a final Stop to the Funeral Ceremonies. They would no longer chant a *Rest*, to the Soul of him, whose dead Body arose, and pronounced him *Damned.* Neither would they bury his Body in *Consecrated Ground*, whose Soul they knew was lodg'd in *Hell*, by a Voice from the Dead. There is an Order of *Devils*, called *Caribussians*, who, they say,

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are a standing Monument of the Truth of this Relation. For, one *Bruno*, being touch'd with Compunction, at so tremendous an Accident, immediately forsook the Society of Men, and led a Contemplative Life in exquisite Silence, Abstinence, Fasting and Prayer, enjoyning all his Followers to do the like. Who are now spread into most Parts of *Christendom*, having Magnificent Monasteries, Great Immunities, and are esteem'd the *strictest Order* of the *Roman Church*. They are served in the Markets before the King himself. If any *Devotee* of another *Order* desires to come into this, he may; but from this there is no Return. They dig a part of their own Graves every Day, having every one a Cell and a Garden to himself. They converse with one another but once a Week. And if, when they are walking in the *Closters* of their *Monastery*, they happen to spy a Stranger, they scud away into their Cells, as Conies into their Holes, at the sight of a Dog. They never taste of Flesh, and are obliged to pray Eight Hours in Four and Twenty.

This *Order* has afforded Eminent Scholars and Statesmen; but now 'tis like to have Men of another Character for its Proselytes; for, since the Resurrection of this *new Prophet*, I mentioned in the beginning of my Letter, the *Rabble* are all turning *Carthusians*.

Thou who art acquainted with the Nature of *Ecstasies* and *Trances*, wilt know what to judge of this Man's Raptures. The great *Cardan*, could fall into them when he pleased; and, I have heard of a Learned *Mahometan*, *Devotee*

in the *Indies*, that had the Art of with-drawing his Soul from the Body, at which times he beheld *Divine* and *Celestial* Things, not by way of *Contemplation*, but real *Intuition*. We must acknowledge these to be the Favourites of *Heaven*, Friends of *Nature*, and privy to the Secrets of both *Worlds*.

I desire thee, to write me some News of my Friends; for, I can hear nothing from them. Which makes me think my self among the Dead, and quite forgotten. If thou still retainest thy wonted Chearfulness, thou art happy. Sadness is the Bane of the Soul, from which, I pray *Heavens*, preserve both thee and me.

Paris, 26th. of the 1st. Moon,
of the Year 1644.

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LETTER IV.

To William Vospel, a Christian Re-
cluse of Austria.

I Am a *Christian* as well as thou, and yet I cannot find a Reason to live after thy Manner. Not, that I reprehend thy Choice, but I consult my own Happiness. I could willingly embrace a *Monastick* Life, were it not for the *Vow* of *Obedience*. Those of *Celibacy* and *Poverty*, are not so frightful. But, to be absolutely resigned to the Will of a *Superiour* (who may be a Thousand Times more Vicious than my self) is far more irksome, than to be a *Slave* in *Turky*. There, a Man may pave himself a Way to many Enjoyments in the midst of Captivity, and sweeten his worst Condition, with the Hopes of Freedom one Time or other. But here I must be condemn'd to an everlasting Servitude, and such an one, as renders it a Crime, so much as to think of Pleasure, or dream of a Release. I must be for ever confin'd, to obey one that perhaps is not Master of himself; to humour all his Caprices; to give the Lye to that Sense and Reason, with which *God* and *Nature* have endued me: to make Black and White, Good and Evil, Reciprocal Terms; though every one knows, they are perfect Contradictions. In fine, I must resolve in all Things,

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(not excepting my very Thoughts) to be conducted by him, who for ought I know, follows no other Guide but his own Irregular Passions. What will then become of me, after such an unreasonable Forfeiture of my Native Liberty? I will tell thee in one Word; from a Rational Creature, I shall be changed to a Brute; from a Man to a Sot; and, having now some Sparks of Vertue, I shall then be made the Rendezvous of all Vice.

Think not, that I go about to make thee hate the Manner of Life thou hast chosen: Though I esteem thee miserable, do not judge so of thy self. Thou may'st find, a great deal of Pleasure in that Restraint, which to me would be the most Insupportable Calamity in the World: And, it may be as easie for thee, to submit to the Will of another, as 'tis hard for me to comply with my Own. I am of so wavering a Constitution, that I cannot without great Difficulty please my self, much less could I be able to humour the Extravagancies, of a Soul different from Mine. I have observed, that should I follow the Motions of my own proper Inclination at all Times, I should do many Things whereof I might afterwards repent: why may not the Case be the same, or worse, if I blindly obey the Will of a Stranger? Am I sure, that he is a Good Man? Or, if he be so to Day, how do I know but that he may be otherwise to Morrow? Nay, what Security can be given me, that if he be a *Saint* this Hour, he will not be a *Devil* the next; since, the Temper of Man varies as often, and

suffers as many Alterations, as the Elements do, out of which he is compounded? Where then can be the Reason, of giving my self wholly up to any Man's Disposall all my Life Time? Is it not sufficient to obey the *Sovereign Prelate*, who commands the whole *Church*, yet imposes not the Dictates of his own Will as a Law, but governs all *Christians* according to the *Ancient Traditions*, *Statuted Canons*, and *Decrees* of the *Apostles*, *Fathers* and *Councils*? Whereas, those who Pre-*fide* over the *Convents* of the *Religious*, many Times rule arbitrarily, commanding their Subjects to do those Things, which are diametrically opposite to the very Fundamental Rules of *Christianity*, and contrary to the *Law* of *Nature*. The more I think on't, the greater is my Aversion for this private, blind Obedience.

Thou wilt say, that a *Regular Life* is the Way of Perfection. I grant it; but cannot a Man lead a *Regular Life*, unless he be immur'd in a *Convent*? Or be *Perfect*, if his Mind be not squar'd to the Retirements of a *Cloyster*? I will tell thee my Sentiments freely, and without a Masque. The Nature of every Thing, is its Perfection: There are Perfect *Sinners*, as well as Perfect *Saints*. Thus we say, such an one is a Perfect Drunkard, Fornicator, Cheat, Tyrant or the like. I ask thee, Whether this sort of Perfection may not be (I wish I could say, is not too often actually) found, within the Walls of a *Religious House*? On the other hand, dost thou think it impossible,

to find the Perfection of Vertue, in the mix'd Life of the World? Be not a *Chick*, nor condemn Things whereof thou hast made no Experiment. Remember, how many Kings and Queens, Princes and Nobles have been *Canonized* for *Saints*, who in the midst of so many Splendors, kept their Eyes undazled. Whose Ears, never let in the Blandishments of Flatterers, nor the malicious Whispers of the Envious. Whose Hands were never polluted with innocent Blood, nor their Thirst quench'd with the Tears of Widows and Orphans. But, in all Things, they conserv'd an inviolate Purity, Modesty and Integrity of Manners. These Persons were perfect in the midst of Imperfections, and Regular in the Height of Humane Disorders; *Saints* upon *Earth*, and *Angels* among Men.

Assuredly, 'tis not impossible for a Man (let his Condition be what it will; Publick or Private; Servile or Free) to conduct himself evenly and by a Rule, through all the Meanders and Mixts of Humane Life. I must confess, This is very difficult, and all Men have not that *Divine* Art. Few can walk on Pinnacles, and not make false Steps; such is our Life, and happy is he that makes the fewest. Yet, there is a Dexterity, with which whosoever is acquainted, need not go to a *Monastery*, to enquire the way to Bliss.

Thou wilt perhaps accuse me, of too much Bluntness and ill Manners, in thus Declaiming against that Kind of Life, which thou hast enter'd into. But, pardon the Freedom I take

with my Friend; and rest satisfied, That tho I affect not a *Recluse* Life my self, yet honour I those, who having once engaged themselves therein, persevere with Constancy; from which I shall never perswade thee, or any Man to depart.

Paris, 1st. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER V.

To Mustapha Berber Aga.

A French Merchant, lately come from *Ispahan*, brings Intelligence, that the *Chan* of the *Uzbek Tartars*, is arrived at that City, to crave aid of the present *Sopbi* of *Persia*, against his Rebellious Children, who have deposed him, and bereaved him of one of his Eyes. The *Sopbi* has given him a Royal Reception, going himself in Person, above a League out of the City to meet him, accompanied with all his Nobles. This Gentleman came away, before the *Tartarian Prince* had succeeded in his Design. But, it was generally supposed, that *Cha Abbas* would assist him, with a considerable Army of Horse and Foot, as also with Money to carry on the War.

This King is not Thirteen Years of Age, yet takes upon himself the Management of Publick

lick Affairs. He is addicted to drinking of Wine a great Lover of Musick and Women. Of a Noble Inclination, yet something too Passionate. He commanded the Belly of one of his *Pages* to be ript up, for breaking a Crystal Basin which he much admired. Yet afterwards, repenting of what he had done, he caused him to be honourably buried, and a stately Tomb to be erected over him. He also enquired out such of his Kindred as were living, to whom he gave large Pensions.

There has been little of Action in these Parts, since the Signal Defeat that was given to the *French*, by the Forces of *John de Wert*, and *General Mercy*. Four *French Mareschals* were taken Prisoners, with all the Chief Officers, Six Thousand Soldiers, besides their Ammunition and Baggage.

In this Action, 'tis said, the *Spanish Horse* behaved themselves very bravely, spurr'd on with an Ambition, to recover the Glory they seem'd to have lost in so many Battels. They rush'd into the *French Quarters*, with a Fury which soon put them into Disorder, and afterwards disposed them to quit the Field.

Before this Battel began, 'tis said, there were seen Two Armies of Birds fighting in the Air; which engaged so furiously, that the Ground was cover'd with their Dead Bodies. And, that Morning, when one of the *French Mareschals* was going out of his Tent, with a Pistol in his Hand, in order to try it, the Barrel Split and tore his Hand in Pieces. These are now looked upon as Prodigies, and O-

minous Signs of the Loss they afterwards sustained: but, had the Victory been on their Side, no Body would have taken Notice of them.

The God that gives Victory when, and to whom he pleases, grant, that the *Ottoman Arms* may be ever successful against the *Infidels*.

Paris, 25th. of the 1d. Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER VI.

To the Vizir Azem, at the Port.

THOU that art the Principal Support of the *Ottoman Empire* under the *Grand Signior*, oughtest to be informed of all Things which may either threaten Damage, or promise Assistance, to the Throne which rests on thy Shoulders.

I pass away some of my Time among Seamen; especially such as sail in the *Levant*; their very Breath, is a Relief when I am Chamber-sick, or stifled with the close Vapours of *Paris*. I fantasie, their Lungs transport hither the Breezes of the *Mediterranean*, or the more wholesome Airs of *Asia*. I talk so familiarly with them in their *Marine Diet*, that they scruple not to take me for a *Tarpaulin*,

Tarpaulin, and therefore entertain me without Reserve, as one of their Crew.

This very Evening, I was with some of these Retainers to *Neptune*. Among the Rest of the Discourse I had with them, we touch'd upon the *Dardanells* which guard the *Hellespont*. They tax'd the *Christian* Princes with Cowardise, or, unpardonable Negligence, that they have never attempted to force their Passage through that Channel into the *Propontis*, and block up the Imperial City by Sea, and set it on Fire; especially the *Royal Seraglio*, from whence are issued out the Decrees of Life and Death to the whole Earth.

I told them, they were mistaken in the Strength of those Castles, which command that Important Avenue. And, that no Ships ever durst venture within their Reach, without Leave. When one of them started up, and made me this Answer: *Sir, we have Vessels impenetrable as Rocks, which dare come to an Anchor, under the very Walls of those superannuated Forts, and defie all the Turkish Artillery, to remove us thence. We only want a Commission from our King, to try the Experiment.*

I tell thee, Supreme Minister, I found too much Reason in his Answer, to make room for a Reply. Wherefore, dissembling for a while, the Agony I was in for the Welfare of the Sublime Port, I took my Leave of the Company, and immediately set Pen to Paper, to let thee know what is in the Hearts of these Infidels.

I am not vers'd in the Art and Method of Fortification ; yet, pardon an Errour of Loyalty and Zeal, if I commit it, in proposing to thee the Necessity of erecting Platforms all along the opposite Shores of the *Hellespont*, to strike Terror, and prevent the Enemy from attempting that, which in all probability would not fail of Success.

Thou that art all Wisdom, wilt know how to make a right Use of this Hint, from the faithful *Mahmut*, who never thinks himself Happy, but when he does some acceptable Service to the *Invincible Sovereign* of the Sea and Land.

Paris, 14th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year, 1644.

LETTER VII.

*To Oucoumiche his Mother, at
Grand Cairo.*

THOU may'st better imagine than I can express, the mighty Joy I felt, when I first opened thy Letter, and read the Name of her that conceiv'd me, written by her own Hand ; whereby I am assur'd, that thou art yet alive and in Health. Believe me, it came in a seasonable Time, to rescue me out of a dismal Melancholy, which had seized my Spirits.

rits. Surely, *Fate* directed thy Pen, and *Providence* timed the Arrival of the Vessel which brought me this happy News from *Africa*, in the saddest Hour of all my Life. Just as the Messenger knock'd at my Chamber-Door (where I sat overwhelm'd with doleful Thoughts) the whole World seem'd to me a vast Wilderness or Desert, inhabited only by Beasts of Prey, where the Great and Strong, devour those whose Weakness cannot arm them in their own Defence. A mere Stage of Tragedies, the Shambles of cruel Butcheries and Murders. In this Figure, did my troubled Imagination represent the *Earth*, with all the *Race* of *Adam* dwelling upon it. If I could propose to my self such a Thing as a Friend in the World, I know not how long 'twould be, before that very Person whom I had greatest Reason to esteem as such, might prove my Mortal Enemy; of so brittle a Composition is the Fidelity of Man. I looked upon my Life, not as my own, but altogether lent me; I esteemed not only Men, but Beasts, and the very inanimate Things, my Creditors, for the Permission I had to breathe. I thought my self highly indebted to the Fire, that it did not burn me to Death in my Sleep; and no less to the Winds, that they did not blow the House down where I lodge, and bury me in its Ruins. For, where would be the Injustice, if any of those Elements which are the Ingredients of my Life, should become the Instruments of my Death? I considered, that as I neither made my self, nor

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knew how I came to be what I am, so I was ignorant when and by what means I should cease to be. Perhaps, I might be struck with a *Thunderbolt* from *Heaven*, or swallowed up by some greedy *Chasm* in the *Earth*. A *Tile* from a *House*, might put a stop to the *Motions* of this *Machine* of *Flesh*; or, a *Fall* from a *Horse*, might break its *Master-Springs*. My present *Station* I looked upon as *Preca-rious*, since those very *Persons* who appointed me this *Employment* to serve one *Turn*, would not *Scruple* to take off my *Head* to serve another.

In these melancholy *Thoughts* was I almost drown'd, when thy *Letter* came and struck a *Light* out of the midst of *Darkness*. I was now ready to die with *Excess* of *Joy*, who before was half killed with *extreme Sadness*.

But tell me, my *Dear Mother*, in the *Name* of our *Holy Prophet*, what *Motive* induced thee to quit the *wholesome Air* of *Greece*, for the noisome and pestilential *Vapours* of *Aegypt*? Is *Cairo* a more eligible *Seat* than *Constantinople*? Or, because thou hast lost thy *Second Husband*, wilt thou be wedded to an *Incurable Grief*, and think no *Mourning* sufficient, unless thou go in *Pilgrimage* to his very *Grave*, there to dissolve in *Tears*, and mingle thy self with his *Ashes*. He died in *Cairo*, and is there interr'd, and thou mightest have liv'd in *Scio*, or any part of *Greece*, without blemishing thy *Widowhood*. People will say, thou aimest at the *Fortune* of the *Ephesian Widow*, who found

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a living Husband, in the Sepulchre of her dead one; but I, who know thy Vertue, have other Thoughts of thee, yet, I cannot approve thy thus becoming Tenant to a Charnel-House. Therefore, the best Advice I can give thee, is, to return to the *Imperial City* again, to the Company of thy Friends and Acquaintance; or, at least, return to thy self, and be not transported with an extravagant Sorrow, for one whom thou shalt never see again. Tears cannot recover the Dead, nor can thy warmest Sighs inspire him with Breath. He is divorc'd from thee by an Irrevocable Law; and whilst thou art in vain lamenting for him on *Earth*, he may be celebrating new and joyful Nuptials in *Heaven*, being espoused to some of the *Beautiful Daughters of Paradise*. Be perswaded then, that he has quite forgot thee, having engaged himself in fresh Amours above; that he is in the Arms of some *Surpassing Beauty of Eden*, and that thou hast no more Interest in him. Let this Consideration, assuage thy Grief, cure thy Fondness, and make thee begin to think of another Husband. Those who make their first Visits to the *French Widows*, after the usual Formalities of Condolence are over, take the Liberty to tell them, *That they must live by the Living, and not by the Dead*. This comfortable Proverb, is often used, even before the *Funeral Solemnities* are finish'd; and, thou hast now passed away above Two Years since thy Husband's Death, in fruitless Mourning. 'Tis Time to consult thy future Happiness

piness, and abandoning thy Commerce with the *Dead*, to become sociable with the *Living*.

The *Great Creator*, who is *God* of the *Living*, and not of the *Dead*, inspire thee to take such Measures, as may best comply with the Ends for which he made thee; and, replenish thy *Latter Days*, with double the Blessings of the *Former*.

Paris, 12d. of the 4th. Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER VIII.

To Muzlu Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

IT is no small Satisfaction to me, that since the Death of *Cardinal Richlieu*, I have started no Reasons to apprehend any Designs in this *Court*, against the *Empire* of the *True Believers*. The *French Grandees*, have pass'd away a whole Year, without giving much Trouble or Alarm to the rest of the World. Every one minds his own Affairs, and all push forward to get nearest the *Queen Regent*. The Misunderstandings between her, and the *Duke of Orleans*, encrease daily. And, this divides the *Court* and *City*, into Two Factions, *Cardinal Mazayini*, seems to be the

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Man destin'd to balance the Authority of both Parties. He spins his Fortune, with as fine a Thread as his Predecessor; being sensible, that though the Court love him not, yet they cannot subsist without him. He Inherits the *Manners* and *Instructions* of *Cardinal Richlieu*, and his *Spirit* too, as well as his *Ministry*; being a Man, of an Invincible Courage, and exquisite Forecast. The Greatest Enemy he has, is a *Lady* of the Court (for, I will not compare the Malice of the *Duke of Beaufort* to that of Woman) they call her *Madam de Chevreux*; a Person of a keen Wit, and good Judgment; a professed Enemy to all that had any Dependence on *Cardinal Richlieu*. And, I could never learn any other Ground of her Hatred to *Mazarini*, but his being the *Creator* of that *Minister*.

The late King had conceived an Irreconcilable Aversion for this Lady, suspecting her to be Instrumental in carrying on a Private Correspondence between his Wife (the now *Queen-Regent*) and the *Spaniards*. To avoid the Consequences of his Anger, she fled into *Spain*, but is lately returned to this Court. 'Tis said, the *Queen* received her with all the outward Marks of Affection at first, but suddenly grew cold and estranged, when she began to attempt against *Cardinal Mazarini*. This made the Lady unite her Interest with that of the *Duke of Beaufort*, who very well matches her in the Imperiousness of his Temper, and his Hatred of the *Cardinal*. They both agree in their Endeavours to ruine him; but,

but, I believe the Female Persecution to be the most dangerous. The Duke has made too great a Noise, to do any considerable Execution on a Man, who has the Wit to conceal his Resentments, and strike before he is perceiv'd. In a word, the Duke finds himself in a Prison, while the Cardinal is every Day more and more established in the Queen's Favour.

In the mean while, I insinuate my self into all Men's Company, from whom I can hope for any Intelligence. Among the Rest, I have observed a *Counsellor*, who often goes between the *Grandees*, and seems to be entrusted with great Secrets; he is very sparing of Words, and makes his Shoulders do the Office of his Tongue. I have sometimes enter'd into a Discourse with him about the Queen, the Cardinal, and others; but all his Answers, are comprized in *Italian Rhetorick*, a Shrug and a Grimace. This silent Language, speaks very efficaciously to me, and I esteem him worthy to be courted, who knows so well how to bridle his Tongue. I ply this *Politician* every Day with Addresses, and tell him a great deal of Feigned News, that I may tempt him to utter some that is True. He is a great *Privado* of *Madam de Chevreuse*; often waits on the Queen; sometimes visits the Cardinal; and is every Day conversant, with one or other of the Nobles. If I can win this Man, I hope to penetrate farther into the Mysteries of the Court.

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The God, from whom nothing is hid, so dispose of all *Humane* Events, that the *Empire* of the *Mussulmans* may be established, notwithstanding the Cabals and Plots of the *Infidels*.

Paris, 16th. of the 5th. Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER IX.

To Signior Lorenzo del' Casa Bianca,
a Genouse at Marseilles.

THOU sendest me strange and surprizing News, that the *Malta* Gallies have taken the Eldest Son of the *Grand Signior*, and Heir of the *Ottoman Empire*, Captive at Sea, as he was sailing to *Egypt*.

I tell thee, if such a thing were true, the *Grand Signior* would not fail to send such a Force, as should dig up the very Foundations of that *Island*, and cast it into the Sea.

But I can resolve thee, that there is nothing more of Truth in this Story, saving, that about Ten Vessels of the *Grand Signior's*, bound for *Alexandria* (on Board of one of which was *Sultan Mahomet's* Nurse, with her Son, much about the Age of *Sultan Mahomet*) were taken by Six Gallies of *Malta*, whereby

whereby the *Malteses* were enriched with a great Treasure of Silver, Gold and Jewels, besides Slaves.

This Intelligence I have received from my Correspondents at *Constantinople*. Men that are no Strangers to the *Seraglio*, but such as have the Ear of the *Prime Vizir*.

They say indeed, the *Grand Signior* took a particular Phancy to this Nurses Child, often play'd with it, and seemed to caress it with more Complacency, than his own Son *Sultan Mahomet*; which gave so great a disgust to the *Sultanes*, the Mother of *Mahomet*, that she procured the Banishment of the Nurse and her Child, who in their Voyage to *Alexandria*, were taken Captives by the *Maltese* Galleys, as has been said; and this is the Ground of the Report.

However, *Sultan Ibrahim* is so exasperated against the *Malteses* for this Depredation, that he has sworn by God and *Mahomet*, never to sheath his Sword, till he has revenged the Injury, by laying waste the *Island*, putting the *Knights* to Death, and leading the Inhabitants into Captivity.

He has vented his Rage already on the Captain *Bassa*, causing him to be strangled, for not guarding the Seas better; and, 'tis said, he threatens a War with *Venice* on the same Account, because the *Maltese* Galleys, after this Piracy, put a Shore in *Candia*, where they recruited their Vessels, with all necessary Provisions.

I expected the Silks last Week, which I wrote for, and the Oil of *Calabria*. Send them by the first Opportunity.

Paris, 28th. of the 5th. Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER X.

To Dgnet Oglou.

ALL Europe rings with the Report of the Sultan's Son being taken Captive by the *Maltese* Galleys. No doubt, but thou hast heard such a Discourse among the *Franks* at *Constantinople*; and, thou knowest the Intrigues of the *Seraglio*. It is pleasant, that the *Kuzlir Aga's* Slave, should have no Father for her Child; that he himself should adopt it for his own; that the Mother of it should be preferred to be Nurse to *Sultan Mahomet*; that *Sultan Ibrahim*, should single out this Fatherless Son of an *Eunuch*, to sport with him, take him in his Arms, and treat him with all the Endearments that are Naturally shew'd by Parents to their own Children.

The *French* Ladies laugh at this Story, and say, That the *Seraglio* begins to grow more Civiliz'd, and to exchange the Severity of *Constantinople*, for the Gallantries of *Paris*.
But,

But, let them laugh that win; the *Malefests* have most reason to caress themselves for their good Fortune in such a Prize.

They say, the *Grand Prior* treats his Young Captive with a most profound Attach and Veneration; imagining, he has in Custody the Heir of the *Ottoman Empire*: for, they know not the true Secret, but are possessed with a real Belief, that Young *Sultan Mahomet*, is in their Hands.

Let what I have said, be as the words of thy Nurse, when she prated a thousand Impertinencies to thee, within a Month of thy Nativity. In fine, be trusty to thy Friend.

Paris, 10th. of the 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

IT is not unknown at the *Divan*, how the Princes of Italy have worried one another these Two Years. I dispatch'd long ago some *Memoirs* of the Feuds between the *Barbarini's* and the Duke of Parma. The Pope upholds the Former, making the Quarrel his own, in Defence of the Ecclesiastick State: The Venetians, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Duke of Modena, with the French King, interest themselves in the Cause of the Latter. He is a Prince of an Active Spirit, and darts up and down like Lightning through the Pope's Territories. If he has lost *Castro*, *Montalto*, and other Places of Strength in this War, it is but by Way of Exchange; having possessed himself of as considerable Holds belonging to his Enemies. Yet, the *Barbarini's* sheltering themselves under the Protection of Pope Urban, seem to triumph and promise themselves an entire Victory; using the Artifices of Superstition, to weaken the Duke's Credit. And because some of his Vessels (which carried above a Thousand Souldiers) were cast away, they would perswade the credulous World, that Heaven fights against him. They likewise had designed, to build a Fort and a Bridge over the River Po, to open a Way to them-

themselves into the *Confederates* Country, and to shut it up to all Invaders of their own; but were prevented by the *Venetians*, who sent Ten Thousand Men to stop the Building of the Bridge, or to demolish it, if built.

In the mean while, the *Confederates* though they seemed to espouse the *Duke's* Quarrel, yet trifled with him, protracting their Assistance, and disputing about *Punition's*; every one restraining the Conditions of their Friendship, within the Limits that would best square with the Interest of their own *State*. They had all Armies on foot, but could not agree how to dispose of them. The *Venetians* demanded such a Post, as might be most advantageous to that *Republick*. The *Duke of Tuscany*, would have the main Body of their Forces to quartered, as to cover his Dominions. Thus, each Party pursued their own Claim, while their Enemies gained Time; and put themselves in a Posture, either to march into the *Territories* of the *Confederates*, or, defend the *Ecclesiastick State*.

Certainly, it is Fatal to the *Christians*, to be thus divided among themselves; even when they have greatest Cause of Union. Yet, the *Duke of Parma*, the very Soul of this *Confederacy*, breaks through all their Demurrs and Hesitations, impatient of fruitless Delays; rushes into *Ferrara*; takes *Bondeno*, abandoned by the Garrison; after that, *La Stellata*, a Place of greater Strength; but, proceeding forward, the *Barbarini's* encamped not far from *Ferrara*; the better to observe the Pro-

gress

gress of the *Confederates*, and so put a stop to the Motions of the *Duke*. He and his Friends had Twenty Thousand Men in the Field, to which the *Venetians* not long after, added Six Thousand more. They were in different Bodies; and as they quarter'd themselves, so the *Papal* Forces remov'd their Camp. Several Skirmishes pass'd between them, but no great Execution done.

In the mean while, the *Venetians* were not idle by Sea, having several Barks and Gallies full of arm'd Men, Coasting along the *Pope's* Territories. They took Five Forts on the Shore; and, piercing farther into the Country, made themselves Masters of *Arriano*, a great Town, and sacked *Codigoro*, putting all to the Sword, and laying the Place in Ashes.

On the other side, the *Barberini's* seized on *Spilimberto*, *Vignivola*, and some other weakly guarded Towns on the Frontiers of *Modena*, and killed Two Hundred of the *Confederates*, who had invested *Crevacuore*. Cardinal *Antonio*, on the *Pope's* Side, has the Management of the War; a Man of an aspiring Genius, and very subtle. He, perceiving the *Duke of Tuscany* incens'd at the late Loss, had taken the Field, with a considerable Army; sends Six Thousand Men to oppose him, but they were raw and undisciplin'd Souldiers, and could not hinder the *Duke's* Forces, from seizing an Important Pass, and reducing the City of *Pieve*, *Monteleone*, *Castiliano del Lago* and *Passiniano*.

While the *Sons of War* were thus busied in

the Field, the *Agents of Peace* were not wanting on all Sides, to accommodate the Differences that threatned all *Italy* with fatal Consequences. But, they did no more than amuse one another with Ambiguities, Subterfuges, and Evasions; while the *Barberini's* sought to gain Time, and draw the King of *Spain* to countenance their Interest. The *Venetians*, sensible of this underhand Dealing, protested by their Ambassador at *Madrid*, that they would unite with the *French Crown*, if his *Catholick Majesty*, should by indirect Ways strengthen the *Barberini's*. The King, apprehensive of such a League, forbears to meddle in an Affair which might be so Injurious to *Spain*, and gives Instructions to his Ambassadors at *Rome* and other Courts of *Italy*, to mediate a Peace, which might be advantageous to the *Confederates*.

The Treaties however came to nothing, and the Mediators finding themselves eluded, suspended their Negotiations, and gave fresh Opportunity to the Men of Arms to play their Parts. Cardinal *Antonio* assaulted *Nonantola* with Four Thousand Men, but was defeated by the *Venetians*, who slew several Hundreds of his Souldiers, and took Two Hundred Prisoners. After this, the *Confederates* plunder'd all the Country of *Ferrara*, and took *Vergato*, defended by Eight Hundred Men. In the Surprizal of *Bazano*, they kill'd above Two Hundred of the Enemy; and, marching forward, took *Monziera*, *Serravalle*, and other Places; while Cardinal *Barberini's* Forces, were cut off at *Buon-
ho St. Sepolchro*, where he lost Eight Cannon,

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non, Four Petards, with Abundance of Provisions.

It would be an endless Task, to recount all the Skirmishes and Battels, that have passed between them. I only inform thee of the most Remarkable, that thou may'st insert them in the *Register of the Ottoman Empire*.

To conclude this Letter, it will be worth thy Observation, that the *Pope* falling Sick, and his Death feared, did much conduce to put an End to these Differences. For, the *Barberini's*, now being apprehensive of the Advantage his Death would give the *Confederate Princes*, were very forward to embrace any Overtures of Peace: So that by the Dexterity of the *French Ministers*, it was at last concluded, and all Differences adjusted; the *Duke of Parma's* Territories being restored to him, the *Censures* of the Church taken off, and the *Ecclesiastick State* put in the same Condition it was in at the Beginning of the War.

I shall continue to send thee such Intelligence, as may be serviceable to thee in that Eminent Station thou enjoyest in the *Empire of the True Believers*. And, shall think myself a very happy Man, if I can by any Means acquire thy Favour.

Paris, 23d. of the 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XII.

To Lubano Abufei Saad, an *Ægyptian Knight*.

ONE would think that there were yet some of the Ancient Race of *Gyants* on Earth. Here is a Man come to this Court, full Eight Foot high, a *Finlander* by Nation; he looks like some Posthumous Birth of the Sons of *Titan*. He is Master of prodigious Strength, and challenges any Two the stoutest Men in *France*, to throw him a Fall. I have seen him take Two Boys of Ten Years of Age on the Palm of each Hand, and lift them up from the Ground together, with his Arms stretched out to the full Length, and walk Sixty Paces with them in this Posture; at the End of which Stage, he set them down again on their Feet, without the least Violence or Straining. There are none so hardy, as to accept of his Challenge; for, they know he will not suffer them to come nearer than the Extremity of his Arm. And, such is the monstrous Strength of his Hand, that he will either infallibly throw them down, or stifle them with his Grasp. He talks of Traveling into *Turkey*; if he does, I hope he will have more Discretion, than to venture within the *Seraglio*, lest he incur the Fate of the renowned *Muscovite* Wrestler, in Sultan *A-murath's* Time. Thou remembrest that *Tragedy*,

gedy, which made all the Brave and the Generous, condemn *Amurath's* Cruelty. He was a Stout *Prince* himself; and, it look'd like Envy in him, to punish the Efforts of Courage in his *Slaves*, with so unrelenting a Rigour. But, he was himself a Slave to his Passions; and, Jealousie had the Predominance in his Temper. That Vice betrayed him to horrid Violences, of which thou art not ignorant, having been privy to several of his Amours.

This puts me in mind of a *Spanish Cavalier*, who had a very Vertuous and Beautiful Wife, which, thou wilt say, are Two rare Companions. He kept a *Moor* in his House, whom the *Lady* had one Time caus'd to be severely beaten. The *Moor* secretly vow'd Revenge. He had an Intrigue with one of the *Lady's* Women, to whom he imparted his Mind. They conspired together, to accuse the *Lady* of Lightness, and Infidelity to her Husband's Bed. The *Cavalier*, their Master was naturally Jealous, as generally are all the *Spaniards*; these Two possessed him with a Belief, that the *Gardiner* had frequent Access to his *Lady's* Chamber, and undertook to make him an Eye-Witness of it. Whereupon, one of them goes privately to the *Gardiner*, and tells him, that the *Lady* would speak with him. Whilst the other runs to the *Lord*, and bids him make haste; for, that the *Gardiner* was at that Instant with his *Lady*. The Impatient *Cavalier* hastens up Stairs, and meeting the *Gardiner* coming out

of the Door of his Chamber, stabs him to the Heart, without any farther Expostulation; and, rushing furiously into the Chamber, serves his Wife in the same Manner. But, coming down again, the Maid struck with Remorse at so black an event, fell down at his Feet, confessing her Crime, and declaring, that her *Lady* was Innocent. The *Spaniard*, raging Mad, at a Conjunction of so many Misfortunes, stabs the *Maid* and the *Negro*; and last of all, to complete the *Tragedy*, kills himself.

I have often wonder'd, that some such fatal Consequences did not attend the Jealousie of *Sultan Amurath*. He spared not to rip up the Bellies of his *Pages*, for the Sake of Two or Three *Melons*; and, 'tis a Miracle, that he did not sacrifice half the *Slaves* of the *Seraglio*, on the Account of his *Mistresses*.

Thou art now in a better Station, and free from Restraint. Act according to Reason, and let not Passion byass thee one way nor other.

Paris, 5th. of the 7th. Month,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To the Kaimacham.

THOU hast often required an Account of the *Parliament of France*, which is the *Supreme Court* of the Kingdom. Though the Name be known at the *Sublime Port*, yet the *Ministers* are unacquainted with the Power and Authority of this *Senate*.

When it was first instituted it consisted of Twelve *Peers*, an Hundred *Bishops*, and all the *Prime Nobility* of the Land; who had power to give Audience to Foreign *Ambassadors*; to adjust all Differences of the Subjects. In fine, it might then be called the *Sovereign Tribunal*, from whence there could be no Appeal. Three Foreign Kings have sat as Members of this *Court*. It was in those Days *Ambulatory*, following the King whithersoever he went; but now it is always assembled in *Paris*, in the *Palace* which *Philip the Fair* built for his own Dwelling House. This *Parliament*, is divided into Seven *Chambers*, whereof, that which they call the *GREAT CHAMBER*, is the Chief. There belong to this *Chamber*, Seven *Presidents*, Twelve *Counsellours*, the King's *Cadi*, or Attorney, with a great Number of *Advocates*, and Men of the Law. The *Presidents* and *Counsellours* are cloath'd in *Scarlet*, which strikes an awful Reverence into all that approach their Pre-

fence. Some call this, the *Golden Chamber*; and well they may, since that glittering Metal, is thought to be the Umpire of most Causes that are tryed in this Court. He that brings most Gold, is sure to have his Business first dispatched, and to come off Conqueror. For, as their present Power is little else but a mere Formality, so is also their Justice. The Kings of *France*, have gradually so clipt their Original Authority, that now they seem to be but the Shadow of their Ancient selves. They never pretended to meddle with *Ecclesiastical* Affairs; that was always out of their Jurisdiction. The *Papst* of *Rome*, claims this Privilege as his Right. From whence thou mayest observe, how maim'd and imperfect is the Royalty of *Christian* Kings, who cannot punish their own Subjects, if *Clergy-men*, without the *Pope's* Permission. Yet, though this *Chamber* cannot meddle with the *Ecclesiasticks*, they have a Privilege to dispose of the *Regency*, during the King's Minority; as is evident in the late *Queen-Mother*, *Mary de Medicis*, and the present *Anne of Austria*, who were both by the *Parliament* declared *Regents*. They also confirm all the Kings *Edicts*; neither does he proclaim *War* without their Consent, or establish any *Alliance*.

There are also besides this, Six other *Chambers* of *Parliament*; Five whereof, are called *Coambers* of *Inquests*, and they consist of Two *Presidents*, Twenty *Counsellours*, and a convenient Number of *Lawyers*. The Sixth *Chamber* is a Collection out of all the Rest,
and

and contains no less than Two Hundred Officers. Here, all *Criminal* Causes are tryed, which are either immediately, or by Appeal brought before them. As in the Chambers of *Inquests*, Controversies of the *Civil Law* are decided.

It is a pleasant Sight, to see the Men of the *Law* all in their *Habits*, which are very Glorious and Rich. Indeed, all the Citizens of *Paris*, are extremely Gallant in their Apparel. But, I cannot be reconciled to their lavish Custom, of changing the Fashion of their Clothes almost with every *Moon*. This Vanity has been forbid in all well-ordered *Commonwealths*. And, thou knowest, our *Eastern* People would as soon be stript of their Skins, as change the Fashion, which has been in use for immemorable Ages. Here they have no Distinction of Dress, the Noble and Vulgar, Rich and Poor go all alike. You cannot discern a *Slave* from a *Prince* by his Garb.

Paris is divided into Four Parts, the *City*, the *University*, the *Town*, and the *Suburbs*. It is about Three Leagues in Circuit; seated advantageously enough, but wanting Fortifications. *Henry IV.* had added some Strength to it, had he not been apprehensive of the Seditious Humour of the Inhabitants, who in time might make an ill Use of his Kindness, and shut those Gates against him, which he should build for their Defence against a Foreign Enemy.

The Court is generally at *St. Germain en Lay*

one of the King's Royal Mansions, seated on the Top of a Mountain, which commands a Prospect of a large and beautiful Valley. I have been there often, that I might be the better able to penetrate into the Conduct of *Cardinal Mazarini*, who is never from the *Queen-Regent*. I have already transmitted to the *Sublime Port*, such Intelligence as I could gain of this *Great Minister's* Intrigues. I will now entertain thee with a Glimpse of this *Palace*, that thereby thou may'st conjecture at the Magnificence of the Kings of *France*.

It is divided into Two Parts, the *Old* and the *New*. The Former was built by *Charles I.* the Latter by *Henry IV.* That may boast of its Antiquity, but this is so Majestick and Costly a Structure, as sufficiently demonstrates, that *Modern Architects* come not far short of the *Ancient Romans*. The Rooms are all lofty and large, the Roofs and Ceilings admirably contriv'd and adorn'd; the whole consists of so many Courts, that it rather looks like a Town than the Seat of one Family.

But pardon me, *Illustrious Kaimacham*, if I tell thee, that none of the Kings of the *East*, can match this *Monarch* in the Gardens belonging to this *Palace*. I saw there such a Charming Variety of Delightful Objects, as made *Art* seem to surpass *Nature*, and even to out-do it self. In a Word, the *Christian Princes*, are very ingenious in the Contrivance of their Pleasures, and make all the Elements contribute to their Recreations. Thou hast often seen the Artificial Fireworks which are exhibi-

exhibited at *Constantinople* at our *Festivals*, and on all Occasions of Publick Joy. But, thou hast never beheld such *Water-works*, as are exposed in the Gardens of this Palace every Day. There, by the mere Force of this Liquid Element, Instruments of *Musick* are set at Work, which afford a Harmony little Inferiour to the best Consorts in the World; and, which extremely adds to the Pleasure, one may at the same Time behold seeming *Musicians* playing on them, and keeping as exact Time with their Fingers on the Keys of *Organs*, Strings of *Viols* and *Lutes*, as if they were living Persons. There you may see, all Manner of Mechanick Trades exercised by Statues, who do every Thing with a proper Action, and are very eager at their Employments, so long as the Water gives them Motion; when that ceases, they all return to their Primitive Inactivity. From hence you pass to a seeming Sea, with *Tritons* moving on *Dolphins*, and sounding their Shell-Trumpets before *Nep-tune*, who is drawn in a Chariot by Four *Tor-toisés*. The Story of *Perseus* and *Andromeda*, is also acted to the Life by mere Statues. But the most Ingenious Piece of Workmanship, is, *Orpheus* playing on a Viol, while the Trees move, and Wild Beasts dance round about him. This is so costly an Invention, that, as one of the *Overseers* of the *Water-works* told me, a String of *Orpheus's* Viol being broken, cost the late King *Lewis* Thirteen Hundred Crowns to repair it again.

We *Mahometans*, are apt to value our selves

too high, on the Score of our *Princes* Grandure. We boast, we flourish, and are guilty of a Thousand Insults, despising and putting the rest of Mankind under our Sandals; as if none of the *Race* of *Adam* understood the World but we, or had the Wit and Power to carve out to themselves the same Felicities we enjoy. The *Monarchs* of the *East*, style themselves, *The only Happy ones*, *Possessors of infinite Treasures*; *Kings of the World*, *Shadows of God*, and what not! The *Great Mogol*, with his *Omrab's* and *Raja's*, pride themselves in their *Elephants*. So do the *Kings* and *Mandarins* of *China* and *Tunquin*. The *Sophi* of *Persia*, swells at the Sight of his immense Treasures of Gold and precious Stones; glorying, that the very Shooes of his Horses, are of the most exalted Metal; also the Mangers wherein they feed, and the Nails whereby they are fasten'd to the Ground. The *Cham* of *Tartary*, rejoices in the Multitude and Strength of his Horses, his Winged Chariots and Waggon, and, that when his Armies rise and sit down, the Earth trembles with their Weight and Motion. 'Tis true indeed, the *Grand Signior*, who is the *Wise*st of the *Wise*, and the *Greatest* of these *Great Ones*, is not guilty of this Vanity. He is destin'd by the *Lord* of the *Universe*, to chastise the Follies both of the *East* and the *West*. Yet, his *Slaves* cannot forbear *Rhodomontado's*. I have heard some of our huffing *Fanizaries*, tell the *Greeks* of *Constantinople* and *Pera*, that the *Royal Seraglio* is the most Magnificent Fabrick in the World, and that
the

the Garden belonging to it, is a perfect *Transcript* of *Paradise*. Thou wilt not approve such Brags as these, when thou considerest, how expert the *Infidels* are in Building; and, that they spare no Cost to erect such Edifices, whose very Ruins may proclaim to future Ages, the Magnificence of their Founders. And, as to their Gardens, they are so regular and beautiful, adorn'd with so many Delicacies of *Nature* and *Art*, that one would think, they were made by some *Traditional Disciples* of *Adam*; and, that they had their Rules, from the *Primitive Planter* of the *World*.

The *French King*, has other Houses and Gardens of Pleasure round about *Paris*, where the *Court* interchangeably divert themselves during the *Summer*.

I humbly kiss the Hem of thy Vest, craving thy Protection against the Malice of my Enemies.

Paris, 16th. of the 7th. Moon;
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To the most Illustrious Vizir Azem,
at the Port.

SINCE the Losses which the German Emperor has received from the Arms of Ragotski, I am inform'd by Nathan Ben Saddi, that the Emperor designs to send a splendid Embassy with extraordinary Presents to the Sultan, in Hopes to prevail on him, not to protect that Prince.

'Tis true, Ragotski is of a violent and changeable Nature, and therefore no great Confidence is to be repos'd in him. Yet, I take it to be the Interest of the Sultan, rather to win him by Offices of Kindness and Friendship, than to make him his Enemy, by deserting him in this Juncture,

He is at the Head of a Potent and Formidable Army, has taken *Solnock*, *Breden*, *Mernatz*, together with the strong Castle of *Sendar* near *Cassovia*; and many other Places of less Importance, whereby a Way is laid open for his Army to over-run all *Hungary*, if assisted with the Ottoman Forces. Thus will he do the Office, which, they say, the *Jackall* performs to the *Lion*, that is, to hunt out the Prey, and secure it for his Master and Sovereign.

Besides, the Fortune of this Prince, seems to invite our farther Assistance; for, he has
had

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had great Success all along this War; whereas the *Ottoman* Forces no sooner appear'd on the Frontiers of *Moravia*, but Six Thousand of them were encountered by the *Germans*, and routed.

Should the *Sultan* desert him now, he may be compelled to resign himself, with all *Transylvania*, to the Protection of the *German* Emperor. It is not safe to run the Risque of such an Event; *Transylvania* cannot support it self. Either the *Sultan* must continue his Protection, or the *Germans* will soon find the Way, to plant their Garrisons in the Four Capital Cities, and reduce the whole Country under their Obedience.

Paris, 27th. of the 7th. Moon, which is the 1st. of the Year 1644.

LETTER XV.

To Afis Bassa, at the Port.

THE Pagans, in painting Fortune Blind, discovered but the Dimness of their own Sight. And 'twas a double Errour, to offer Sacrifice to her, that could not discern her Volaries. Yet, in my Sentence, the *Christians* are more to blame; who term her Inconstant, Partial, Bawd, Whore, and what not?

These

These are Profanations of *Providence*, and impious Scandals cast on *Eternal Destiny*. *Fortune* and *Chance*, are but Nick-names of *Fate*, since there is nothing absolutely Casual in the World. They see the Vertuous persecuted, while the Vicious insult and flourish; and they tax Heaven with unequal Dispensation of Rewards and Punishments; as if with *Epicurus*, they thought the Adorable *Numen*, took no Care of Things on this Side the *Empyream*, and rested in an Eternal Ignorance of Humane Affairs.

Doubtless, the *Infidels* are in an incurable Error. They pore on the Outside of Common Events, and look no farther; they behold not the *hidden Chain* of *Causes*, nor the *Invisible Hand*, which disposes all Contingencies with admirable Order and *Decorum*. Hence it is, that what comes not to pass but by the certain *Decree* of *Fate*, appears to these Buzzards, only as an Accidental Occurrence, and the mere Effect of *Chance*.

But thou, who art instructed in the Doctrines of Truth, wilt have other Thoughts of that, which befell a Poor Man not long since in these Parts. This Person was Charitable to Excess; for, he gave away all that he had, to relieve the Necessities of others, chusing rather to throw himself naked upon *Providence*, than to deny an Alms to any One that ask'd him; so long as he had any Thing to bestow. Being at length, by his constant Liberalities, reduced to a very indigent Condition, he was forced to betake himself

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himself to Digging for his Livelihood. Yet, notwithstanding he gained his own Bread with hard Labour, he ceased not to shew his wonted Kindnesses to the Poor, giving them whatsoever he could possibly spare from his own Necessities. One Day, as he was digging in a Field belonging to the Duke of Montmorency, he found several Earthen Pots full of Gold, supposed to be buried there in the Time of the Civil Wars. The good Man carries this huge Treasure by Degrees home to his House, with all imaginable Privacy. And, having distributed the greatest Part of it in Works of Charity, he was going with his last Reserve to the House of a decayed Gentleman, to whom he gave a sufficient Sum to repair his shatter'd Fortunes, being all that he had left. When, ~~has~~ he returned homeward, he found a Jewel in the High-way, which being sold, yielded him Ten Thousand Crowns. A Noble Bank for new Liberalities, and a convincing Argument, that there was something more than Chance, which thus strangely recruited his Purse, that it might never cease to be opened in Largesses to the Poor.

Who will not say, That Fate had a Hand in the Death of that Souldier, in the Duke of Anguén's Army, who maliciously and wrongfully accused his Comrade, of raising a Mutiny? For, the incens'd General, took a Fusée, and discharged it at the innocent Person, thinking to have killed him on the Spot; but, it prov'd otherwise, the Bullet passing through some

Part

Part of his Body, and through half a dozen Tents, smote the Slanderer in the Pan of the Knee, which put him into so violent a Fever, that he died in Two days; while the other (whom before his Death he confessed to be Innocent) lives yet a Witness of this Remarkable Stroke of *Divine Nemesis*.

The faithful Watchman of the Sublime Port, *Mahmut*, salutes thee with humblest Obedience, and wishes thee in all Things, a favourable and benign *Destiny*.

Paris, 11th. of the 8th. Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XVI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew, at
Vienna.

SINCE I came to this City, I have learned the Art of making Watches; which I exercise not for Lucre, but to comply with a Precept of the *Alcoran*; wherein also I find no small Diversion, it being a Relief to Melancholy to be in Action.

Should the *Ecclesiasticks* of the *Latin Church*, be made sensible that I practice a *Mechanick Trade*, they would think me a Scandal to their Profession; since I wear the Habit of a

Clerk.

Clerk. They esteem it next door to *Sacrilege*, for a *Gown-Man* to condescend to the Labours of the *Laitie*. They would pull my *Cassock* over my Shoulders, should they catch me in this Honest Crime; forgetting, that the *Primitive Professors* of their *Religious Orders*, got their Bread by making of *Baskets*.

The Box I send thee, contains some of my Merchandice; being designed as Presents for some of the *Ministers* of the *Port*, and my other Friends at *Constantinople*. I desire thee to take Care in sending it safe, that the *Watches* may receive no Damage by Water.

It is reported here, That the *Emperour* is Sick; thou wilt do well to inform me of the Truth. I hear also, That *Prodigies* have been lately seen at *Vienna*, which the *French* interpret, as Fore-runners of his Death, and Signs of approaching Desolations in *Germany*. I am not credulous of all Things, which the *Vulgar* say on such Occasions. Yet I cannot deny, but that the *Angels* who preside over *Kingdoms* and *Empires*, may be the Monitors of Mankind, and by raising unusual Spectacles in the Elements, may warn Mortals of future Alterations. This was the Opinion also of thy Country-man *Josephus*, who says, That immediately before the *Destruction* of *Jerusalem*, there was a *Voice* heard in the *Temple* of *Solomon*, supposed to be uttered by *Angels*, saying, *Arise, let us go hence*; as if the *Guardian Spirits* of that City, were then forsaking their Charge.

In

In this Place not long ago, were seen Three Suns together, or at least the Appearance of so many. This the *Superstitious* construed as an *Omen* of ill Luck. While the *Court-Flatterers* said, they represented the *Duke of Orleans*, the *Prince of Conde*, and *Cardinal Mazarini*, who now have united their Interests, after a long Time of Animosities and Misunderstandings. I look upon this *Apparition*, to be only a *Natural* Production, resulting from the Reflexion of the Sun-beams on a bright Cloud. It is easie to solve such *Phænomena*, without a *Miracle*. Yet some, I confess, have the Stamp of a *Supernatural* Power in their very Front. I my self once saw Two mighty Armies marshall'd in the Air, who acted all the Bloody Tragedies of War, and made *Arabia* deaf with the Noise of their Artillery; yet, not a Cloud at that time to be seen. But I remark'd no extraordinary Event to follow it. 'Tis hard to trace the *Omnipotent* in such Mysterious Works, or learn the Drift of *Providence*.

I desire thee to use thy utmost Diligence, to penetrate into the Designs of the *Court* where thou residest. 'Tis an Honourable Post, to serve the *Greatest Monarch* in the World. Be Faithful and Vigilant, so may *God* and the *Grand Signior* heap greater Favours on thee. Adieu.

Paris, 21st. of the 8th. Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

To Solyman Aga, Chief Eunuch of
the Women.

I Perceive by thy Letters, that our *Heroick Sultan* is very Industrious to take off the Scandal of Impotence, which the Ladies at his first Accession to the *Throne* fastned on him, having now seen a Fourth Son, born to him in the *Scraglio*. The Multitude of *Subjects*, is the Glory of a *Monarch*, and a strong Defence in Time of War; and, the Multitude of the Prince's Children, is the Security of his People both in War and Peace.

The *Sultan's* Adventure, as he was going to *Scutary*, puts me in mind of an Accident, which befell one of the Ancient Kings of *Agypt*; who, as he was walking in the *Royal Garden* at *Memphis*, spyed an Eagle flying toward the Place, where he was; at which Sight he stood still, gazing on the King of Birds; till at length the Eagle arriving to that Part of the Air which was over his Head, lets fall a Woman's Shooe at his Feet. The King surprized at this Accident, takes up the Shooe; and, surveying its exquisite Symmetry and Form, thence took his Measures of the Lady that had worn it, and suddenly grew enamoured of the unknown Fair; proclaiming through all *Agypt*, great Rewards

Rewards to any that could discover the Owner of that Shooe. At length, a certain Beautiful Courtezan of *Naucretis*, named *Rhodope*, was proved to be the Mistress of it; who being brought to the King's Presence, he took her to his Bed, making her the Partner of his *Empire*.

This Lady had a much better Fate, than the tall *Armenian* Woman, with whom *Sultan Ibrahim* fell in Love on the like Occasion: For, *Rhodope*, after she had enjoyed her Honour many Years, at last died peaceably in her Bed, and was Entombed in one of the *Pyramids* of *Egypt*: Whereas, thou tellest me, that this *Armenian*, soon after her Exaltation to the *Sultan's* Embraces, was strangled by the *Queen-Mother's* Command. I tell thee, it was a Bold and Cruel Act; and, were the *Sultan* sensible how she was Murdered, he would not spare to vent his Indignation against her that bare him.

Paris, 2d. of the 9th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

ONE would think it an easie Matter, for a Stranger to conceal himself, in so vast and Populous a City as is *Paris*. Especially, one who makes so mean and contemptible a Figure, as does the supposed *Titus* of *Moldavia*. I little thought, that the *Lowness* of my *Stature*, and the *Deformity* of my *Body*, would have attracted any Curious Eyes; but, that my very *Habit*, would have protected me from all Suspicion, and, that I might have pass'd an Age undiscovered, amongst the Infinite Crowds of People, who throng both the Houses and Streets of *Paris*. Yet, there are some Critical Moments of our Lives wherein *Fate* delights to sports with us, to throw Stumbling-Blocks in our Way, to entangle us in Difficulties and Perils. This is a necessary Discipline of *Heaven*, to rowze Men from the Lees of Security, and Confidence in their own Strength and Abilities, and to instruct us, That Providence alone can extricate us out of the Labyrinths we often fall into.

I was walking Yesterday before the Great Temple of this City, which is dedicated to *Mary* the Mother of *Jesus*; when, on a sudden, I was accosted (by one whom I little imagin'd to have seen in *Paris*) with these Words;
Mahmut!

Mahmut! How came you by this Habit? What makes you in this Place? Are you a Christian, or do you thus disguise your self for other Ends? Thou may't easily imagine, what a Terror seized me, when I knew that he who spoke to me, was my old Master at Palermo. It brought to my Remembrance all the cruel Blows and Stripes I had received, during that irksome Captivity; and I could almost have phansy'd my self ready for the Bastinado. However, dissimbling my Confusion, I answered briskly, Sir, you are mistaken in the Person; my Name is not Mahmut, but Titus. I am a Christian and a Catholick; if you are such your self, you have no Reason to upbraid my Habit, since I wear it as a Badge of my Profession, being a Student, and Candidate of the Priesthood.

This Answer, instead of satisfying him, did but augment his Jealousie; and, being of a Passionate Temper, he broke out into fierce Language, calling me, Turk, Infidel, Slave, Dog, and all the ill Names his Fury could suggest. He spoke so loud, that it was taken Notice of by the People as they walked by, who began to gather about us, to learn the Occasion of so much Noise. I then condemn'd my self, for not rather owning my self to him, and inviting him to some more retired Place, where I might give him an Account of my Circumstances. I look'd upon my self as a dead Man, and would gladly have sustained Seven Years of Servitude again in Sicily, to have been rid of the Fear I was now under, of a more terrible Punishment.

While

While I was in this Confusion of Spirit thinking of Nothing but Racks and Tortures, the Noise of the Rabble, who flock'd about us, had alarm'd the People that were at their *Devotions* in the *Church*, who came running out, to enquire the Cause of such a Tumult: Among the Rest, a *Friar*, eminent for his Learning and Vertue, and who had a particular Esteem and Friendship for me, perceiving the Matter, came up close to me, and taking me by the Hand, spoke aloud these Words: *Sirs, forbear to Injure a Stranger in the Court of the Mother of God. I know this Man very well, and will be Responsible for him; he is a Catholick-Clerk, and Servant of the Living God.* The Rabble gave a great Shout at the End of this Harangue; and had not my *Sicilian* Master made a narrow escape, they would have endangered to tear him in Pieces. I know not what became of him afterwards, but I attended the *Friar* into the *Temple*, where we staid during the *Celebration* of their *Mass*; and, then he conducted me through the inner Parts of the *Temple*, by private ways into the Lodgings of the *Priests*; whence we issu'd out by a *Postern*, and, taking Boat, we cross'd the River *Seine* into the Fields. The *Friar* congratulated my Escape from the Hands of the Multitude; and, I return'd him a Thousand Thanks, for lifting me out of the Mire.

Thou seest, Dear Friend, that the *Arabian Proverb* speaks not in vain, when it says;
That the Habitation of Danger, is on the Borders.
 O

ders of Security : And, That a Man never runs greater Hazards, than when he least fears them.

He that turns the Scales of Life and Death, Good and Evil, grant, that some happy Emergency may always arise, to divert the Perils which thou shalt incur in this Uncertain Life.

Paris, 7th. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XIX.

To the Kaimacham.

THIS Court is now in Mourning, for the Death of the Chief *Mufti*, or *Pope*. And indeed, there seems to be more than mere Ceremony in it, he having all along favoured the French Interest. He had almost pass'd the Twenty Second Year of his *Pontificate*; which few of the *Popes* have done since *St. Peter*, a *Disciple* of their *Messias*, from whom they pretend to derive their *Succession*. Their *Histories* say, that this *Peter*, was the *Mufti* of *Rome* Five and Twenty Years, and that since him not one, whether he was elected Young or Old, has enjoy'd the *Sovereignty* so long. Those that have approached nearest to it, were *Adrian I.* *Sylvester I.* and this *Urban VIII.* who is now dead. It is reported, that
at

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at their Coronation, the Master of the Ceremonies, kneeling down, burns Flax before him that is elected, and with a loud Voice, repeats these Words Thrice: *O Holy Father! think not you are to live here as long as did St. Peter; but let this Flame put you in Mind, of the Vanity of the World, and how swiftly the Glory of it passes away.*

Cardinal Pamphilio succeeds him in the Roman Chair, and has given himself the Name of Innocent X. it being the Custom always at their Promotion, to assume the Name of some Holy Man (a strange Piece of Hypocrisie, as if that was sufficient to atone for their own wicked Lives.) But, none of them has presumed to take the Name of Peter, out of Respect to the First Vicar of Jesus. This Pamphilio is above Threescore and Twelve Years of Age, by whose Exaltation the Family of the Barberini's, to whom he was a profess'd Enemy, begin to fall into Disgrace. Cardinal Antonio, one of that Family, is taxed with embezzelling the Treasures of the Church, committed to his Trust.

He flies to France for Succour; and though he had no great Reason to expect Cardinal Mazzarini's Friendship, having formerly opposed his Interest at the Roman Court, in the Time of the late Pope Urban; yet this Cardinal, by an Excess of Generosity, has espoused his Cause, and engaged his Master, the King of France, in his Quarrel.

What will be the Issue of this Contention, Time will evince. But, Men begin to talk

already, That the King of *France*, will carry a War into *Italy*, which will shake the Walls of *Rome* it self.

Thus, there is no Stability in Humane Affairs; but *Time* and *Providence*, perpetually start new Events.

God grant that thou may'st live to see the *Ottoman Crescent*, on the Top of *St. Peter's Church* in *Rome*.

Paris, 6th. of the 10th. Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XX.

To the Vizir Azem, at the Port.

THE great Preparations which *Sultan Ibrahim* is making by Land and Sea, affords a Subject of Discourse to all *Christendom*; but administers a special Occasion of Jealousie, to the *Republick* of *Venice*.

They look on his declared Intentions to Invade *Malta*, only as a Cover or Cloak to his real Designs upon themselves; being confirm'd in their suspicion, by the Complaints which the *Sultan* made to *Soranzo*, their Resident at the Port, when he delivered himself with an Air, that expressed far deeper Resentments than his Words.

Nor can the Artificial Strains of Courtesie
which

which are used toward the *Resident*, blind or cancel the apparent Affront and Contempt which he received from the *Kaimacham* ; who refused to give him Audience after some hours Attendance, though at the same time *Prince Ragotski's* Envoy, was admitted at the first Word.

These Considerations, with others of like Nature, have sufficiently alarm'd the *Venetians* ; so that they are making all the seasonable Preparations that are requisite, to oppose the Torrent of the *Ottoman* Fury and Rage, which they apprehend is to be poured on them. This, they perform with all imaginable Diligence and Secresie, being neither willing to give a just Ground of Jealousie to the *Sultan*, nor yet to be surprized unprovided.

There have lately been extraordinary Consultations in the *Senate* about these Affairs, some disapproving these Warlike Preparations, others promoting them : One Party judging, that a Peace ought rather to be purchased with a Tender of Gold : A contrary Side pleading that such a Purchase would be both dishonourable and disadvantageous ; since upon every new Disgust, the *Ottomans* would commence, or at least, threaten a War, on purpose, to erect a continual Mart for Peace, the Sale thereof being like to prove so profitable to them. Among the rest of the *Senators*, *Signior Grimaldi* made an *Oration*, of which I have obtained an Authentick Copy ; And, it speaks thus :

THIS Glorious Republick, which has flourish'd for so many Ages, ought not, in my Opinion, to become the Merchandise of upstart Shepherds. 'Tis needless, to recount our Original, or wipe off the Ancient Dust of our Primitive Records, that we may be able to tell the World, we are the Relicks of Troy. 'Tis bootless, to put you in Mind, how this most serene and flourishing State, laid her first Foundations in the Sea, and built her Nest in the Floods: That the Nereids fled to her Shadow; and, the Rest of the Sea Gods, even Neptune himself, courted her Alliance and Protection. Suffice it to say, that this Victorious State thus founded and built, has spread her Conquests through Istria, Dalmatia, and Epirus; has annexed unto her Government, Corfu, Cephalenia, Zant, and Crete, with many other Islands of the Adriatick, and Mediterranean Seas; and, that this Virgin Commonwealth, has preserved her self undeflowered these Twelve Hundred Years. In all which Time, she never submitted to the lustful Tyranny of any Foreign Conqueror: And, must she now become a Common Prostitute to Infidels? be bought and sold at any Rate? and pay the Price of her own Slavery? Has this most August Senate, by a long Series of successful Wars, been exalted

to the Height of Sovereign Power, and is she now to be brav'd into a base and mercenary Peace, the gilded Mask of abject Slavery? We that have stemmed the Torrent of Ottoman Invasions, and resisted the Puissance of all Asia, must we now pull down our own Banks, and tamely let the proud insulting Enemy in, paving his Way with Gold? Rouse up my Lords, the Ancient Genius of this Mighty State, awaken the old Venetian Valour; and, unless you resolve always to bear the Ottoman Yoke, now shake it off, and make a War your Choice, rather than your last Remedy.

The Eyes of all the Western Nations are fixed on this August Assembly. The Fate of Christendom is now in the Scales; it is in your Power alone to turn the doubtful Balance; it is from your unshaken Valor, the Christian World expects a Benefit, which shall be recorded on the Pillars of Eternity. Suffer not your selves, Most Excellent Lords, to be cajoled by the specious Pretences of the Ottoman Fox, but confide in your own Illustrious Arms, and the Justice of your Cause, which will not fail to attract the Favors of Divine Providence. Let not those Laurels, which have been all along sprinkled with the Noble Blood of your Renowned Ancestors, be tamely taken from your Heads, and trampled under the Feet of

Infidels. *Whom do you fear? A Man supinely lull'd in wanton Pleasures; drown'd in the soft Delights of his Seraglio; a fitter Champion for the Fields of Venus, than for the bloody Toils of Mars, the harsh Fatigues of War? But what do you dread! The Bugbear-Title of Grand Signior? It is in our Power, to check his boasting Grandure, and make him sensible, The State of Venice, has a Sword can match the Turkish Scymitar.*

Do but resolve, the Work's half done. I feel already in my Mind, blisful Presages of a lasting Peace, the effect of a Just and Seasonable War, which is much to be preferred to the precarious Truce (for it deserves no better Title) which they design to cheat us with, in Contemplation of our Gold; a Truce, which they will break at Pleasure, to Start new Grounds of Composition. Thus, could we drain the Indies dry, we must refund our Treasure into the Ottoman Coffers, and all too little to satiate their Greedy Avarice, and Tyrannous Demands. Thus would the most Serene Republick of Venice, be post-pon'd to the Divan of Algiers; who have already shaken off the Turkish Yoke, retaining indeed the servile Name of Subjects, but refusing the Tribute they were wont to pay. Let us not suffer that Barbarous Little State,
thus

thus Nobly to assert their Liberty, whilst we resign our Necks to the Yoke. Our Fleets are numerous, our Soldiers disciplin'd, our Seamen bold and expert, our Treasury full of the Nerves of War. Let us be in a readiness, and, if Sultan Ibrahim dares be the first Aggressor; then beat Drum, sound Trumpet, and every Man to his Post.

This huffing Harangue of Signior Grimaldi, though it met with some Abettors in the Senate, yet the Counsel of the Graver and Wiser Heads prevail'd; which was, to send Orders to the Venetian Resident at Constantinople, to sound the Inclinations of the Sultan, and if possible, to make a Pecuniary Accommodation.

This Intelligence I receive from a Jew living at Venice; one whom I confide in, and who gives me a constant and faithful Account of all the Important Occurrences of that State. He is familiar with Girolamo Pufferla, and Bernardino Lupulo. Two of the Senators who voted for Peace; by which Means, he can easily feel the Pulse of the Venetian State, nothing of Moment being conceal'd from him by these Clarissimo's.

The late Action of Giacomo da Riva, Sophra-veditor of Tino against the Ships of Tripoli and Tunis, is interpreted to be done altogether in his own Defence. I doubt not, but it will be otherwise represented at the Port; but, I wish some Mens groundless Discontents, and the private Interest of others, be not improved to the Notion of Publick Injuries, by the

Artifice of such as wish not well to the *Ottoman Empire*.

I discharge my Duty, in sending thee the best Intelligence I can in this Juncture.

God, the *Supreme Monarch* of the *Universe*, dispose these Overtures, and all other Humane Events, to the Exaltation of the *Ottoman Empire*, and the Propagation of the *true Faith*.

Paris, 13th. of the 10th. Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XXI.

To Mirza Muhammed Effendi,
Vicar to the Musti.

THE *Jews* have a Proverb, That he who breeds not up his Son to some Trade, makes him a Thief. And the *Arabians* say, That an Idle Person, is the Devil's Play fellow. Therefore, our Holy, and Wise Lawgiver, has commanded all True Believers, to exercise themselves every Day in some Manual Occupation. Neither is the Sultan on his Throne, any more exempted from Obedience to this Universal Precept, than he who cleans the Streets. The Soul of Man, is active as Fire; or, to take our Comparifon as the *Hebrews* do, from another Element, it can no more cease from being

ing busie, than Water can withhold it self from running out of every Hole of a Sieve. Men will be always exerting their Faculties one way or other, and there is no *Medium* between Good and Evil. Whosoever is not employ'd in One, must necessarily fall into the other. These are the Points to which all the Lines of Humane Actions tend, the Centers where all our Affairs meet. But, though there be no such Thing as a Mediocrity between these Two Extremes, and every Man is within the Circumference either of Vertue or Vice: Yet, there are certain Steps and Degrees in each; Specifick Differences also, which take their Rise and Proportions from Nature, Morality and Religion. Thus, *Humane* Prudence teaches us, of Two Evils to chuse the least; while the *Divine Oracle* instructs us, Not to stand upon Niceties and *Punctilio's* with Vertue, but to push forward till we arrive at an Heroick Cenerosity.

As for me, who serve the *Grand Signior* in this Station, I am forced to compound with the *Law*, and capitulate with the *Severer Precepts* of the *Alcoran*. I tell many a *Lye*, that I may do the more effectual Service to *Truth*. I am compell'd to deny my *Religion*, that I may prepare a Way for others to propagate it. By oblique and remote Fetches of Policy, I accomplish the Direct Intentions of Justice, while I commit little Vices among the *Infidels*, to introduce great Vertues. Thus, making good the Counsel of the *Persian Philosopher*, That it is
necessary

necessary for him who would reach his *Journeys End*, sometimes to go round about. And thou knowest what Encouragement has been given me; being assured by the *Sovereign Prelate* of our *Holy Law*, That while I keep in the Orb of my Duty to the *Grand Signior*, I am out of the *Devil's Circle*.

If thou wouldst know how I busie my self at my Hours of Leisure: I make Watches; not knowing how better to spend my vacant Time, than in framing an Instrument whereby I may perceive how Time passes away. This little Engine, points out each Minute, and measures exactly the Succession of Hours; it keeps Pace with Years, yet out-runs not Months. 'Tis the *Journal* of the Sun, a faithful Record of his daily Travel through the *Heavens*. In a Word, 'tis the *Secretary of Time*; and a *compendious History* of the *First-born Issue* of *Eternity*.

Eliachim the *Few*, takes some off my Hands; and the Rest I present to the *Grandeess*, or any Body whom I would oblige. I have sent some by the Way of *Vienna* to the most *Venerable Musti*, and to thy self, as also to others of my Friends at the *Sublime Port*. They are all sealed up, with Directions to those for whom they are Design'd. I wish, that this mean Testimony of my Duty and Affection, may be accepted. And that my Superiors would from hence conclude, that I am no bad Husband of my Time.

The *Unchangeable Essence*, who moves all Things, yet is mov'd of None; who sets all the

the

the *Springs* and *Wheels* of *Nature* a-going, yet remains himself in *Eternal Rest* ; beholding all Things past, present, and to come with one undivided Glance ; grant, that I may be approved of *Heaven* , while I obey the *Mustî*, and his *Vicar* on *Earth*.

If thou favourest the Cause of the *Merchant* who brings thee this Letter, thou shalt do well. He will inform thee of his Affairs. God encrease thy Felicity.

Paris, 22d. of the 10th. Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XXII.

To Hali Omri Bassa.

THOU that art exalted from a *Page*, to one of the Highest Dignities in the *Empire*, and possessest an Eminent Share of the *Sultan's* Favour , wilt not be displeased if *Mahmut*, whom thou hast formerly honour'd with thy Friendship, puts thee in Mind of some Qualifications that are requisite in a Favourite. I know thy Abilities are great, yet he that walks on Pinnacles, will not refuse the Assistance of any kind Hand that offers it, nor tax a Man with Presumption , for endeavouring to preserve him from a Fall.

It will not be sufficient, that thou art very
Zealous

Zealous to serve the *Sultan*, to aggrandize his Honour, and prop the Imperial Dignity: Nor, that thou art extremely accurate in managing the Affairs committed to thy Charge: That thou art assiduous and extraordinary careful; not addicted to Recreations and Pleasure: That thou art rigorously Just, deaf to Flattery, and inexorable to Bribes; but in all Things solicitous for thy Sovereigns Interest and Greatness, without any other Byass, save that of untainted Loyalty. (All these, I must confess, are great Virtues in a Statesman and a Favourite; yet, they may become Vices, by their Excess as well as their Defect, and he that steers not his Course in the *Golden Mean*, may soon precipitate himself into Ruin.) But it is also necessary for thee, to have an Eye to the Satisfaction of the Subject, as well as to the Prince's Prerogative. It will not be safe to immolate the People's Interests and Liberties, to the Humours and Caprices of their Sovereign. Neither will he thank or reward thee, for such a dangerous Piece of Zeal. Nay, should he himself command thee to do any thing, which would intrench on their Rights and Privileges, thou oughtest rather to shew thy Fidelity, in humbly remonstrating to him the ill Consequences of such a Proceeding, than by a blind Obedience, to betray both him and thy self to the Publick *Odium*. On thee, to be sure it will fasten, however thy Master may escape; and thou must fall a Victim to appease the incens'd Multitude and save him harmless.

This

This was the Case of the *Duke d' Olivarez*, the late Minister and Favourite of the King of *Spain*. He was endued, with all the fore-mentioned Vertues requisite in a Statesman; but, his immense Zeal to advance the King's Prerogative, betrayed him to such Measures of Oppression and Tyranny, as were the Occasion of his Ruin.

The *Spaniards* claim certain Franchises and Immunities, which when granted them, they pay a voluntary Homage to the *Castilian* Crown. *D' Olivarez* sought to bereave them of these their Native Customs and Liberties, which by degrees gave so general a Disgust to that apprehensive Nation, that they broke out into an open Rebellion. Hence sprung the Revolt of *Catalonia* and *Rossilion*; and, the total Defection of *Portugal*. He thought by Rigour, to drive these People to Extremes, making them fall into Treason, and then taking advantage of their Crimes, to make his Master more absolute. But, these indirect Courses never prospered; and, we now see the *Duke of Braganza*, by this Means established in the Throne of *Portugal*, that Kingdom quite rent from *Spain*, and the other *Provinces* in the Hands of the *French*.

The *Spanish* Grandees, sensible of the Maledministration of the Favourite *Duke*, grew disgusted, with-drew from the Court, and from their Charges, leaving the King almost destitute of Attendants at Home, or Officers Abroad; yet, none durst discover the Grounds of their Discontent, till the *Constable of Castile*

File broke the Ice, on the following Occasion. This *Constable*, is one of the *Prime Nobility* of *Spain*, deducing his *Pedegree* from a *Race* of *Kings*. Him had *Olivarez* made his Mortal Enemy, by proposing a Match between a Son of his, and the *Constable's* Daughter. This Son, whether Natural or only Adopted, is not certainly known, but, he had lived an obscure and debauched Life, not so much as taken notice of, unless for his dissolute Manners and enormous Crimes, which had once expos'd him to the Sentence of Death, had he not met with better Fortune than he deserved. All the *Nobles* were highly disgusted, when they saw this Prodigal own'd by *Olivarez* for his Natural Son and Heir invested with the highest Dignities of the Kingdom, and made Master of prodigious Riches; especially, since he was no Ways worthy of such Preferment, retaining still his former Vices, and giving every where Proofs of an abject and base *Genius*. To see such an one made *President* of the *Indies*, and at the height of Honour, in a fair Way to succeed the *Duke* in his *Ministry*, irritated the whole *Court*, and drove the *Constable* of *Castile* to Impatience. He utterly refuses the Match, disdaining that his Daughter should be linked to such an Upstart. He remonstrates to the King, the exorbitant Ambition of *Olivarez*. In fine, being seconded by other *Lords* of the *Court*, and by Letters from the *German Emperor*, he so far prevail'd on the King, that his Eyes began to be open'd, and he now clearly saw, that all the Disorders of the Government, ow'd their Origin to the ill Conduct of *Olivarez*.
Where:

Wherefore, taking the Advice of his faithful Counsellors, he banish'd him the *Court*, depriv'd him of all Authority, confin'd him first to a Place not far from *Madrid*, and afterwards to *Tboro*, a City in *Old Castile*.

Thus fell that great Minister, through his own Ambition to rise. Seeking by unwarrantable Methods to secure his Master's Favour, he incurred the Height of his Displeasure, and brought upon his own Head, an irrecoverable Disgrace and Ruin.

I send thee this Example, as a Testimony of my Friendship and Fidelity; and, that thou may'st inform the *Divan*, of the true Grounds of this Man's Misfortune. The King has now taken the Reins of Government into his own Hands, though, 'tis thought, too late.

I wish thee an Encrease of Vertues and Happiness, and that thy Moderation may keep thee stedfast in the *Sultan's* Favour.

Paris, 4th. of the 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

IT is, thou knowest, a considerable Time since I was Love smitten with the *Beautiful Daria*, who was Fair as an Angel, and discreet above any Mortal Creature. It's hard to say whether the Beauty of her Mind or that of her Body, struck deepest Impressions on my Soul. How long were the Nights and how short my Slumbers, and what a general Distraction of Thoughts was I in? I could not abide my Chamber, and when I went out, no other Place could please me. I knew not what I said or thought, whether I dreamt or was really awake, stood or sat, went backwards or forwards, all Postures and Places being alike, seeing none of them could afford me the Relief I sought after.

I imagin'd no less, but that I must thus languish on; yet I find, That Time and Absence have, at length, made Way for Reason. Marvel not, dear *Oglou*, I have suffered these Transports. Our Passions are not in our Power; we cannot love and hate when and whom we please. There is a Conformity of Blood, wherein the Stars, they say, work Wonders. It's true, no Man can love and be wise at the same Time; but prithee tell me, didst ever know any Wise Man, who was not one Time or other in Love? Remember thine own Passion for the same Object, which will

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will make thee the easier to excuse mine. I'll tell thee a Story, which I have some-where read; which, if it does not palliate, yet will not aggravate my Weakness.

A certain Country-Man having lost his *Ass*, came to the *Muezin*, or *Cryer*, desiring him to give Notice at the Door of one of their *Mosques*: which he did for Three several *Festivals*: But no News being heard of the Animal, the Owner urged the *Muezin* to continue his *Proclamations*, with the Reward of a fat Pig to the Finder. The *Muezin* being an Arch Wag, and tired with the Fellow's Importunity, one Day when the Ceremonies of their *Superstitious* Worship was ended, and People flockt as main out of the *Mosque*, he made this following *Proclamation*: *If there be any Man here amongst you, who will come forth, and solemnly profess, he never was in Love, he shall have a fat Pig:*

An ungainly loobily Fellow, who was leaning listning on his Staff, bawled out, *That he could safely take his Oath, he was the Person who had never been in Love.* Whereupon the *Muezin* taking him by the Sleeve, presents him to the Country-man, saying, *Here Friend, I have found your Ass, the Pig is mine.*

Rejoice with me for the Recovery of my Liberty, and believe an experienced Man, when he tells thee, that a Man's Love to his Friend, though it be not so violent and strong as that to his Mistriss, yet is more solid and lasting.

Paris, 12th. of the 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem, at the Port.

SINCE thou, who art the Centre and Source of all Dignity, hast drawn back one Ray of Honour into thy Self, whose Emanation before made some of thy Slaves Illustrious, with the Title and Power of *Captain Bassa* : Since thou thy self, I say, who art always *Generalissimo* by *Land*, vouchsafest also at this Juncture to become *Bassa* of the Sea ; I wish that both Elements may prove propitious to thee, and *Fate* crown thy Arms with the Height of Success. May the *King* of the *Waters*, proclaim a *Nefsraum* where-ever thou sailest, and may the *Winds* pay Homage to the Banner of the *Ottoman Empire*. In a Word, may yielding Waves, and timely Gales, convey thee safe and prosperous to *Venice* ; and, may *Fortune* always attend that Courage, which never forsook thee when thy Master's Honour lay at Stake.

The *Empire* of the *Osmons*, is highly obliged to *Providence*, for such a Valiant and Experienced Leader of their Armies. There is need of the Resolution of *Alexander the Great* to encounter with all the Formidable Difficulties and Hazards of this War. Thou art not marching against the soft and effeminate *Per-*
sians,

sians, Men drown'd in the Luxurious Debaucheries of *Asia*, and enervated by continual Voluptuousness: But thou must combat with the fierce *Rascians*, hardy *Servians*, the valiant Inhabitants of *Dalmatia* and *Isiria*. Men inur'd to Toils and Fatigues, and steel'd in Blood and Slaughter. I tell thee, there is no *State* in the World, that takes more Care to breed her Subjects up in all the Discipline of War, than this *Republick*. Thou hast heard of the famous *Arsenal* of *Venice*, wilt thou believe what *Adonai* the *Few* has told me, concerning that Nursery of War? He is newly come from thence, and says, That this *Arsenal* alone is half a League in Circuit; That there is but one Gate and Channel into it, by which their Vessels pass in and out; That in this Place, as in a Seminary, are bred up an infinite Number of Slaves, who are a little Commonwealth by themselves. Some of these are employ'd all the year round, in making Gallies, Galliaffes, Pinnaces, Brigantines and other Shipping, with all Materials belonging to them, as Masts, Oars, &c. Others make Bullets, Chains, Anchors, Cannon, and all kinds of Artillery. A Third sort, are busied in making Ropes, Sails, Shrowds, and such like *Naval* Implements.

He says moreover, that in this Magazine are contained 40000 Pistols; 200000 Daggers; 60000 Partizans; Javelins 100000; Cross-Bows 30000; Long-bows 50000; with 500000 Swords, Musquets 200000; 1000 Cannon; as many Sakers; 500 Culverins. All these are preserv'd

preserv'd as a Treasure of War, besides Infinite Quantities of all Manner of Weapons and Ammunitions, which are daily carried from hence, to furnish their Ships by Sea, and their Armies and Forts by Land. Thou wilt conclude from hence, That this is a Wise and Martial Nation, and that the Conquest of *Venice* will cost much Sweat and Blood.

Wilt thou hear what this *Jew* says of their Publick Buildings, which are all made of the best Marble? He counts Sixty six Parish-Churches; Fifty two Monasteries: Twenty six Nunneries; Eighteen Chapels; Seventeen Hospitals, and Six Schools. He numbers Fifty six Courts of Justice. Ten Gates of Brass; Four Hundred and Fifty Stone-Bridges; Eighty Thousand Boats, which cannot be served with less than double that number of Watermen. The Inhabitants of this City are computed to be 800000. By all this, thou may'st comprehend the Greatness and Wealth of this *Republick*, and that it is no Inglorious Enterprize to carry on a War against it.

These *Infidels* give a Publick Toleration to *Harlots*; which is practis'd not only in this City, but all over *Italy*, and brings a vast Revenue into the Treasury. The *Whores pence* of *Venice*, is said to amount Yearly to 100000 Zechins.

The Multitude of *Jews* also, does mightily enrich that City, who have no less than Nine *Synagogues* there. They are Masters of Infinite Wealth, and engross the greatest Part of the *Levantine* Traffick, whereby *Venice* is become superlatively Wealthy, and has required the Epithete

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pithete of Rich. This is grown a Fashion in Italy, That every City has its peculiar Title, as Rome the Holy, Padua the Learned, Milan the Great, Naples the Proud, and Venice the Rich.

One thing extremely pleases me, and had it not a shew of Idolatry, I could not but applaud it, as an Argument of the Generosity of this State. Adonai tells me, That there are no less than 165 Marble, and 23 Brazen Statues, erected by the Order, and at the Charges of this Republick, in Honour of the like Number of Valiant Soldiers, who have merited well of the Publick. This is an efficacious Encouragement to Others, a Spur to Vertue, the Cherisher of MartialA:dour. And Venice herein seems to imitate the Gratitude of Ancient Rome, which never spared any Cost, to honour her Heroes, and render their Memory Immortal.

God grant thee Victory over these Infidels, that at thy Return, laden with the Venetian Spoils, thou may'st rejoice in the Royal Caresses and Favour of our Glorious Sultan, and that not only Constantinople, but all the Ottoman Empire, may celebrate Triumphs for the Success of thy Arms.

Paris, 21th. of the 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

To Dgnet Oglou.

IT appears by thy melancholy Letter, thou hast not forgot the Loss thou formerly sustainedst by Fire, but still continuest to disturb thy self, with dismal Apprehensions of spending thy Days in Ignominious Poverty. I am afraid, thou didst set thy Heart too much on thy Wealth, which makes thee so uneasie under thy Misfortune. Perhaps thy Money was thy Master, and God in removing it from thee, has made thee free, and thereby fitted thee for the *Contemplation* of the *Universe*.

Never fear Want, the same *Providence* which took Care of thee before thou camest into the World, will never be wanting to thee now thou art in it. It is but a Little that we need, and it will not be long before it will be impossible for us to want any Thing. Poverty never meets the thinking and industrious. And a Man may satisfie *Nature*, without the least Obligation to *Fortune*; who, when she seems most angry with us, scarce ever denies us Necessaries. The Belly indeed, is a troublesome Creditor, yet is quieted with a Little. *Seneca* tells us, That *Epicurus* confined himself to a narrower Allowance, than that of the severest Prisons, to the most heinous Offender; and, found himself at Ease

too

too in a stricter Diet, that any Man in the worst Condition needs to fear. But the Misery of it is, we are governed in all Things by Opinion, and every Thing is to us as we think it to be.

The same Great Man tells us, of one *Apicius*, who poison'd himself for fear of starving, when he had Two Hundred and Fifty *Piasters* in his Coffers. And, another more *Modern Philosopher* relates, That a rich Man, an Acquaintance of his, falling mad, snatcht up a Straw, and complain'd he must perish with Hunger, for he saw there was no Grain in the Empty Husks.

It's said of the *Emperor Galba*, That he was wont to weep, when he saw his Table better covered than ordinary. And, I have read of a certain *Christian Musii*, who was so wretchedly covetous, that he would steal privately into the Great *Mosque* of *Rome*, and put out the Lamps there to save Charges.

But methinks, I hear thee murmuring me an Answer, That this was never thy Humour, and these Citations make little Impression on a Man, that has had his House and Goods burnt, and narrowly escaped in his own Person.

Shall I tell thee then, what hap'n'd lately in these Parts, which will, perhaps, make thee more contented and thankful for thy Life, seeing what was these poor Peoples Lot, might have been thine.

Certain considerable Merchants coming to this Town, and Lodging at an Inn, not far

from my Quarters, the House being full of Guests, they were forced to be content with an upper Room; where, entertaining one another with pleasant Discourse, to pass away the Time till Supper, on a sudden the Kitchen was all in a Flame, unfortunately encreased with combustibile Matter lying near the Chimney. Some say, there was great Quantity of Oil and Gun-Powder (an odd Store-House to lay such Commodities in.) However, the Fire appeared so suddenly and violently, that in a Moment all the Floor under them, was seiz'd with it.

These Gentlemen, who were Two Stories high, in a Chamber towards the Street; as soon as they heard the Cry of Fire, began to make towards their Trunks and Port mantles, which were lock'd up in a large Coffer, the Key of which hung at their *Hofests's* Girdle. They were for going down to fetch it, but the Fire had, in a Manner, consum'd all beneath them. Whilst they were busied in trying to break open the Coffer, and to take out every Man his own, their Chamber became instantly so full of Smoak, as was like to Choak them. They could neither save themselves by going up or down, the House being all over in a Flame. Moreover, their Neighbours seeing their own Houses in Danger, were so concerned for themselves, that they had no time to Pity Others. So that, few People attempted to succour these poor *Gentlemen*, who, on their side, endeavoured with great Pieces of Wood, to force a Passage; but the Walls and Windows were too Strong to give

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give Way to their Efforts, being secur'd with thick Iron Bars, fastned in the Stones. In this lamentable Condition, having this inexorable Flame before their Eyes, which had already seized on the Chamber, tearing the Hair off their Heads, and stamping on the Ground, they sent forth such dreadful Skrieks, as moved all that heard them to extreme Compassion.

They threw their Gold and Silver into the Streets, in vain crying for Help; the Fire being so encreas'd, that before the People could bring Ladders and other Instruments to break a Way into the Chamber, these poor Wretches miserably perished in the Flames.

Thank *God* thou hast still thy Life and Senses. Turn these last the Right Way, and thou wilt find thou hast lost Nothing.

Paris, 21st. of the 12th. Moon,
of the Year 1644.

P 2

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

THE Spaniards, are the Proudest People in the World. They strut like Cranes, as they go along the Streets, and Walk by Rules of Geometry. Here are many of them in this City, since the Revolt of *Catalonia* and *Roussion*. The French accuse them of Uncomplaisance and ill Manners, in that they will not change their Habit or Gate, in a Country so averse from Formality.

They are extremely addicted to *Rhadomontado's*; as thou wilt easily guess by this which follows: *Lewis XIII.* asking a *Spanish* Officer, who was a Prisoner of War, Why the Kings of *Spain* went not in Person to the Wars, as the Kings of *France*: He Answer'd, *If the King, my Master, should lead his own Army into the Field, the whole Earth would tremble under him.*

Another being ask'd; Why the *Spanish* King in his Style, boasted, *That the Sun was his Helmet*, replyed, *Because that Luminary never sets on all my Master's Territories.* But the *French* man wittily retorted, *He will neither set, nor rise on any of your Master's Dominions ere long, if the Great Lewis goes on with his Conquests.*

In

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Indeed, to pass from *Jest* to *Earnest*, this Victorious King, continually pares away some Part or other of the *Spanish Monarchy*. I have acquainted the *Ministers* of the *Divan*, with the most important Passages of this War, except the taking of *Graveling*, which I did not then think so considerable a Place, as I am since inform'd it is. 'Tis a Sea-Town, lying on the Northern Shore of *France*, and commanding the *Narrow Seas*, between the *Continent* and *England*. Some say, that it is one of the strongest Towns in *Europe*. The *French King*, by the Conquest of this Place, is in a condition to give the Law by Sea, to all the Northern Nations.

The Great God who protects the *Ottoman Empire*, set Limits to the Conquests of this *Christian King*, and so continue the Wars of these *Infidel-Princes*, that neither any One of them may be in a Condition, nor All of them together be agreed, to make Head against the Arms of our *Invincible Sultan*.

Paris, 17th. of the 1st. Moon,
of the Year 1645.

P 3

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

To Dicheu Hussein Bassa.

THOU hast already in the *Divan*, heard of the present *Convulsions* of the *English State*. I communicated to the *Vizir Azem*, what *Intelligences* I had received of the *Troubles* of that *Kingdom*. Besides, the *Imperial City* is full of *Strangers* of all *Nations*, who maintain *Correspondences* with their several respective *Countries*: Whence it comes to pass, That whatsoever is done in the most remote *Corners* of the *Earth*, is soon known to the *Ministers* of the *Sublime Port*, which is the *Sanctuary* of the *Whole World*. But, I shall gratifie thee, in unveiling the *Interiour* of those *Events*, which have made such a *Noise*. Thou art naturally curious in thy *Researches*; and, I shall present thee with some additional *Remarks*, which I have made on the *English Affairs*, since I wrote to the *Supreme Minister* on that *Subject*.

I acquainted him, that the late *Cardinal Richieu*, had a hand in *Embreiling* that *Island*, as he had in exciting the *Tumults* of *Catalonia*, and promoting the *Revolution* of *Portugal*. The part which he acted, was by *Proxy*. He had his *Agents* there, to blow up into a *Flame*, the *Sparks* which lay smothering in the *Breasts* of that *Discontented People*. Those of the *Latin Church*, reflect it as a *Judgment* on the *English*

English Nation, that they have never been free from Conspiracies, Seditions and Rebellions, since the Time they shook off their Obedience to the *Roman Musli*; which was, in the Days of King *Henry VIII.* As if that Revolt in Point of Religion, had been the Source of all the following Tumults and Disorders in the *State.* 'Tis certain, *Religion* has great Influence on Mens Morals, and where a Liberty of innovating is once allow'd, it makes continued Progressions. Some *French Antiquaries* say, that the *English* embrac'd the *Roman* Communion for the Space of Seven Hundred Years; and, that during so long a Time, they never had any *Civil Wars*, but such as were made on the Account of Succession to the *Crown.* But, that after they had chang'd their *Faith*, they were always restless, still hatching some Alteration in the *Government.* I know not how far these Observations are justifiable, Men being generally partial to their own Cause. But, the present Stirs in that *Island*, seem to owe their Increase, if not their Birth, to the Latitude which the Subjects take in Matters of *Conscience.* Whilst every Man, carves out to himself such a *Religion*, as best pleases him; without being accountable to the *State*, or paying any *Tribute*, as is the Practice of the *Ottoman Empire.* Hence, it is few Mens Ambition, to conform to the *Religion* of the *Prince*; but, every *Se&t* endeavours to perswade both *Prince* and *People*, to subscribe to their Sentiments; and, the most potent Party, threatens all the Rest with

the ill Consequences of War, in Case their *Tenets* be not establish'd. Among all the *Religions* which divide the Inhabitants of that *Island*, there is none for which they have so general an Aversion, as that which they call the *Roman Catholick*, though it were once the *Establish'd Religion* of the Country. This is now become the publick Eye-sore; and, the rest of the *Setts*, though they are at immortal Difference with each other, yet all join Heart and Hand to oppose this Common Bug-bear. The *French* say, That the *Protestants* are like the *English Mastiffs*, Two of which, I remember, were presented to *Sultan Amurath*, by the *French Ambassador*, with this Character of them, That though when they quarrell'd they would fight with each other to Death, yet should a Bear be let loose upon them, in the Midst and Heat of their Fury, they would soon become Friends, and turn the Battel upon their Savage Enemy. Such, they say, is the Humour of the *English Sectaries*; and, the Factious have improved it so far, as to fasten the *Odium* of the Vulgar on the King himself, by suggesting, That he designs to introduce the *Roman Religion* into that Country; whereas, according to the Relation of Travellers and knowing Men, he is a zealous *Protestant*. This is the Pretence of taking up Arms against him: An Artifice, by which Rebellion is generally usher'd in; whilst the Defence of *Religion*, is made a Cloak for *Sacrilege* and *Treason*.

The *Infidels* have found out a Way to divide a Man from himself, by *Metaphysical Niceties*,

Niceties, a *Science* wherein the *True Believers* are happily ignorant. They are actually in Arms against their *Sovereign*, yet they declare they fight for him: Maintaining their *Rebellion* by this *Sophistry*, *That they fight against his Natural Person, to defend his Political*; as if they could separate one from the other. Some thinking Men say, 'tis well if they do not divorce his *Soul* from his *Body* by the Help of these Juggling Distinctions.

His *Viceroy* in *Ireland*, has already lost his Head, for no other Crime, but his Loyalty to his Master, who is blam'd for giving Consent to the Execution of so faithful a *Minister*. Yet, the Curious pretend to trace the Footsteps of *Justice* in this Man's Destiny, since he fell a Sacrifice to the same *Democratick Principles*, whereof he had formerly been a zealous Patron, having been observed to be once a great Opposer of the *Royal Prerogative*. If this be true, it seems as if *Nemesis* her self had brought him to his Punishment.

Thou wilt wonder at the Presumption of these People, in divesting the King of the *Military Power* by Sea and Land, and assuming it themselves. Especially, when thou considerest, that this is the *Essential Prerogative* of *Sovereignty*, without which it is but an *Empty Title*.

Our *Invincible Sultans* are possessed of such an uncontrollable Authority, as cannot be transferr'd to any *Subject*, or to all the *Subjects* of so vast an *Empire* put together; but is only communicated at the *Imperial Plea-*

sure, as Rays from the Sun, whose Emanations, though they are immense and infinite; yet do they not in the least, diminish or weaken that Immortal Fountain of Light. But, the *English* have not that Veneration for their Prince, as is found in the *Mussulmans*: They esteem Him but the Trustee of the *Commonwealth*, the Creature of the Populace, having imbib'd the Principles of *Aristotle*, *Cato* and other *Democratick Philosophers*; who teach, That the *Sovereign Power* is Originally in the *People*, and but transmitted from them to the Prince, by way of *Deputation* and *Credence*. My Letter to the *Prime Vizir*, will inform thee what the *English Parliament* is. At this Time, as I'm inform'd, it consists for the most Part of Men of this Stamp: Yet they do not openly profess these *Antimonarchick Tenents*; but, under the Mask of *Loyalty*, amuse the credulous Multitude with specious Pretences, *Of making the King the most Glorious Monarch, and his Subjects the Happiest People in the World*. But, 'tis thought he will rather confide in his *Arms*, the *Justice* of his *Cause*, and the *Protection* of *God*, than suffer himself to be any longer cajoll'd by their false *Rhetorick*.

He has given them Battel once, wherein they say, the Victory was in an even Balance, and neither Side could claim it.

The *Rebels* have put to Death the *English Musli*, whom they call the *Archbishop*. They struck off his Head with an Ax, in the open Street, on the 10th. Day of the 1st. Moon of the Year 1644.

Before

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Before I conclude this Letter, I shall relate to Thee a Passage, which happen'd in this King's Infancy, worthy of Remark: In former Ages, there were a Sort of *Philosophers* or *Prophets* in England, whom they call'd *Druids*, and *Bards*. These instructed the People in the *Belief* of a *God*, the *Immortality* of the *Soul*, and other *Principles* of *Natural Religion*. They foretold Things to come, and had acquir'd so great a Reputation, that the Kings of that Country would undertake no Affair of Moment, till they had first consulted these *Oracles*. 'Tis said, there are yet living some of that *Prophetic* Race in the Mountains of *Scotland*. One of which, a Man of great Sanctity and Wisdom, being an Hundred and Twenty Years-old, came to visit this King's Father; at which Time he saw this King, being then an Infant in his Nurse's Arms, whilst his Elder Brother and Heir of the *Crown* stood by. The Old Man, after his Complements to the Father, takes the Infant Prince in his Arms, and bestows his Benediction on it, in these Terms, *Hail, Royal Babe, Heir of Two Crowns; thou shalt Reign a long Time happily; but in the End, a Flower-de-luce shall be thy Bane*. The Nobles that were present, thinking that the Extremity of Age had bereav'd him of his Reason, were ready to thrust him away; offering to take the Child from Him, and telling Him, *That he mistook; for, this was not the Heir of the Crown, but his Brother who stood by*. But he, with a composed Look and an assured Carriage, made Answer, *That what he spoke, was Truth*; adding withal, *That the*
Elder.

Elder Brother should die before his Father ; and, That this should live to inherit the Kingdoms of Scotland and England. The Event has made good some Part of his Prophecy ; for, his Elder Brother dyed at Twelve Years of Age, and he at this Day possesses those Two Kingdoms ; but, how the Flower-de-luce shall be his Bane, Time must evince. It is thought, That by it is meant, the French King ; because that is the Arms of the Royal Blood of France. It is hard to determine of future Events ; yet there are some, who observing the Influence which this Court has had on the English Com-motions, and how far Cardinal Richlieu had engaged King Lewis XIII. in Revenging the Affronts which were given to his Sister the Queen of England, by that Inhospitable Nation, make no Difficulty of interpreting this Prophecy ; but conclude, That the Unfortunate King of England, will at length fall a Victim to the French R sentiments, though his own Subjects be Instrumental to his Ruin.

I will continue my Intelligence of the English Affairs, as I receive them. In the mean while, I pray the Great God, to protect the Mussulman Empire from Sedition and Treason, and keep the Subjects of Sultan Ibrahim in their due Obedience.

*Paris, 25th. of the 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1645,*

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To Bajazet Ali Hogia, Preacher to
the Seraglio.

HERE are to be met with in these *Western* Parts, infinite Numbers of People, who not only despise and vilifie our *Law*, but *their own*, and openly scoff at all Religions in the World. These are known by the Name of *Libertines* or *Atheists*, which is to say, People that profess themselves Enemies to the Belief of a *God*. A lewd and unthinking Herd of Animals, who dare not be alone, lest they should come to the Remembrance of themselves, and be Wiser.

These People are in some sort, like *Ninus* that great *Assyrian Monarch*, who vaunted, He never saw the Stars, nor desired it; *Worshipp'd* neither Sun nor Moon, never spoke to his People, nor took any Account of them, but was valiant in Eating and Drinking.

He was said to have this Inscription on his Tomb:

I WAS FORMERLY NINUS, THE
GREAT LORD OF THE WORLD,
AND LIVED AS THOU DOST,
BUT AM NOW NOTHING BUT
DUST. ALL THE MEAT I HAVE
EATEN,

EATEN, ALL THE HANDSOM
WOMEN I HAVE ENJOY'D, ALL
THE WORSHIP THAT WAS PAID
ME, AND ALL THE RICHES I WAS
POSSESS'D OF, HAVE FAIL'D ME ;
AND WHEN I SET FORWARD FROM
THIS WORLD INTO THE INVISIBLE
STATE , I HAD NEITHER GOLD,
NOR HORSE, NOR CHARIOT. I AM
NOW, I SAY, BUT THE DUST THOU
TREADEST ON.

Such another was *Sardanapalus*, one of the
Successors of *Ninus* in that *Monarchy*, and in
the Corruption of his Manners. An effemi-
nate Prince, a Slave to his Lusts, and not wor-
thy of an *Imperial Crown*. It was not to his
Vertue or Courage that *Nineveh* was obliged,
for sustaining a Siege of Eight and Twenty
Moons, but to the Impregnable Strength of her
own Walls. For, so soon as he was told, that
the *Oracle* was fulfill'd, and that the River *Eu-
phrates* was join'd in League with his Ege-
nies , and had by an unusual Flood, broke
down a considerable Part of the Walls in
which he trusted ; all his Bravery vanish'd ;
he shew'd he was a Coward and kill'd him-
self for fear of Death. Yet such was the for-
did Impotence of his Spirit, that even in this
Way, he durst not die alone ; but, taking his
Concubines and nearest Attendants, with all
his Gold and Jewels, he forced them to ac-
company him into the Hollow of a Funeral
Pile, which he fired with his own Hands,
and

and burnt his Servants with Himself. I do not esteem it an Effect of Courage, to make Death a Sanctuary from the inevitable Miseries of a hated Life. But, to be either willing to die, in the Height of humane Enjoyments, or to be resolved to live and out-brave these very Calamities, which would tempt any Man to die, is the peculiar Mark of an Heroick Resolution.

However, thus died *Sardanapalus*, having desired, that a *Monument* might be erected to his Memory, with this Inscription ;

SARDANAPALUS LIV'D
MUCH IN A LITTLE TIME, HAVING
ALWAYS GRATIFIED HIS SENSES :
HE BUILT TWO CITIES, ANCHIALA
AND TARSUS, IN ONE DAY; PER-
FORMED THE TASK OF MANY YEARS,
IN FOUR AND TWENTY HOURS. AD-
VISES THEE, READER, TO IMITATE
HIS EXAMPLE; EAT, DRINK, AND
ENJOY THYSELF; FOR AFTER DEATH,
THERE IS NEITHER PLEASURE NOR
PAIN.

These were but *Pigmies* in *Atheism*, in Comparison of others. *Dionysius*, the *Sicilian Monarch*, was a *Gyant* in *Infidelity*. He not only committed *Sacrilege*; but, made it his Pastime. He droll'd upon the *Gods*, while he robb'd their *Temples*; into which he never enter'd without a *Fest*, nor departed from

from their *Altars* without a *Satyr*. He put a *Woollen Garment* on the *Image* of *Jupiter Olympius*, instead of the *Golden Robe* with which *King Hiero* had cloath'd it; and, excus'd the *Sacrilege*, by saying, *Exchange was no Robbery*, and, *That he consulted the Ease and Health of the God, both for Summer and Winter*. He play'd the *Barber* to the *Statue* of *Æsculapius*; and, shav'd off his *Golden Beard*, saying, *That since Apollo his Father was beardless, it was but good Manners for the Son to be so too*. When he came into a *Rich Temple* in *Syracusa*, and saw in the *Hands* of *Mars*, a *Sword*, whose *Hilt* was thick set with *Diamonds*, *Emeralds* and *Rubies*, he made a *mock Obeisance*, and took the *Sword* from the extended *Arm* of the *Image*, saying, *The God of War presented him with that Sword, as an Earnest of his future Victories*, and, *he should be very ungrateful and impious, not to accept the Gift of the Deity*. It was a nasty *Affront* which *Nero* put upon the *Syrian Goddess*, when he caus'd his *Excrements* to be thrown in her *Face*.

These were *Royal Atheists*, and no Body durst controul their *Impious Pranks*. The *Libertines* now a-days are more modest and politick. They dare not violate *Temples*, nor prophane the *Altars* of the *Christians* openly, but secretly they undermine all *Religion*, and dispute People out of their *Faith*.

Some of these *Atheists* maintain the *World* to be *Eternal*. Others hold, that it came by a fortuitous *Concourse* of *Atoms*; which, after

after an Eternal Dance in an Infinite Space, at last jumbled together into that exquisite Order we now behold and contemplate. They profess themselves *Disciples* of *Epicurus*, yet wilfully corrupt the *Doctrines* of that *Virtuous Philosopher*; who, though he taught, That the *Supreme Felicity* of Man consisted in *Pleasure*, yet never meant that of the *Body*, but the purer Joys and Tranquility of the *Mind*, arising from a Life lead according to *Reason*: Whereas, these *Modern Epicureans*, place their highest Contentment in the Satisfaction of their Sensual Appetites. A Jolly Crew, who number their Days by Debaucheries, and reckon that Hour mispent, wherein they have not drawn some Line of Voluptuousness. And, as if they had consecrated Themselves to *Bacchus* and *Venus*, Women and Wine, divide the most important Actions of their whole Lives.

They are professed Enemies to the *Doctrine* of the *Resurrection*, of Good and Evil *Spirits*, of the *Day of Judgment*, of *Heaven* and *Hell*. They esteem *Religion* only as an Invention of *Politicians*, to reduce the World under some Form of Government; and spare not to call *Moses*, and *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, *Impostors*, as well as *Mahomet* our *Holy Lawgiver*. They laugh at *Miracles*, and ridicule *Prophecies*; and, you had as good talk to them of a *Man* in the *Moon*, as of an *Apparition* from the *Dead*.

These Sort of *Libertines*, are not only to be found in the *Court* of *France*, but in General
all

all over *Europe*. The *Contagion* is *Epidemick*, the *Infection* has spread it self through *Clergy* and *Laity*, *Nobles* and *Vulgar*; insomuch, as he passes for a Man of no Wit, who has not a Spice of *Atheism*.

This will not seem strange when thou shalt know, that even among their *Mustis* themselves, there have been some *Lucians*; who esteem'd *Religion* but an *Old Wife's Tale*, and us'd the most important *Articls* of their *Faith*, but as Instruments of Ambition and Avarice, to aggrandise themselves and fill their Coffers. *Leo X.* a famous *Roman Pontiff*, will be recorded to all Posterity, for that *Sarcasm* of his on *Jesus*, the *Messias* of the *Christians*; *How much are we enriched, by this Fable of Christ?* Indeed, if we reflect well on the *Maxims* and *Practices* of that Court, it will not be hard to conclude, That *Gold* is the *Great God* of the *Romans*, and the *Ultimate Object* of their *Adoration*, since that *Stone* can open or shut *Heaven* and *Hell*; no *Piety* or *Virtue*, no *Prayers* or *Tears*, *Alms* or *Penances* being available, unless made so by the meritorious Adjunct of this powerful Metal. Neither need the most enormous Sinners despair of Pardon, if they have but *Pluto* for their *Protector*, and *Gold* for their *Apology*; there being certain *Rates* set upon all *Sins*, which if paid, those of the deepest Dye are as readily absolv'd, as the smallest *Peccadillo's*.

This Spiritual Merchandise of Souls in the *Supreme Court* of *Christendom*, has in no small Degree contributed to the *Atheism* of the Age.

While

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While Religion is thereby render'd Cheap and Vile, a meer Artifice of Government, a Stratagem of the *Priesthood*, to keep Fools in Awe and Subjection. And therefore, such as have a better Opinion of themselves, and would be thought Men of Sense, take Occasion to carp at the very Fundamental Principles of all Religion, and to dispute against the *Being of a God*. Rather than tamely couch under the Luggage of manifest Impostures, they like wild Colts, throw off the Yoke even of natural Religion and common Morality: And, because they have too much *Sense* to be abus'd with *Religious Umbrages*, and too little *Faith* to swallow all the *Pious Frauds* of the *Church* for undoubted *Oracles of Heaven*, they will have no *Faith* at all, nor give any Credit to the *Dictates of Correct Reason*; but, turning *Scepticks* in all Things, are stedfast to Nothing but the Satisfaction of their Lusts; looking upon it as ill Husbandry of the present Time, to squander away the least Moment on the Thoughts of a Future Life.

But thou, *Venerable Hoggis*, who hast been present at the *Mysteries of the Holy Sepulchre*, and kiss'd the Floor of *Abraham's Oratory*, art happy in the Possession of a blameless *Faith*. Thou hast renounced the vain Pleasures of Sense; and, thy Life, is one continued *Series of Abstinence, Prayer, Fasting, Alms and other good Works*. Having been bless'd, with frequent Visions of *Paradise*, and Anticipations of the *Immortal State*; pray that *Mahmut* may persevere in the *Faith of a Mussulman*,

man, and the Integrity of a *Loyal Slave* to the
Grand Signior.
 Paris, 25th. of the 3d. Moon,
 of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXIX.

To Egry Boinou, a White Eunuch.

I Cannot forget the Time, since thou and I
 fate together in the *Chiosc* at *Scutari*, and
 entertained each other with the Stories of the
 Ancient *Greek Poets*. The Prospect which
 that Gallery afforded, renew'd our Memory
 of several Nations Strife about the Birth-place
 of *Homer*; and, from thence gave us Occa-
 sion, to discourse and make Comparisons be-
 tween Him and *Hesiod*, *Orpheus*, and the Rest
 of the celebrated *Poets*, *Philosophers*, and *Sages*
 of the *East*. I remember, we pass'd by De-
 grees from one Subject to another, till at
 length we fell upon the *Translation* of their
Heroes, and the *Genealogy* of their *Gods*.
 Thou wilt say, I have a good Memory, should
 I now rehearse the *Series* of our Conversation
 on this Point. But, I will not be so trouble-
 some for the sake of Applause. Though I
 often think over thy Sentiments with infinite
 Delight, yet I will not repeat them here,
 lest I tempt thee to throw away my Letter,
 before

before thou hast read it. Only give me leave to put thee in mind, How thou didst then vindicate the *Infant* World, for placing those Excellent Souls in *Heaven*, who had been Illustrious Benefactors to Mankind on *Earth*: And, that though after-Ages fell into the Crime of *Idolatry*, by giving Divine Honours to the first Inventors of Arts and Sciences, and by sacrificing to the *Manes* of departed *Heroes*; yet, it was thy Opinion that those who first consecrated them to *Immortality*, and a Fame that should know no End, did but perform the Rights of Gratitude, execute the Dictates of Innocent Nature, without ever dreaming of the Religious Ceremonies which their deluded Posterity superinduc'd.

To do thee Justice, this was a Noble Thought, full of Humanity, and exactly squaring with unbiass'd Reason; and, I must confess, I owe the frequent Cure of my Melancholy, to the Force of this generous Sentiment.

The *Christians*, especially here in the *West*, out-go the *Jews* in the Superstitious Narrowness of their Principles; and, as the latter confined Salvation to the Lineage of *Jacob*, so the former restrain it to the *Latin Church*. I have often convers'd with some of their Learned *Derivises*, on the Theme of the *Pagans* Salvation, but can by no Arguments beat them off from their inveterate Prejudice. They will not allow so much as one of the *Heathens* to be saved, and but a Hundred and Forty Four Thousand

land of the *Jews*, accounting Twelve Thousand of every Tribe. This is the severe Arithmetick of the *Western Religion*, whose Professors thereby render themselves greater *Infidels* than those they damn. 'Tis to be hop'd, there is a larger Calcule with *God* for the Number of the *Blessed*, or else one would think, *Hell* would be too populous, and the *Devil* would be forced to make frequent Decimations, and send Colonies abroad, to make Room for the ever fresh Glut of his new Guests.

For my Part, who was Educated in the impartial Rudiments of Truth, in the serene Principles of the *Mahometan Faith*, I believe, That there are some saved of all Religions; and that at the *Day of Judgment*, there shall be erected a *Fourth Banner* for such to resort to, who never heard of *Moses*, *Jesus* or *Mahomet*. Assuredly, there is no Malice in the *Omnipotent*, and he will not damn Men for their Involuntary Ignorance of his *Revealed Laws*, provided they live up to the genuine Dictates of *Nature* and *Reason*, which are the truest Standards of Vertue and Positive Religion.

The *Christians* have a *Heaven* for their *Saints*, and a *Hell* for *Sinners*; in this they agree with the *Mussulmans*. They have a *Limbo* for *Infants*, that die unbaptized; and, another for the Vertuous *Israelites*, who lived before the *Messias*. Their Charity had been complete, had they provided a *Third*, for Just and Vertuous Men of all Religions; whom it
is

is too hard to damn on the Score of what they know not, so long as they unblameably practise whatsoever Good they know. The *Chapter* of *Prisons* in the *Alcoran*, seems to contain a more equal Distribution of Justice, when it assigns a *Middle-Place*, between *Paradise* and *Hell*, to those who have led an indifferent Life, equally checquer'd with Vertue and Vice. They there shall behold the *Joy*s of the *Blessed*, and the *Torments* of the *Damned*; yet shall neither taste of the One, nor feel the Other; but pass their Time in a tedious Neutrality, between the *Height* of *Bliss*, and the *Depth* of *Misery*.

But, what *Mussulman* will question the Salvation of the *Gentiles*; when the *Book* of *Glory* it self tells us, That *Alexander* the *Great* was an *Holy Prophet*; and yet we know, he neither was of the Seed of *Abraham*, nor was he so much as Circumcis'd.

My Converse with the Learned *Dervises* in this City, has taught me some of their *School-Distinctions*; among which, they use a pretty one in the Damnation of Unbaptized Infants; teaching, That such are damn'd to the *Pain* of *Loss*, but not to the *Pain* of *Sense*. I am apt to think, this Distinction may very well be adapted to the Case of many Men, who as their Vertues are not of that Heroick Stamp, as to carry them directly to *Paradise*; so neither are their Vices of so black a Tincture, as to sink them immediately to *Hell*. I believe, there are Proportionate Rewards and Punishments, for all Sorts and Degrees of Vertue and Vice;

Vice ; and that the Souls of the Departed, are marshall'd and disposed in Receptacles agreeable to their proper Rank and Quality. And, if I can but get to *Virgil's* pleasant Greens and shady Woods, the fortunate Mansions of Innocent and Just Men ; I will not envy the *Heroes*, nor desire to be canoniz'd among the *Gods*. *Elyzium* or *Paradise* are much One to me : I seek not the Name, but the Nature of *Bliss*. Provided I may but gain a Place of Rest and Refreshment, and be admitted into agreeable Company, I will not complain, nor disturb the Peace of the *Bless'd*, with an Ambitious Quest of the Highest Dignities in *Heaven* ; as if a Man could not be Happy, unless he be made a *Vizir* of the *Bench* above.

Let thou and I, dear *Egry*, live in such an exact Conformity of Manners here, that when we go hence, we may by the *Divine Numen*, be both disposed in the same Apartment and Society, carry our Friendship along with us to that other World ; and let us make a Covenant, That whosoever dies first, shall soon appear to the Survivor, and give him a true Account of his State, if it be in the Power of the Dead to perform such Bargains.

In the mean Time I counsel thee to make much of this present Life ; not by sordid Voluptuousness and Vice, from which I know thy natural Aversion ; but by borrowing from each Element, an Occasion of improving thy Science and Vertue. This is the Way to be raised above the Elements, in which at present

sent thou art a Sojourner ; and, to attain thy Native Skies, and Kindred Stars, where the Renown'd *Poets, Philosophers, Law-givers*, and other Vertuous Men, are gone before us, expect our Coming, and are ready to welcom us to the Rights of their happy Society. A-dieu.

Paris, 13th. of the 4th. Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXX.

To the Seliſtar Aga, or Sword-Bearer.

IT is apparent, that the *States* of the World are void of Compassion, and that they are altogether actuated by a Principle of Interest.

Monsieur la Tuillerie, Ambassador from France to the King of Denmark, arrived at that Court with specious Pretexts of Mediation, promising to do his utmost to accommodate the Differences between the Two Crowns of Denmark and Suedeland, with all possible Advantages to the former. But, when the Business came to the Tryal, when he saw King *Christian* advancing into the Field against *Gustavus*, with an Army of near Twenty Thousand Men, which in all likelihood would have given the *Suedes* occasion to

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repent their rash and unjust Incurſions ; he charmed the good-natur'd old King, with ſuch fair Promiſes, and ſubtle Inſinuations, that he cauſed him to retreat at the Moment of giving Battel.

In the ſame Manner dealt *Galaffo* with the King, who did but make a ſhow with his Forces, without doing any effectual Service. For, when he might have compelled the *Sue-diſh General*, either to Fight or Retire, he ſuffered him freely to paſs through *Holſtein* and return into *Germany*.

The Curious and Inquiſitive, lay the Blame of this Treachery on *Cardinal Maſarini*, whoſe Piſtoles, they ſay, had corrupted *Galaffo*, and made him run counter to his Maſter's Inſtructions.

But, in my Opinion, this is an unjuſt Censure of the *Cardinal*, who was afterwards known to be Inſtrumental, in ſpurring on the *Hollanders* to compoſe theſe Quarrels : Which at laſt was accompliſh'd, by the dextrous Mediation of this Great *Minifter*.

I wiſh the Differences between our glorious *Sultan* and the *Venetians*, were as well adjusted with Honour to the *Ottoman Empire*.

Paris, 13th. of the 4th. Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of State.

THE Wars of *Germany* and *Suedeland* are the Principal Subject of Discourse all over *Europe*; especially in this *Court*, which has a great Interest in the good Success of the *Suedish* Arms; the House of *Austria*, being the most formidable Enemy, that *France* has in the World.

General Torstenson marches about, like another *Scanderbeg*; Victorious where-ever he strikes. 'Twas to his own Ruin, that *Galasso* suffer'd him to pass quietly through *Holstein*; when, in Conjunction with the *Danish* Army he was in a Condition to give him Battel, or compel him to retire.

No sooner was *Galasso* separated from the *Danes*, and Encamped near *Magdeburgh*; but, *Torstenson* began to observe his Motions, and lay down not far from him, between whom there passed many Skirmishes, which very much lessen'd the *German Army*. Besides, they were extremely incommodated for want of Provisions; so, that at his return to *Bobemia*, he could present the *Emperor* but with a few of his Men, and give but a shallow Account of the Loss of the Rest.

In the mean Time, *Coningsmark* and *Papenheim*,
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penheim, Two other *Suedish* Commanders, are not idle, having taken *Staden* and *Boxteharwdt*, with most of the other Important Places in the *Archbishoprick* of *Bremen*.

Thusthe *German* Affairs decline apace; and, the *Suedes*, who not long ago were obscure and scarce regarded, begin to make a considerable Figure in the World.

I shall send thee a constant Account, of what is most Remarkable. God augment thy Felicity.

Paris, 17th. of the 4th. Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXXII.

To Berber Mustapha Aga.

THE Bloody Battel of *Jankow*, has unpercht the *Imperial Eagle*, which can no longer endure the Smoak of *Suedish* Gun Powder.

The *German Court* is removed in a great Fright to *Prague* in *Bohemia*, there to curse the Avarice of the Souldiers; whose greedy Desire of the *Suedish* Prey, betray'd the *German Army* to the Swords of their Conquerors.

This Battel was fought, on the Sixth Day of the Third Moon of this present Year. Goetz,
one

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one of the *Imperial Generals*, was kill'd in the first On-set; which so Inflamed *Baron John de Werdt*, that with Four Thousand Men, he brake into the *Left Wing* of the *Suedes*, putting them into an Irrecoverable Disorder. The *Germans* seeing their Enemies retreat in much Confusion, fell to plundering the Baggage. *General Torstenson*, turning their Covetousness to his Advantage, lets them alone till they were all entangled and loaden with Booty; then suddenly falls upon them, and turn'd the Fortune of the Day to his own Side.

There were above Three Thousand of the *Imperialists* kill'd upon the spot, and Four Thousand taken Prisoners; among which, were the *Generals*, *Hatzfeldt*, *Mercy*, *Broy*, *Zaradeskie*, and Seven other Principal Commander.

By this Fatal Stroke, the *Suedes* have opened to themselves a Passage into *Moravia*, *Austria*, and *Hungary*. So that, in Time they may extend their Conquests, even to the Confines of the *Ottoman Empire*.

I pray the Great God, to continue the Wars between these *Infidel Nations*; that so, not attending to the General Interest of *Chriftendom*, but weakening each other, they may at Length become a Prey to the *True Believers*.

Paris, 9th. of the 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

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LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

To Osman Adrooneth, an Astrologer at Scio.

I Know not whether it be an Effect of the Stars, or the Sport of *Spirits*, that has happened here lately; whether it proceeds from *Heaven* or *Hell*, *Nature* or *Magick Art*, *Chance* or *Destiny*; the Marks it has left behind are very Terrible, and the Astonishment is not yet off from the Peoples Hearts.

Three Days ago, I was riding from *Paris* to *St. Germain en Lay*, where the *Court* resides. When I was got about Half-Way on the Road, there arose a sudden Blast of Wind, which rushing vehemently among the Trees, made an uncouth Noise, and struck me with some Surprize and Horror: But, my Amazement was soon encreased, when I perceived the Hedges and Trees that grew along the Road side, torn up and carried away by an Invisible Hand. I was afraid, my Horse and I should have been taken up for Company. For, this Whirlwind passed very near us, twisting in all that was in its way; and, swiftly moving in a Circular Figure, it grew to such a Bigness, by the continual Addition of Trees, Hedges, Stones, Earth, &c. that it seemed like a flying Wood.

I tell thee, though I was not without some
Appre-

Apprehension of Danger, yet hitherto this was the pleasantest and most diverting Spectacle that ever I saw in my Life. Trees are a very grateful Object on the Earth, but they are much more so in the Air; and, especially at that Height and Distance, they affect the Eye with unspeakable Delight. I was ravished to see a moving Forest, almost as high as the Clouds. The pendulous Gardens of *Babylon*, would have appear'd but a Trifle, in Comparison of this Noble Scene.

I followed it with my Eye as far as I could, till at length my Sight was intercepted by a thick Shower of Rain, which drove me into a House for Shelter. Where, before I came away, I was informed, that what I esteemed so delightful, proved very Tragical to the Neighbouring Villages. Falling down from that Height I left it at, and scattering its former Load, it fell violently into the Groves and Orchards, tearing up some Thousands of Trees by the Roots, and carrying them away like Chaff in the Air, throwing down many Hundreds of Houses, removing others from the Foundations, and doing the poor Husbandmen such irreparable Damages, as the like has not been known in the Memory of Man.

Common Humanity taught me to pity these *Infidels*; and, the Natural Principle of Self-preservation, made me bless my self, That I had escaped so imminent a Danger. But tell me, Thou who art conversant in the *Secrets of Nature*, who knowest the *Influ-*

ences of the *Stars*, and the *Hidden Force* of the *Elements*, What is the Cause of these wild Fits and Convulsions of the Air? The Superstitious here say, the *Devils* are let loose at such a Time from their *Infernal* Prisons, to keep a *Carnaval*, and play their wanton Pranks in open Light, there being no *Holidays* in *Hell*. Others believe *Magicians* are at Work; and, by the Force of Spells, raise Hurricanes and Storms. But, the Learned say, That these are only the Effects of *Nature*, proceeding from *Meteors* and *Exhalations* in the Air. I, for my Part, never puzzle my self with a vain Search after that which cannot be demonstrated. If these *Hurricanes* be *Natural*, then 'tis certain, *Nature* does not discover her Power at all Times, nor in the constant *Series* of her Works; but, has her Reserves, and Times of State, wherein she displays her Self with greater Pageantry, to create Respect: Since the unthinking Part of Mankind, is sooner taken with such unusual Events as make a Noise, than with the Ancient standing Miracles of the Creation, the silent and regular Motions, exquisite Order, and never ceasing Activity of the Sun, Moon and Stars. Thus, we are never sensible of the Heat that is within us, or the Circulation of our Blood, because we are always habituated to feel it from our *Embryo*.

I tell thee, Sage *Osman*, if I have any Dread upon me, it is of *Earthquakes*; because they take from us all sure Footing. From Thunder, Lightning, and all the Storms in open Air, *Ti-*
berius's

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berius's Remedy may secure us : Nay, the very Beasts will be our guides to some safe Den or Cave : But, from an Earthquake there's no Retreat ; that undermines and blows us up without any warning, neither have we Time or Means to escape. This makes me always think, I walk upon a Cobweb ; so thin and brittle is this outward Crust of Earth we tread on.

He that Founded the *Earth*, and has admirably kneaded this *Globe* together with Water, grant us a Refuge in Time of Danger, and an *Eternal Sanctuary* in *Paradise*.

Paris, 1st. of the 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

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LETTER XXXIV.

To the Kaimacham.

I Need not Apologize for my long Silence. *Eliachim* assures me, he has acquainted *Nathan Ben Saddi* with the Occasion of it, by whom the News of my Imprisonment might be transmitted to the *Sublime Port*. When I was first seized upon, I had not the Liberty to send for *Eliachim*, or see any Body that I desired to speak with. But, that honest *Few*, soon heard the News, and writ to *Vienna* to prevent any *Dispatches* that might come from thence, or from *Constantinople*. He has now fully convinced me of his Fidelity, which I so long suspected; and, I dare trust him henceforward, with the most important Concerns of my *Commission*. His Sagacity and Conduct in this Occurrence, is worthy of Acknowledgment and Reward; having dextrously blinded *Cardinal Mazavini*, who is an *Argus*: baffled his severest Scrutinies, and been highly Instrumental in procuring me the Liberty I now again enjoy.

The *Arabian Proverb* says, *The Camel that Travels often to Meccha, will return Lame at last.* I had for a long Time essayed, to penetrate into the Drifts of this *Cardinal*, as well as those of his Predecessor *Richieu*, yet found nothing but Riddles. One might as soon

soon trace *Arethusa* in her Wandrings under Ground, or pursue a Man in the Intricate Mazes of *Dadalus*, as discover the Intrigues of this *State-Serpent*. His Designs are a perfect *Labyrinth*. However, walking one Day in one of their *Churches*, I cast my Eye on a Stone in the Pavement, just before the *Image* of the *Virgin Mary*, which, by the perpetual kneeling of many Thousand Votaries, was worn away half a Cubit. The Sight of this made me conclude, That there is no Difficulty so great, which by assiduous Industry, and constant Resolution, may not be overcome. Chear'd with this Thought, I determin'd with my self, never to faint, or give over my most strenuous Endeavours, to unlock the Cabinet of this *Great Minister*, wherein I knew all the *Secrets* of *Europe* were laid up. I left no Stone unturn'd, to compass my Design. I haunted the *Court* daily, and follow'd the *Cardinal* like his Shadow. I insinuated with his Followers and Creatures, Flatter'd the Soft and Ambitious, presented Gifts to the Covetous; was Merry and Frank with some, Reserv'd and Grave with others: In fine, I so aim'd to comport my self with every One, that I might win All. At length, knowing that there was a private *Agent* from *Prince Ragotski* come to this *Court*, my Zeal for the *Grand Signior*, suggested to me, That if I could wind my self into this Man's Acquaintance, I should be able to unravel some great *Secret*, and do an Acceptable Service to the *Ottoman Empire*.

Opportunities are seldom wanting to the
Watch.

Watchful and Diligent. I had acquaintance enough at the Court. And appearing often in the Retinue of *Mazarini*; and, the Cardinal sometimes singling me out, and Discoursing with me, in the Presence of the *Transylvanian*, this Stranger took more than ordinary Notice of me: Which gave me Occasion to address my self to him, in Hopes to accomplish my Purpose. But, Fate had otherwise decreed. The Agent remember'd my Face, and told me in the *Sclavonian* Tongue, That he had seen me in the *Grand Signiur's Seraglio*. It is not hard for thee, Illustrious *Kaimacham*, to conceive the Disorder I was in at this Challenge. But, resum'g Courage, I replied, That it was possible he might have seen me there; for, I had formerly served a German Ambassador at the Ottoman Court, in Quality of Secretary. He seem'd satisfied with my Answer, dissembling his farther Thoughts: But, as I afterwards perceiv'd, I owe my Confinement to this fatal Interview. No doubt, but he remark'd the particular Station I was in at the *Seraglio*, when he came thither to Negotiate for Prince *Ragotski*, in *Sultan Amurath's* Time. For, before I went to Bed that Night, I was sent for to Cardinal *Mazarini*, and strictly Examined about my Country, my Religion, my Business at *Paris*, and other Matters; and, was sent away Prisoner to the *Bastile*, (which was formerly a *Cittadel*, erected to awe this Town, but not being found serviceable in that Kind, is since made a Prison.) That which most puzzles

puzzles me, is, That I was not confronted Face to Face, with this *Transylvanian*. My Confinement was very close, being denyed the Use of Pen, Ink and Paper, and the Access of any of my Friends. Indeed, I knew not what use to make of those Materials, nor durst I write to any Body, lest I should have brought them into the same Snare, and done my self a greater Disservice. All my Comfort was, That I had left no Writings in my Lodgings, which could discover the Affairs of my *Commission*. 'Tis true, when I was search'd they found the *Alcoran* in my Pocket, which gave a mighty Jealousie to the *Cardinal*; but, I excused it by saying, I kept that Book, that I might not forget my *Arabick*; in which, the *Cardinal* knew I was well skill'd, having formerly seen a *Translation*, which I made out of that Language for *Cardinal Richlieu*. Besides, they found in my Chamber *Plutarch's Lives*, the *Annals* of *Tacitus*; *Livy's Roman History*; a *Philosophical Treatise* of *Averroës*, and a small *Treat* of St. *Augustine*, one of the *Christian Fathers*: Which made it appear, as reasonable to conclude me a *Pagan* or a *Christian*, for having their Books by me, as a *Turk* for having the *Alcoran*.

I still persisted, in asserting my self to be *Tisus* of *Moldavia*, and that I was a *Christian* (Heaven forgive the Perjury!) I had a *Friar* sent to me, who exhorted me to a Confession of my Sins, thinking this way to pump the *Mighty Secret* from me. But, this turn'd

to

to my Advantage; for, calling to mind a Learned and Ingenuous *Friar*, with whom I had convers'd, and contracted some Friendship, I signified my Resolution to confess my self to him. This is a Privilege could not be denied me, it being lawful for every Man, to chuse his own *Confessor*. The *Friar* was sent for: And, this being the only time I was like to speak to any of my Friends without Witnesses, I improv'd the Advantage, and, to make my *Confession* seem the more sincere, I accused my self of what I ne'er was guilty of, telling him with a well counterfeited Sorrow, That the true Reason of abandoning *Moldavia*, was, because I had murdered a near Kinsman there. My *Confession* ended, and *Absolution* granted, the *Friar* embraced me, and told me, That he would do me all the Service he could, in order to my Release. I expressed my Gratitude in the best Terms I could, and begged of him to visit me often, since he was the only Person would be allowed to do me that kind Office. I will not detain thee longer. Sage *Bassa*, in Expectation of the Issue.

This honest *Friar* was as good as his Word. He was admitted to see me almost daily, without Suspicion. I trusted him with *Eliachim's* Acquaintance; which render'd him very Serviceable; for, he often brought me Money from the *Jew*, when he knew not how otherwise to convey it to me. In a word, between them both, they so wrought on the *Cardinal*, that after Six *Moons* Imprisonment, I was

I was releas'd, and am now in more Credit than before.

The Great God grant, that the Malice of the *Infidels*, may always turn to the Advantage of the *True Believers*; and that from their Jealousies, occasions may arise to promote the Interest of the *Ottoman Empire*.

Paris, 24th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXXV.

To the Venerable Musti.

AT length I am releas'd from a tedious Imprisonment, the Occasion of which the *Kaimacham* will acquaint thee with. Had this happened in *Spain*, my Usage had been much worse. And for this Reason, I esteem *France* the Noblest and Freest Kingdom within the *Pale* of the *Latin Church*; that it never would submit to the Tyranny of the *Inquisition*: Which is a kind of *Ecclesiastical Divan*, or *High Court of Judicature*, where Crimes against the *Church* and *State* are tryed. It was first erected, at the Instance of one *Dominick*, who for this meritorious Project, was afterwards canonized *A Saint*. The original Design of it was, to extirpate the *Moor's* and *Fews* out of *Spain* and *Portugal*. But now, 'tis made a *Trap* for all *Strangers*, and especially

ally those they call *Hereticks*. Whosoever falls into it, is commonly fleec'd of his Estate, and not seldom chous'd out of his Life. For, the first Thing the *Holy Fathers Inquisitors* do, is, to make a zealous and devout Inspection into the Possessions of the Prisoner. If they find him Rich, that is sufficient to make him Criminal; and, the *good* Fathers, will take a *pious* Care to dispose of his Wealth. They have their Spies in all Companies, who inform them of Men's Words and Actions. These Hounds, are always upon the Scent; and will smell a *Heretick* out, if he breaths within the Purlieu of their Hunt. A Man dares not say, *his Soul is his own* in these Countries; nor, claim the Privilege to exercise his Reason. The Inhabitants live in a most abject Slavery to the *Priesthood*, and Travellers must drag the Chain, bridle their Tongues, and curb their Actions for their own Security. But, in *France*, the *Inquisition* is abhorr'd, and, an Immortal Aversion conceived against the Tyranny and cruel Practices of the *Spaniards*. The People are of more generous Tempers, the Laws not so rigorous, and yet they come far short of the Justice of the *Ottoman Empire*. Though my Confinement was tedious, yet 'twas tolerable; and, if I could not be happy in a Prison, so neither was I properly miserable.

When Evil surprises us, we commonly affright our selves, by beholding it in its gross Bulk; our scattered Spirits, are astonished at an infinite Bugbear. Whereas, if we take a more particu-

particular Survey of the dreadful Object, anatomize and view it Piece by Piece; we find, that the greatest part of what so dismay'd us, had no other Existence, than in our own Imagination. Thus, when I was first seized by *Cardinal Mazarini's* Order, I presaged to my self no less than insufferable Tortures, an ignominious Death, and (which affected me with the most sensible Grief) the Discovery of my *Commission*, and the Affairs of the *Sublime Port*. When I first enter'd the Prison, I bid adieu to all Joy and Comfort in this *Life*, and thought of Nothing but preparing my self for that *Other World*, where I hope to be renewed again to immense Pleasures, the Delights of *Paradise*, as a Reward of my sufferings for that *Law*, which was brought down from *Heaven* by the *Angel Gabriel*.

These were my first Thoughts in Prison; but, when Sleep had compos'd my Spirits, and Time had render'd me more familiar with the Place of my Restraint, I began to think, it was not impossible to live, and even to regain my Liberty. However, I resolv'd to alleviate the Grief of my Restraint, by contracting my Desires within a narrower Compass, and circumscribing my Wishes within those Walls which confin'd my Body. I fram'd to my self Felicities, out of the Contemplation of my Misery; and, by considering what I enjoy'd, I pacified my Discontent for what I wanted. I was not so close shut up, but that I could at Pleasure let in fresh Air, and take a Prospect of the City and adjacent Fields, at my

my Window. This made me relish my Prison with some Degree of Content. The Want which most afflicted me, was, that of Fountain Water; which I durst not so much as ask for, in such Quantities as are requisite to the Cleaness of a *Mussulman*, lest I should have confirmed them in the Suspicion, which was the Occasion of my Imprisonment. For, I was sure, my Actions would be narrowly observed.

The same Caution, made me not refuse to eat of Swines Flesh, and drink freely of Wine, when once invited to the *Governour's* Table. 'Tis true, I had great Scruples and Fears upon me. But, I comforted my self with those Passages in the *Alcoran*, which seem to indulge us this Liberty in Case of Necessity, by assuring us, That *God* is the *Merciful* of the *Merciful*, and that he requires not unreasonable Performances of his Creatures. Otherwise, I should have thought every Morsel I swallow'd of that execrable Meat, would have choak'd me, and every Draught of Wine, have been my Poison. Tell me, *Great Oracle of Truth*, whether in this I have not sinned? I think my self not Innocent, till thou hast pronounced me so. However, this Frankness in Eating and Drinking, with the *Christians*, without the least Reserve or Niceness, contributed something to their better Opinion of me. Men are generally so wedded to their own Customs, that he looks like a Monster, who thwarts them, and does not comply with the present Mode. And, the *French*, have a Proverb, That when a Man's at Rome, he must live like the Romans.

I be-

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I believe, I was invited to this *Collation*, in Order to a Discovery ; and, had I refused to eat and drink what was before me, it had, no doubt, been a convincing Argument to these *Infidels*, That I was a *Mussulman*.

If I have sinned in this Point, I humbly crave thy *Absolution* and *Prayers* ; but, if I have done well, inform me, that so I may have *Peace of Conscience*.

Paris, 24th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

To Mehmet, an Eunuch Page in the
Seraglio.

THOU hast long ago heard of my Imprisonment at *Paris*: let not the News of my Release be unwelcome to thee. If thou didst then Sympathize with my Sufferings. now take a Share in my Joy. I believe, thou hast Friendship enough to do both; and, I am willing thou shouldst divide the *One* with me, as well as the *Other*.

I will not therefore make thee melancholy, with a Rehearſal of my Fears and Apprehensions, my Wants and Discontents, with other doleful Circumstances of a Prison. I am now at Liberty, Let Sadness vanish. Yet, I have not so forgot my late Grief, as to be now excessive in my Joy; since I am liable to the same, or a Worse Disaster again. It is never good to be secure, while we are ignorant what's the next Portion that *Fate* is tempering for us. Moderation keeps a Man upon his Guard; and, if any Stroke of Misfortune be aim'd at him, if he is aware of the Blow, and so can either dextrously ward it off, or at least take Honourable Quarter: Whereas, he that suffers himself to be dissolv'd, and his Mind unbent with Prosperity, is taken Captive by Evil, without being able to make any easie Conditions

tions for himself. I love to have my Eyes open, and to look round the whole *Horizon* of Contingencies: I watch for the very Possibilities of Misfortune, that so I may not be catch'd napping by a Calamity, but be always in a State to Feace, or make Composition.

I will now tell thee with more Freedom than I did the *Mufti*, what happened to me during my Imprisonment. The *Governour* of the *Cittadel* where I was confin'd, invited me one Day to a Banquet. I need not give thee an Inventory of the various Dishes, with which his Table was furnished: Our Entertainment was generous, he regal'd me beyond the Expectation of a Prisoner; and, had there not been a design in it, I should have admired the Bounty of this *Infidel*. But, his Treat was a Snare, and contrived for a *Test* of my Religion, Whether I was a *Disciple* of *Mahomet* or *Jesus*. Thou knowest, the *Christians* eat Swines Flesh, and drink Wine, which the *Mussulmans* have in Abomination. We had Plenty of both at this Feast, and I durst not be squeamish at either. I tell thee, though I eat of the one with little Pleasure, yet I drank of the other without any Disgust. These *Nazarenes* imitate the Ancient *Gracians* at their Banquets, in drinking of *Healts* to such as they most esteem. The *Governour* plied me with *Glasses*, and I quaffed liberally. Policy and Self-preservation, taught me to begin the Debauch; and, the Charms of that tempting Liquor, would not suffer me to shrink to the End.

The

The Wines of *France* are very delicate, and we had choice of the Best. The Pleasure I enjoyed at this Banquet, had almost reconciled me to the *Disciples of Hali*; and, I could have wish'd, our *Prophet* had been in a better Humour, when he forbid us the Juice of the Grape. He promises us Rivers of Wine in *Paradise*, and, while I was in my Cups, I thought he might connive at us, for taking a Glass or two sometimes on Earth. If thou hast not yet tasted this Enchanting Liquor, I wish thee to abstain as long as thou livest; for otherwise, thou wilt find it very difficult, to overcome the Desires of it, or to live without it. For my Part, I greedily longed for it, before ever I tasted it, because it was forbid: And now I have often had my Fill of it, my Appetite is encreased. The more I drink, the greater is my Thirst after it, which is never like to be quenched, till I shall drink at the Original Fountains of Wine in *Paradise*.

I do not think it is so great a Sin, as our *Doctors* would make us believe; since, the *Divine Lawgiver* prescribes Abstinence from Wine, rather as a Counsel, than a Command. If thou art of another Opinion, I Censure thee not. The late *Sultan Amurath* was of my Mind; and many *Grandeess* at the *Port*, count it no *Heresie*. All the Danger lies in the Excess. I am no Advocate for Drunkards.

Let these Things be spoken like Words in a Dream, which cannot be remembred again. Thou hast Prudence enough to take Care, that this Letter fall not into the Hands of such

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as shall dispose of it in the Wall of the *Hazoda*. It is evident that I love thee, in that I thus frankly disclose such Passages, as I would not have others be privy to.

After all, I declare I should esteem my self much more happy, might I exchange *Paris* for *Constantinople*, and the most delicious Wines of *Europe*, for the wholesome *Sherbets* of *Asia*.

May *Heaven* fulfil my Desire, to see thee once again, with the Rest of my Friends at the *Se-raglio*. Continue thy Affection to *Mahmut*, who loves his Friends without Hypocrisie. Adieu.

Paris, 24th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1643.
according to the Christian Style.

The End of the Second Volume.

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Paris, 24th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1645.

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The End of the Second Volume